

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

## THE CRUISE OF THE VIKING.



THROUGH THE GUT OF CANSO, FROM HAWKESBURY.

**Y**ACHTING is a royal sport, and the true yachtsman, like the poet, is "born, not made." He can pace his quarter-deck and quaff potent draughts from the intoxicating cup of power, for he is an autocrat within the wooden boundaries of his realm. Yachting is a luxury which only the rich can afford, but, unlike most luxuries, the enjoyment of it combines the essentials for perfect

health with pleasures the most varied. The sailor breathes pure air, and malaria finds firmly barred the entrance to a yachtsman's home. The heat of summer is tempered by the wave-creating breeze,—bracing by day and sleep-producing by night. An out-door, open-air life whets the appetite, and brings color to the pallid cheek. Ploughing the waters with a good whole-sail breeze keeps our whole being in a constant state of mild exhilaration, and enables the will to shake off the lethargy induced by the monotonous routine of daily work, anxiety, and

care. The restful peace of life on the water—with your time your own, your field of exploration practically unlimited, and the duration of your stay in any one place entirely within control—affords the alternations in life which nature demands, and the recreation which the jaded mind and body so eagerly crave. Every man upon your boat has but the single purpose of unquestioningly carrying out your will. Are you wearied of *this* anchorage? But a word, and your graceful bird's white wings are opened to the breeze, and by morning's light the entire scene has changed,—the grass-clad, rolling fields, at whose base the sea so gently surges, rocking the pebbles up and down the sandy shore, have vanished, and are replaced by angry waters madly venting their impotent fury upon the massive crags of old Cape Ann.

From the hills of home forth-looking, far beneath the tent-like span  
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the head-land of Cape Ann.

Well I know its coves and beaches to the ebb-tide glimmering down,  
And the white-walled hamlet children of its ancient fishing town.

What more can man desire in his hours of leisure than to bound with swift courser's speed over the foam-crested billows of old ocean, or to rest at ease "in safety moored" within the protecting arms of any one of our countless beautiful harbors? The ideal yacht is not a mere racing-machine, any more than the ideal man is a champion pedestrian. It is not a *thing* of canvas and boards eagerly clutching after cups and trophies, as Gaspard struggled for gold. The yachtsman who treats his craft merely as an expensive toy fails to obtain the real pleasure appurtenant to its possession. For him "yachting" is but the synonyme of extravagance, another form of excitement, a pleasure most substantially enjoyed by proxy. As a lay figure for marine architects, the racing yacht has its uses and its proper field. But it is the cruising yacht—the stoutly-built, able, roomy boat—which best develops yachting and gives it practical use and precedence over other sports.

Owing to its insular position and the

stormy seas in which the yachtsman has to sail, the English yacht must be primarily a sea-going boat. We have no intention of discussing anew the much-debated question of keel or centre-board, or of favoring the cutter model in preference to the shallow, broad-beamed American type. A happy medium between the two will probably give the most satisfactory results. But it is a fact that in the English yacht safety and stability are *first* considered, and as a consequence English yachts have circumnavigated the globe, sailed around Land's End and Good Hope, cruised the length and breadth of the Mediterranean and the Baltic, explored the icy regions of the North, and wintered in the tropics. In 1852, the little Teazer, of but twenty-five tons' burden, went to the West Indies and back. The Vivid, of the same tonnage, went safely to Australia in 1864. During the Crimean War, the tiny Pet, of but eight tons,—“as long as a drawing-room and as broad as a four-post bed,”—sailed from England and cruised around the Baltic; while the still smaller Kate, of five tons' burden, went in safety around the British Isles. Records of long and venturesome cruises by English boats have been kept in the log-books of the Silver Cloud, Widgeon, Orion, Frolic, Elena, Leo, and others, while among larger yachts we recall the journeyings of the Sunbeam, Pandora, Northumbria, Lancashire Witch, Steire, Foam, and many more. Among American boats, the smallest of our registered yachts—excluding such boats as the Red, White, and Blue, the Nonpareil raft, and the dories—that has crossed the Atlantic was the sloop Charter Oak, of twenty-three tons, in 1857. Others to follow were the America, Sylvie, Chris, Columbus, Gypsy, Alice, Henrietta, Fleetwing, Vesta, Sappho, Dauntless, Intrepid, Meteor, Wanderer, Enchantress, Faustine, and Viking. Comparatively few of our boats have made long cruises,—excepting the Nettie and Josephine, none have left any record of long trips,—although some have made winter cruises to Florida and the West Indies.

It is of a long cruise, and in many respects of a novel one, that this article proposes to treat. And in briefly reviewing the leading incidents in the cruise of the *Viking* it is assumed that the reader has little acquaintance with large yachts or with their management. Experienced yachtsmen will therefore in all probability find the narrative too detailed to suit their taste. The "general reader" is the one for whom this account of a yacht-cruise has been written. The oftener similar voyages are undertaken, the better for the growth of a yachting spirit and the development of true yachtsmen.

The outside trip from New York to Chicago in a pleasure-boat had been made but once before our attempt,—by the *Idler*, in 1879,—the Countess of Dufferin coming to New York only from Coburg, Ontario. It offers those who make it every variety of ocean, gulf, strait, river, canal, and lake navigation. The course taken carries the sailor far from land upon the unquiet waters of the Atlantic, skirts the rocky, wreck-strewn coast of Nova Scotia, passes within a stone's throw of the coal-seamed hills of Cape Breton, leads by the lowlands of Prince Edward's Island, affords varied views of the beautiful scenery upon the broad St. Lawrence, transports you and your boat up mountains and around roaring rapids on the bosom of the "raging canawl," and gives a taste of fresh-water navigation to the extent of nearly one thousand miles upon four of the great lakes. In the case of the *Viking* the trip was undertaken at the close of one of the coldest and most inclement winters we have ever had,—when, on the last days of the second month of spring, Lake Michigan, at its southern end, was a nearly solid mass of ice, the Straits of Mackinac were still unnavigable, and the gulf and river St. Lawrence well filled with ice-mountains and drift-ice. Every variety of weather and climate was both anticipated and encountered,—snow-storm and summer heat, biting cold and wintry blasts, heavy seas and waters as unruffled as the mirror's surface. And yet I ven-

ture to say that no lover of yachting could have asked for keener pleasure, no similar journey could have been made more comfortably or have been more thoroughly enjoyed by those who took part in it. This is the record, then, of the cruise of the yacht *Viking* from Greenport, Long Island, to Chicago, Illinois, in the month of May, 1881, the distance being in the neighborhood of three thousand statute miles, and the time occupied, including delays and calms, twenty-nine days and five hours.



"CAP" WOOD, THE VETERAN TAR.

The majority of my readers have probably very little idea of the size and inner arrangements of a "yacht." The common idea of a thing with that name is derived from an occasional view of a small sail-boat careened over at a tremendous angle, and the apparent embodiment of all that is dangerous, wet, and uncomfortable. How a dozen or a score of people can live and be comfortable for days and weeks on such a craft is wholly mysterious. First, then, some description of the *Viking*—a representative American yacht of the centre-board type, which has twice taken her owner and his family to Europe in safety—is necessary.

The Viking was built for Mahlon Sands by Poillon Brothers in 1872, was sold in 1878 to F. H. Stott, of Hudson, New York, and in 1881 passed from his possession to that of Col. J. Mason Loomis, of Chicago, who was in early life a sailor, during the war a gallant army officer, and is now a wealthy lumber-merchant in the metropolis of the Northwest. The tonnage of the Viking, according to old measurement, is 154.09, or, by new measurement, 93.47; cubic contents, in feet, 10,368.04. Her length over all is officially given as one hundred and one feet nine inches; length on water-line, eighty-six feet; extreme breadth of beam, twenty-three feet six inches; depth of hold, eight feet; draught, six feet, or, with centre-board down, twelve feet. She is what is called a flush-deck boat, having, however, a roomy cockpit abaft her main companion-way. Under the cockpit is the sail-room, "lazarette," or boatswain's locker, entered by doors under and abaft the companion-way, or by a man-hole in the cockpit floor. A broad staircase terminating at a pair of mahogany doors leads below into the main saloon, sixteen feet in length and extending the entire width of the vessel. On the starboard side of the companion-way is the sailing-master's state-room, with wash-stand, table, lockers, chart-shelves, etc.; and on the port side is another room of equal size, for guests; forward of the saloon on the starboard (right) side is the owner's room, fourteen by ten, with large double bed, lounge and bureau, and communicating with a toilet-room having double wash-stand, closet, bath-tub, etc. Going out of the saloon forward, a gangway runs along the port (left) side of the centre-board trunk, and next to the saloon is the steward's pantry; then a large double-bedded room, with wash-stand, drawers, etc.; next a closet, then a single room for the mate. Running the entire width of the vessel is the large kitchen, with ice-box, store-house, sink, range, and all other conveniences; and forward of this again is the fore-castle, with berths for eight men. Even the merest tyro will

thus understand that we had plenty of room to move around in, and pleasant quarters, on our boat. Our crew was a picked one,—six men before the mast, cook, steward, two mates, and captain, the latter an old sailor and vessel-master as well as an upright Christian gentleman. Our first mate and navigator was the veteran whaling-captain James Wood, whose name is well known in all whaling ports,—a genial, weather-scarred, humorous old tar, filled to the brim with nautical experiences, a little addicted to the sailor's habit of grumbling, slightly bent by the weight of more than threescore years, and withal an experienced navigator and thorough seaman, whose endless sea-yarns whiled away many an hour in our cosy cabin.

Monday morning, May 2, at half-past nine, anchor was weighed, and with a fair wind the Viking started on her cruise. The quaint old town of Greenport, with its fleet of fishing-vessels, its busy ship-yards, its broad, well-shaded streets, its homes dating back to the last century, and its hospitable inhabitants, faded away in the distance. A right pleasant place in which to pass a few days, and not without its landmarks. Time was—say thirty years ago—when Greenport boasted its ownership of a round dozen of whaling-vessels. In one of the ship-yards still stands an old battered warehouse which in its day held thousands of barrels of good sperm oil. Not far distant is an old stone windmill, whose arms revolved and ground corn for the inhabitants of this part of England's realm many years before the Declaration of Independence was even thought of. In another direction is a frame building of the simplest architectural design, dating back to the year of our Lord 1641, and to about the same month in which Anne Hutchinson and Wheelwright, expelled from the colony of Massachusetts, received as a gift from Miantonomoh and Roger Williams the beautiful tract of land across the Sound now called Rhode Island. For two hundred and fifty years this old house has served the people as town hall,



court- and school-house, and private dwelling.

As we moved out of the harbor, a drizzling rain kept us company, and by the time we had weathered Gardiner's Island the long rollers had the effect of materially disturbing the equilibrium of several stomachs. Gardiner's Island, by the way, comprises about twelve thousand acres, and is owned in its entirety by one man, descending from father to eldest son, and being now the only real estate in New York State so entailed. During the war of 1812 the then owner of the island made considerable money by the sale of cattle to the British.\* Through the thick mist we caught a glimpse of the rock geographically described as "Gull Island," upon which stands a noble light-house. As we press on, with all working sails set, we pass Plum Island and the narrow strait called "Plum Gut,"—which a fastidious lady passenger on one of the old-time sloops insisted on calling "*Plum Stomach*," to the unconcealed indignation of the unpoetic skipper. At eight bells (noon) the steward called us to dinner. The first bill of fare will give a good idea of how we were served during the rest of the cruise: soup, broiled fresh mackerel, porter-house steak, green peas, potatoes, plum-pudding, bread and butter, coffee and tea. For some peculiar reason, my cabin companion failed to appreciate these delicacies. He took a seat at the table, but when the soup refused to stay within the plate, and the mackerel attempted an aerial leap into his lap, concluded to go on deck and see if he could tell the nature of the seabottom! Off Watch Hill the sea was quite rough, the fog dense, and the wind not more than a light four-knot breeze, while the rain was cold and inclined to freeze as it fell. Under the circumstances, the "watch below" was quite content with its lot. A cheerful grate fire diffused warmth and comfort through the saloon; there were large arm-chairs

\* Under the old colonial patent the lord of the island or his steward had the right to hold here "one court leet and one court baron;" but it is not known whether this right was ever exercised or not.

for the weary, with opportunity to read and smoke; while the sound of the pattering rain upon the deck served to increase the sense of comfort below. The second officer did attempt to disturb our peace by hearing the call of a loon and reporting a "fog-whistle close aboard on the weather bow;" but the attempt was unsuccessful. The first night we spent at anchor at Vineyard Haven. By eight the next morning the yacht was again under canvas, showing her mettle to a large fleet of coasters and vessels of all classes. The wind blew stiff from the southeast, with a chopping sea. Off Monomy Point the



A FISHERMAN.

Viking was put in sea-trim. Boats were swung in and lashed to the deck, davits unshipped, anchor-chains brought aft to lighten her by the head, everything movable secured or stowed below, and canvas coverings placed over the skylights. At 10.30 we "lost the land" and were fairly "out on the ocean sailing." Bowling along on our course, we sighted a number of whales, one about seventy feet long, spouting very close on our lee quarter. The weather was delightful,—cool, clear, bright, and bracing. Our first day's run was one hundred and twenty-five nautical miles, and our second one hundred and sixty-two. As I paced the deck with Mr. Wood, during his watch, he took occasion to

find fault with the sea-stories usually written, and added that he had never seen one he could *not* find fault with: "There was one, Three Years before the Mast,—Two Years, eh? well, Two Years,—and it was full of stuff. Interesting reading, no doubt, for landsmen, but no truth in it. The fellow talks about lying off Cape Horn two months, and then going round the world to get the other side! Fact! He says, steer for Magellan Clouds, and they will land you safe and sound in the straits! Why, I'm blest if they wouldn't carry you 'way to the south'ard, and when *you* got to the straits *they* would be to the south'ard still! . . . Some people are awful salts. I knew a young fellow who went to sea three months, and when he came home couldn't sleep until he got his little brother to stay in the room and dash water against the wall, so that he could feel the spray on his face! If I was to tell only what I know, people would say I was lying. Why, I've been so far north that you could climb the ratlines and keep the sun on the horizon, and if you went up high enough you'd get where the sun stopped and after waiting a while came back again. . . . Did you ever hear of the fellow who went to sea and wrote back to tell his mother of lakes of rum and rivers of molasses and flying-fish he had seen, and the old lady said she knew there might be lakes of rum and rivers of molasses, or milk, or honey, but as for flying-fish, there she drew the line: she did not believe *that*, anyway!"

The fourth day out we passed a fishing-schooner, her crew busily engaged in fishing on a shoal off the southern end of Nova Scotia. They stared at us as we swept by them, hardly recovering from their astonishment at seeing us in that latitude so early in the season in time to answer Captain Merrill's hail, "How does Cape Sable bear from you?" with a "Twelve miles north," before we had passed almost out of sight and raised the grim old light-house itself. From there our course was laid within ten miles of the low rocky shore of ancient Acadia,—our modern Nova Scotia. Its

coast-line and characteristics were plainly discernible with a glass:

The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

A belt of rugged, broken land,—of which the greatest height is but five hundred feet above the sea-level,—formed of granite and primary rock, extends from Cape Sable to Cape Canso. It was in the early morning of our fifth day out that we passed Cape Sambro,—marking the entrance to Halifax harbor,—where the White Star steamer Atlantic was wrecked a few years ago. Fog and bad weather had prevented her captain from obtaining observations for four days, and at the very moment the vessel struck he was in the chart-room endeavoring to ascertain his true position. Our actual running time from Greenport to Halifax harbor was seventy-seven and a half hours. The Viking made no stops: so we had to be content with a distant view of the Nova-Scotian capital and of the anchored shipping in the harbor. It was our captain's plan to go through the narrow strait inside Cape Canso, and then up Chedabucto Bay, thus avoiding the longer course outside the cape. To do that, we wanted daylight: so on we pushed, making the most of our time. The wind freshened. The atmosphere grew colder. Dark clouds were on the horizon, and the scud overhead flew fast. In came the light sails. The Viking was put in readiness for a nasty night. Sounding-lines were brought on deck, the best bower cleared away, and the men only waited the order to close reef. The sea grew higher and more impudent, passing at will over our bows as we forged slowly ahead. Night came on, with weather so thick that we could no longer make out the lights on shore. The rain turned to heavy snow, and we passed that night hove-to some twelve

miles from the coast, under storm-canvas, and pitching and rolling so that it was almost impossible to keep in one's berth. Toward morning the weather moderated. A fisherman was discovered feeling his way in, so we turned and followed him through a winding channel, between rocky ledges barely showing their heads above water, but any one sufficient, if touched, to send us swiftly

to the bottom. At eight o'clock we came to anchor in Canso harbor, and signalled for a pilot to take us through the Gut. Canso town is a mere fishing-hamlet, with a telegraph-station and possibly three hundred inhabitants. The surrounding country was anything but attractive-looking, and the few stray cattle were evidently intensely disgusted by their fruitless attempts to extract



A LITTLE "BREEZY" IN THE GULF.

nourishment from rocks. Our pilot was taken from a fishing-smack, and in order to appear presentable exchanged garments with different members of his crew, taking from each the best in his possession. With a fair wind we crossed Chedabucto Bay at a twelve-knot gait, making fourteen and a half miles in one hour. About ten we entered the Gut of Canso, wild, bleak, and desolate now, but a couple of months later undoubtedly very attractive and not unlike the Hudson River below West Point. The Gut averages nearly a mile in width, with deep water and a clear channel. About

noon we swept around Point Tupper, carrying every stitch of canvas, and came to anchor among a large fleet of vessels off the town of Hawkesbury, formerly called Ship Harbor, on Cape Breton Island. Port Mulgrave, in Nova Scotia, lies just across the strait. Our run from Greenport to this place—six hundred and forty two miles—had been made in ninety-five hours.

It required considerable faith in the veracity of man in his primitive condition to accept the statements made by the Cape Breton Islanders, that within a month this dormant, barren, ice-bound

region would bloom and blossom like the rose, that strangers would flock to it as to a realm of perpetual bliss, and that the locomotive-whistle would resound among the barren rocks. Hawkesbury itself is a straggling town of some eight hundred inhabitants, situated along the slope of a hill, on the very summit of which an enterprising mariner and shipwright was putting the finishing-touches to a fishing-boat. When he started to build, the way to the water was clear, but now a half-completed church stood directly across his path. There are several hotels in the place, a custom-house, and a weekly paper. Four counties come together within the town limits. Hawkesbury returns one member to Ottawa and two to the Halifax Parliament. When the delegate to the first place started to take his seat the preceding winter, the snow was thirty feet deep, and in places had drifted ten feet above the telegraph-poles. The honorable member was thirty-one days *en route*. Hawkesbury boasts the possession of a marine railway, and the customs-officer asserted that as many as three hundred vessels passed through in a single day during the summer. The Viking was an object of great curiosity to people here. Visitors were numerous, and most of them failed to appreciate Captain Merrill's remark that we were "a temperance boat and a temperance crew." One tall, broad-shouldered individual inquired our destination, and, being told, profanely wanted to know, "Where in h—ll is Chicago?" He was informed that he was some distance "off" geographically, and that our home port was really a very delightful and much-frequented summer resort.

By daylight Sunday morning we were again under sail, beating out of the strait against a strong head-wind and four-knot current. Our parting gun awakened the echoes from Porcupine Point, and brought the crew of an Italian brig near by on deck with unwonted celerity. The voyage through the narrowing strait, past snow-covered, ice-lined hills, was a tedious one; but on entering George's Bay our speed was measurably increased by the

strong north wind. In came topsails, flying-jib, and main staysail, and even then our gallant boat had all she wanted to carry. We had been warned that the gulf was full of ice, and so kept a sharp lookout for it. We stood well over for the low-lying shore of Prince Edward's Island, being summoned by Steward Peckham to enjoy some fine shad, stuffed veal, baked potatoes, peas, and apple-pies, just as we drew under the lee of the land and headed up Northumberland Straits. Our log for this date runs thus: "May 9, 1881. 5.50 A.M. Wind S.W. Threatening rain. Course N.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  N. Passed narrowest point of straits at sunrise. Everything set, including jib, topsail, and balloon staysail. Passed Cape Tourmentine, N.S., 5.55. Cape Jourmain abeam at 6. Off Sea-Cow Head Light at 6.30. Crossing Bedecque Bay at 7.30. At 8.30 Cape Egmont, P.E.I., bore about north. Course changed to N.N.W. Watch passing coal forward from lazarette. Captain made out signal-station. Colors ordered set, and international code signals bent on halliards. Seen through glass, signal-station becomes tall, gaunt fir-tree, with three naked branches left on one side. Colors struck. Mr. Wood chuckles for half an hour at attempt to signal pine-tree."

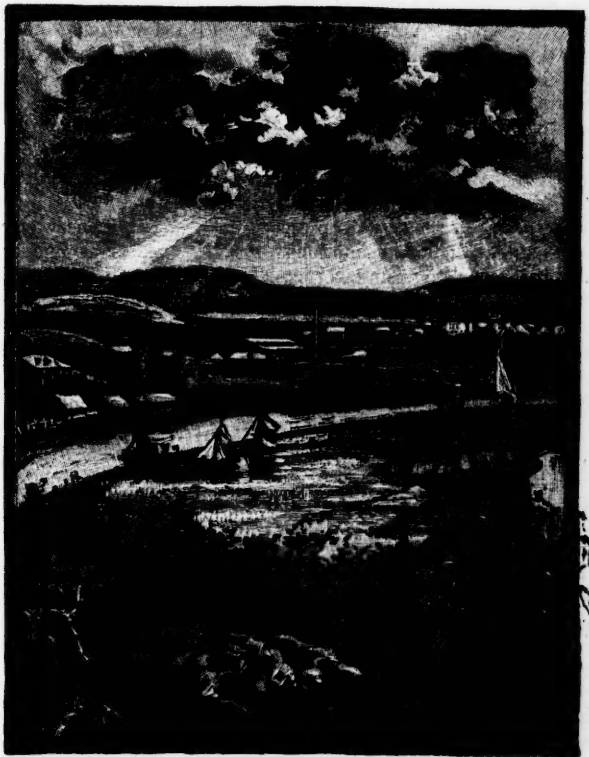
Coming out of the straits, and while making the one hundred and twenty-five miles between West Point, Prince Edward's Island, and Cape Gaspé, New Brunswick, the Viking gave us an opportunity of testing her mettle in a stiff gale. It was raining, with a heavy south-westerly wind raising a mountainous sea, which, as it chased us, had the appearance every moment of being about to engulf us forever. But the saucy little boat leaped forward as the angry, curling wave broke into a mass of seething foam astern and frothed and fumed at being baffled of its prey. Still more violently whistled the wind through the rigging, more eagerly rushed the rising sea, more anxious seemed the elements for our destruction. The Viking, pausing a moment as the wave rolled under her bow, shook the water from her deck, and again darted

forward in mockery of the pursuing seas. We were under reefed canvas; at the wheel was the captain, clad from head to foot in oil-skins, his gray beard sparkling with the superincumbent rain-drops, his eyes watchful of every move of the boat, of every flap of the sail, of every comb of the sea, his voice clear and distinct amid the howling of the storm. Fit master, fit boat. Once again we lived among Vikings!

At 9 P.M. in this latitude it was still daylight and we were able to read on deck. By morning the wind had gone down, and we sighted in quick succession grim and rugged Point St. Peter, snow-covered Cape Despair, and the palisades of Gaspé. From the latter cape to St. Anne the New Brunswick coast is wild and the scenery striking. The shore-line goes off abruptly into twenty or thirty fathoms of water, and back of this rises range after range of deeply-furrowed, barren mountains, not a few of them hiding their heads among the clouds. Snow- and ice-glaciers hid their rocky slopes, while rapid rivers cut their way into the gulf through deep cañons in the hills. From our mast-head no houses were visible. A small bay now and then indents the shore, but there are no harbors for two hundred and fifty miles after leaving Gaspé and Rozière. At Point Percé a fishing-company has built up a small settlement composed exclusively of bachelors and childless widowers, no married men being

employed, lest family ties should render them less venturesome, less bold, than the service requires!

We made our highest Northern latitude— $49^{\circ} 30'$ —at 9.45 A.M., May 11, and at noon were one thousand and thirteen miles from our starting-point, and fairly within the mouth of the



TADOUSSAC, AT THE MOUTH OF THE CHICOUTIMI.

broad St. Lawrence. This wild region of Lower Canada has an interesting folk-lore of its own, which has been recently gathered together from the pages of Champlain, Le Moine, and others, by Edward Farrer. Weird and unearthly lights are said to haunt many a bay and headland in the gulf. In 1711 some vessels of Sir Hovenden Walker's fleet were wrecked near Cape Despair; and sailors tell how on calm nights off this cape a strange light appears, the sea becomes angry, and a phantom ship filled



with red coats comes in sight. The island of Miscou, at the southern entrance to the Bay of Chaleurs, tradition says, is inhabited by a strange creature called the "Gougou," "shaped like a woman, but taller than a mast," writes Samuel de Champlain, and provided with a huge pouch, into which human beings are cast. At the mouth of the Magdalen River—where our course first trends a little to the southward—a piercing cry is often heard above the storm, but the cautious inhabitants are not quite certain whether it is the voice of a shipwrecked sailor or the purgatorial wail of an unbaptized child! From time immemorial the inhabitants of the Isle of Orleans have been charged with sorcery and witchcraft, their incantations being chiefly directed to raising storms. Here lived Jean Pierre Lavallée, chief conjurer of gales and tempests. St. Anne is the patron saint of Lower Canada, and an old legend in rhyme tells of one of her responses to an invocation by a faithful adherent. The verse begins,—

All by the broad St. Lawrence, a hundred years ago,  
The Angelus was ringing from the bells of Isle-au-Raux.

\* \* \* \* \*  
France, with her vines and olives, is in sooth a pleasant land;  
But fairer than lily on her shield is this New-World colony,  
Where the weary serf may stand erect, unmoved by tyranny.

On the Viking sailed, urged by favoring winds and followed by schools of milk-white porpoises. We had the privilege of sighting several seal and of watching the "spouts" of huge whales in every direction around us, as we sailed up the royal river, its bosom covered with island-jewels, past the entrance to the deep Chicoutimi and within saluting distance of the summer resort of Tadousac, where was built the first stone-and-mortar house ever erected on the continent of America. Here, too, lived for thirty years the Jesuit priest Father Labrosse, credited with having been a great miracle-worker, whose memory is still venerated by the few Indians left in the region.

During the night we took on board a Canadian pilot,—an odd little genius, nearly threescore years of age, short and very straight, no teeth, prominent nose, face deeply seamed with wrinkles, perpetually puffing at an old clay pipe,—in general appearance not unlike the familiar "Punch." He was very much impressed with the Viking, said they had nothing like her, and it took the Yankees to build such boats. The pilot's life is not "a happy one." He begins at about fourteen years of age, serves an apprenticeship of seven years, and then has to make four round trips to Europe before he can obtain a license.

The scenery on the Lower St. Lawrence is as fine as that on the upper part of the river, which is so much better known. The houses on either shore are small, the barns large. The settlements cluster about the churches, very much as the traveller sees in the villages upon the Continent. In fact, hearing constantly a foreign language, it is not difficult to imagine that we are far away from our own land.

Saturday, May 14, we came to anchor about eight P.M., under the guns of the Citadel of Quebec, where, on taking up the morning paper, we read of the shipwreck of a bark—the Gananogue—on an iceberg in the gulf through which we had just passed, while a coasting-steamer had her bows stove in, and put back, leaking, for repairs. At Quebec our salt-water navigation was practically ended. Our running-time from Greenport was eight days four and a half hours, during which we sailed one thousand two hundred and sixty-seven miles, as shown by this table:

May 2,	.	.	.	100 miles.
" 3,	.	.	.	53 "
" 4,	.	.	.	77 "
" 5,	.	.	.	125 "
" 6,	.	.	.	162 "
" 7,	.	.	.	125 "
" 8,	.	.	.	20 "
" 9,	.	.	.	142 "
" 10,	.	.	.	115 "
" 11,	.	.	.	91 "
" 12,	.	.	.	133 "
" 13,	.	.	.	64 "
" 14,	.	.	.	60 "

From Quebec to Montreal, and from there to Kingston,—through canals, around rapids, and threading our way among the beautiful Thousand Isles,—we were ingloriously towed, and it took the Viking from Monday afternoon until Friday to reach Lake Ontario, where we again spread our own sails and entered Port Dalhousie about nine on Sunday night, passing into the Welland Canal next morning. Navigation in the canals is not perilous, and becomes in time monotonous. Yet the sensation of climbing a mountain in a yacht is rather peculiar. The ascent in the Welland Canal is about three hundred and thirty feet, achieved by means of twenty-three locks, and requiring two days for the short journey of twenty-seven miles. From Thorold, on the summit of the mountain, looking back and *down*, the view was surpassingly beautiful. The canal itself was but a winding thread of silver extending far off into the distant woods, then lost until seen emerging again into the broad lake we had left. Below us were the spires and factory-chimneys of St. Catherine's, and around us the stores and homes of flourishing Thorold. On Tuesday, May 24, at 11 A.M., the Viking reached the light-house at Port Colborne, freed at last from tow-boats and canal-locks, and ready to enter on the third stage of her journey,—about nine hundred miles of fresh-water navigation. With the exception of nearly going ashore in a fog near the Manitous, —owing to the omission of the light-house-keeper to keep the fog-whistle in operation,—the lake-journey was made without any incidents worth recording. Our crew were all old salt-water sailors, and it was a novel experience for them to be able to get water to drink by merely heaving a bucket over the side and hauling it up again: the experiment was constantly repeated. The journey through Lake Ontario was made in continued fog and to the music of fog-horn and fog-gun. On Erie the

weather was superb, and we had the odd experience of having a good eight-knot breeze aloft while the surface of the lake was perfectly unruffled. Huron treated us kindly, and enabled the "boys" to begin putting the yacht in shape to meet her owner. Davits were swung, boats scraped and painted, decks holystoned, sides painted, brasses cleaned, and standing rigging overhauled. Below, the steward and cook were busy scrubbing, painting, oiling, and cleaning, and by the time Lake Michigan was entered the Viking looked like a new boat. Right smoothly did she glide over the waters, and on May 31, at 2.30 P.M., she rounded the Government Breakwater at Chicago, and returned the welcoming salutes of the Idler and the Cora. Colonel Loomis was soon on board, to congratulate those on his boat on their fast trip.

Early in June the Viking was formally put into commission and enrolled among the yachts of the Chicago Yacht-Club, the flag of the New York club—which she had twice carried to Europe, and under which she had sailed so many years—giving place to that of the Western club, to which her accession brought new importance. To complete the record of this gallant boat to date, we may add that since her arrival she has, in impromptu races, beaten both the Countess of Dufferin and the Idler, although not in any manner professing to be a swift-going yacht or more than a "middling sailer." This year she has been again in commission, with captain, mate, boatswain, quartermaster, and gunner on board. Trim and neat as she now seems, I shall always remember her with most pleasure as she appeared during her long cruise,—a remarkable one, considering the season of the year, the length of time occupied, the size of the yacht, the varying experiences, and the fact that it had only once before been made in its entirety by a pleasure-boat.

H. W. RAYMOND.

## FAIRY GOLD.



"DON'T I LOOK HAPPY?"—Page 442.

## CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. FOX had sent out invitations for a ball for Easter Tuesday. She did not often give balls, but, desiring to give an entertainment in my honor, she considered that this was the best way to please me. She consulted me about all her little plans, although they were admirably well laid at the outset, and were carried out with a brilliancy to which no suggestion of mine could lend anything. She gave me her invitation-lists to cut or add to at my pleasure, and finally presented me with the gown she wished me to wear, and which she had ordered from Worth six weeks before. This crowning touch had been suggested by her husband, who when he undertook the least enterprise was bound to do the thing handsomely. Lavish expenditure, in fact, seemed the object; it was the key-note, and was carried through

the whole harmony. Snow Morris and Fanny Burt treated the matter rather ironically, but pronounced it nevertheless a great occasion for me. Both of them took pains to mention any costly effect that happened to occur to them, and Henrietta at once made a note of it: she was ready to incline seriously even to the proposal of a roc's egg. I had only asked the privilege of sending a card to Mr. Harrold and one to Madame Ramée. I knew that madame would enjoy the ball in anticipation, feel its full zest in reality, and live it over for years in memory, giving the least detail of her toilet to her intimates, and connecting her presence with the magnificence and success of the whole affair. As to Mr. Harrold, my motives were a little mixed. I did not try to analyze them, nor did I venture to predict even to myself that he was likely to accept

the invitation. Many little incidents had confirmed my belief in his interest in Marion Hubbard, and hers in him; and by inviting him I gave myself a chance of seeing the two together.

Fanny and I went early to the party; not too early, because it was above all things essential that I should keep myself fresh.

Mr. Fox greeted me with a felicitous intimation that I appeared to advantage. "I didn't know the dress was so handsome," he remarked, examining it with the eye of a careful purchaser. "It cost enough to be handsome, it is true; but women sometimes pay surprising sums for effects of extraordinary ugliness. But I have got my money's worth this time."

There was something brilliantly lucid in this public explanation, and nobody could well be in doubt as to the giver of the gown or its costliness. It was indeed very pretty, besides being very splendid,—made of white, satiny silk, enriched with lace and pearl embroideries on bodice and petticoat, while the train was beruffled and bepuddled with shining gauze. It made me a creditable part of Cousin Henrietta's entertainment, and I almost excited her enthusiasm. Her house was beautifully decorated with tropical plants, and the music was exquisite. The rooms, beginning to fill at ten o'clock, by eleven were crowded, and the toilets showed the desire of the guests to add *éclat* to the great event of Easter week.

There would have been extreme dullness in any want of zeal on my part. In fact, in those days, to act, to be doing something, was an escape and almost a remedy for the nightmare of consequences which haunted me. I stood between Mr. and Mrs. Fox in the little reception-room with a vaulted ceiling and hung with red, while the people poured in. Marion Hubbard came early with her father, who began at once to enumerate the trials and fatigues of a chaperon. Hildegard De Forrest followed her mamma rather listlessly, but was superlatively beautiful. Mrs. Newmarch and her brood of daugh-

ters swooped in, took possession of the party, praised it, patronized it, patting Henrietta on the back, as it were, for her creditable performance, asked Mr. Fox how much he paid his florist, then passed on, pleasantly conscious, no doubt, of having made the givers of so oversplendid a feast a little uncomfortable.

I was glad to see the portly person of Madame Ramée framed in the doorway. She came in brilliant and striking, broadly beaming with smiles, sailing toward us in a gorgeous gown of yellow brocade, her carefully-dressed hair surmounted by a sort of coronet. I had seen madame but once since I left the school, when she had been preoccupied and rather cold; but to-night she shone not only as brightly but as warmly as the sun. She greeted me with caresses; she exclaimed at my elegance, my beauty, my magnificence. Then, when she was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Fox, she faltered into her own language, with ecstatic murmurs of, "*Ah, madame! Ah, monsieur! Que je suis ravie! Quelle maison que la vôtre! Cet escalier superbe! Ces fleurs! Ces flots de lumière! Ah, madame! Ah, monsieur!*"

Mr. Fox was charmed, and his ill humor at the Newmarches' patronage vanished as if by magic. Madame's gestures, glances, and tones more than translated her words. Here was a proper tribute, and from a woman whose character for intelligence no one could impugn. Hospitality once more seemed a sacred duty. Fashionable indifference, proclaiming as the motto of its wearers, "*Point de zèle*," and "*Cela va sans dire*," and fashionable impertinence which cut the ground from beneath one's feet, left Mr. Fox sadly vacant of opportunity. But madame's genuine admiration afforded him ample occasion. "I am glad to see you, Madame Ramée," he replied. "I'm happy to make your acquaintance. A man of my age and experience has had a chance to make a good many acquaintances, and he knows where to find intelligence and appreciation,—the qualities which please him best. I know, too, you were a good

friend to Miss Amber, and we think a great deal of Miss Amber. She justifies any one's thinking a good deal of her. One feels easy in taking stock in her,—hey?"

Madame murmured a ravished assent.

"She wanted to see life, and she has got the chance, by George!" said Mr. Fox emphatically. "All the young men are going down on their knees to her; and no wonder. Look where you will to-night, you won't see a prettier girl, or a better-dressed one."

"*Une véritable princesse*," said madame.

"Seeing you, madame," I remarked, a little overpowered by these exaggerations, "makes me feel more than ever like Cinderella,—as if the clock would strike presently and my carriage would turn into a pumpkin and my coachman into a mouse."

"Here comes the prince," declared Mr. Fox, bursting into a fit of laughter. "Madame Ramée, let me take you about the rooms before the dancing begins."

"*Quel honneur!*" exclaimed Madame Ramée, with her finest courtesy; and, taking her host's arm, then kissing her hand to me, she sailed down the rooms. Cousin Henrietta looked after them with relief, glad to have her lord engrossed with an enthusiastic auditor, who if she were possibly bored would conceal it with the most elaborate pains.

The prince who had approached was Mr. Snow Morris, who stood at a little distance while madame's effusions were in progress, but now came nearer and asked me if I had to stay in that close little room all night. "Come and walk about a little before the dancing begins," said he.

"I don't like to hear dancing alluded to," I remarked. "Everybody has asked me to dance, and I have assented, quite reckless and careless of what promises I might break."

"You are to dance with me to-night."

"I feel like dropping my best courtesies, like madame, and saying, '*Quel honneur!*'"

"Frankly, I consider the idea of my

dancing rather ludicrous; but I am tired of watching you perpetually dancing with other people. Are you engaged for the german?"

"I generally am, but to-night I feel sure of nothing."

"You are going to be my partner. I am to lead it, and eclipse Charlie Newmarch."

"Very well."

He looked at me, perhaps astonished at my easy concession. "How lovely you are!" he said, as if to cover a sort of embarrassment.

"It is my new French gown."

"I know it is."

We were moving along with the crowd, who were finding their first excitement in the decorations of the rooms, which were novel and rather bewildering. Almost every window had been converted into an entrance to some fanciful bower, grotto, court, or pagoda. The endless diversity of fanciful effects belonged rather to a dream of the Thousand and One Nights than to every-day life. At every movement we encountered a group, and I was constantly felicitated on the brilliancy of the party. Mr. Charles Newmarch came up to me and asked if I were satisfied.

"Satisfied?" I retorted. "I see nothing in this to satisfy one."

"It would satisfy me very well to sit there with you by the fountain under the palm-trees. Let me see: you are to dance first with me, besides the german."

"Oh, Miss Amber has promised to be my partner in the german," put in Snow Morris.

"Oh, I say!" cried Mr. Newmarch, with a somewhat excessive surprise. "So you throw me over, Miss Amber? I took it for granted—"

"My sister asked me to lead the german," explained Snow, with his easiest air.

"I beg pardon. She asked me to lead off with Miss Amber," said Mr. Newmarch rather savagely. "I'll go and ask her when we are to begin."

"That fellow believes you belong to him," said Snow, turning to me. Our eyes met, and we looked straight at



each other for a moment. In spite of the direct gaze, probably neither of us saw the other exactly. Each of us had our imaginations and our reserves. His words had annoyed me, and it was evident to my perceptions that he was growing keenly impatient. "I told Henrietta I wanted to lead the german," he now remarked. "She was afraid Newmarch might not like it. But I insisted. However, if you wish to dance with him, I will give up the idea."

"I have no wish to do anything except what your sister desires."

"You do not care for my wishes?" This he said with a little bitterness.

I made no reply.

"Forgive me," he said rather humbly. "But there is something so indifferent, so sceptical, in your manner nowadays."

"You wrong me altogether."

"I wish I did. I am haunted by a dreadful dream, night and day, and I long to wake up and find it is all a mistake."

"What is your dream?"

"That you like me less than you did."

I looked into his face again: "Don't talk about it here. Don't look so excited, so eager. Somebody may be watching us."

"Good heavens! I feel excited and eager." However, in spite of this exclamation he overcame the temporary feeling which had changed his face, smiled, or seemed to smile, and glanced about the room. "Ah," he exclaimed, "there is your friend Harrold. He was watching us."

"I did not know he was here. He must have come in since I have been with you."

"The news brought the color to your face."

"You see, I was doubtful about his coming. He had neither accepted nor declined the invitation, and I felt rebuked for sending it."

"He is here, and is using his eyes. I wonder what he thinks of your success. If he were ever in love with you, as I have

fancied, how he must hate the new life you lead,—which shuts him off and denies him the summer roses he wanted,—the—"

"He wanted nothing, he wants nothing of me," I cried. I was conscious of some slight trepidation under the scrutiny of a pair of eyes I knew so well. I was glad to be shielded by the crowd between us. Had I been simple and frank, I should have turned and stretched out my hand in greeting; but when is a woman simple and frank at the right time?

Mr. Newmarch came back with orders to take me and open the ball at once, and I was led off to the picture-gallery, which was to serve as ball-room. Mr. Fox was there with Madame Ramée, whose eyes shone like round glass buttons as she gazed first at him and then at the paintings, absorbing his explanations.

"I was never so ill used in all my life," said Mr. Charles Newmarch, as we took our places for the square dance, for which all the couples had been chosen and were now assembling.

"I do not pretend to know what has happened, but I do not believe you were ever ill used in your life. One ought to rejoice if something has occurred to try your spoiled soul a little."

"I dare say you rejoice. But why should you dance the german with Snow Morris? You always dance it with me; and of all men in the world I hate him the most."

"Oh! oh!"

"But I do," insisted Mr. Newmarch. "He makes me feel so young. Young? Young does not express it. He makes me feel crude. 'Don't bring your green corn to market,' he always seems to say, with a pitying smile, whenever I make a remark."

"I sympathize with you, then."

"You feel that way about his con-founded airs of superiority?"

"I have been forced to believe in his superior knowledge of the world."

"I was afraid you admired him."

"I do. I admire nobody so much."

"Hang it," cried Mr. Newmarch artlessly, "I don't know whether you are

laughing at him or at me. However, at this moment Morris is jealous of me. See him standing under that portière, glaring. There! he looked away when I glanced toward him; but the iron entered his soul when he saw how gracefully I was bending over you, with what exquisite homage I encompassed you."

This fanciful idea pleased the light-hearted young fellow immensely, and he strove with painstaking efforts to throw the most particular meaning into all the little courtesies of the dance. He hung on my least word as if it decided his fate, and whispered back absurd nonsense in return. He seemed to keep himself to the demands of the quadrille simply by instinct, gazing at me incessantly, and making it apparent that he was trying to persuade all the world that he was engrossed by only one thought. He was so carried away by his voluntary rôle that I began to be afraid of being laughed at.

"Don't be so utterly foolish," I felt constrained to say.

"But it is so delightful to make Snow Morris jealous."

"In the first place, there is no possible reason for jealousy. Next, he would never be jealous of anybody, and above all of you; for he likes to see youth gathering its rose-buds while it may."

"That is exactly like him. But I know I am making him writhe. I'm roasting him alive,—I know I am." He stole a glance as he *chasséd*. "He's gone!" he exclaimed then, with an air of disappointment. "However," he added presently, "there's another fellow there glaring at me. I don't know him. Do you?"

"I see no one glaring."

"He is like a basilisk. He looks dangerous. Is he an admirer of yours, too?"

"I have no admirers."

"Poor Miss Amber! What do you call me?"

"So far as I should undertake to define you, I should say you were a happy, light-hearted, and rather light-headed

young man, almost unreasonably successful in amusing yourself and others."

"Now, don't talk about my youth," pleaded Mr. Newmarch. "Every man can't be forty all at once, like Snow Morris."

"Mr. Morris is not forty."

"Well, fifty, then. He's half a century, if he's a day. Far too old and too consummately wise for a mere young girl like you."

Having uttered this rather impertinent speech, Mr. Newmarch made a grimace expressive of mischief and petulance, intended to disarm me of anger, and then we separated for the grand chain of the final figure. Coming up to me half-way round, he said, with the most spoiled-child air, "Do make me happy."

I had no time to ask him what he meant; but presently, when the quadrille was over and we were waltzing and he reiterated this demand, I did beg him to explain.

"You know very well there is only one way of making me happy," he insisted, with a brilliant smile, and an audacious light in his eyes.

"You are so happy already, nothing could make you any happier."

"I'm miserable; I'm wretched. The moment my eyes fell on you to-night I said to myself, 'Unless that girl promises to marry me I must blow my brains out.'"

Such words in the full whirl of a waltz were certainly unusual, but he uttered them in the easy tone of a man who is an acknowledged master in his particular style of conversation. I was startled into instant gravity.

"From your face, I should say you were intending reproof," said he.

"I do intend reproof."

"But I want to marry you all the same, even if you do think me young and foolish. It won't last. By and by, if you take good care of me, I shall be old and foolish."

"You do not hold out sufficiently strong inducements."

"Many a time," he went on very softly, and flushing crimson, "I have

longed to tell you how I love you. But it is so hard to be in earnest outside,—to make others feel that I am in earnest. I've been a dreadful trifter."

"Trifling is your *métier*. Don't try being too much in earnest, where I am concerned at least."

"Ah, but I am in earnest. Unless I can have you for my wife, I want nothing else,—I care for nothing else: the world must go on without me."

There was a *laissez-aller* about Mr. Charles Newmarch when he arranged any scheme for himself which urged him on and made him blind to obstacles. We were still dancing. Twice I had made an effort to break off, but his clasp on my wrist had tightened into something which compelled almost like violence. Now all at once the music stopped, and when I turned I saw that I was within a step of Mr. Harrold, who still kept his place under the portière.

"Good-evening," I said, with such evident intention that he approached me at once. "How late you were in coming!" I added, speaking almost at random, and with a feverish feeling of relief. I was conscious of the gleam in Mr. Newmarch's eye, but I told him that this was an old friend, to whom I wanted to speak for a while.

"At your orders," said he, accepting his dismissal with his best air.

It had not seemed necessary for me to abate a certain joy in addressing Mr. Harrold. Perhaps he realized that the occasion was exceptional, and read my manner by the light of it, for he returned my greeting with a cold gentleness, which, having neither harshness nor defiance in it, seemed just sufficiently kind, and was like a cool touch laid on a burning hand.

"I was afraid you were not coming," I went on. "It was already eleven, and you had not made your appearance."

"When I spoke to Mrs. Fox, she said that you had just left her, and I saw you in another moment walking through the rooms with Mr. Morris."

"Why did you not come and speak to me?"

"I confess that at first I had that

intention; but I was not bold enough to intrude. Besides, I came to look at you, and it was no part of my expectation that I should find you disengaged enough to waste time on a man who does not dance."

As he said this, he drew back, for somebody came up to ask me to waltz; but I declined. I had already been dancing, I declared, and I should dance no more until after supper.

Mr. Harrold smiled a little furtively.

"I was willing to stand aside and watch you dancing," said he.

"I do not enjoy being watched."

"What would you rather do?"

"Let us go and sit down in one of the pretty little nooks. There was one I fancied so much, with palm-trees and a fountain, like an oasis in a desert."

"Those pretty places ought all to be filled with romantic lovers."

"They will be a little later: now everybody is too fresh and eager to care to sit down. Do you like balls?"

"When I was a boy I used to go to balls. This is the first experience of the kind I have had for eight years."

"Do you like this?"

"It gratifies a certain curiosity."

My arm was in his, and we were slowly making our way down the staircase toward the parlors. The ball was progressing as balls do: young men with anxious eyes were seeking their partners in the distance; girls were fanning, talking, laughing,—transferring their smiles and glances easily from one to the other of their little court. The married belles were surrounded six deep with their admirers. The chaperons stood talking in groups or sat on the sofas longing for supper. The music seemed the soul of it all, and if the band ceased for a moment a sort of loss of inspiration was evident, while the moment it recommenced every one experienced a relief, as it throbbed out the eagerness, the ecstasy, the frenzy of the young life to which it gave expression,—the love of excitement, the thirst for pleasure, the yielding to a kind of sweet passionate indulgence of the senses.

"You like it, I suppose?" Mr. Harrold remarked, looking at me.

"Now and then I feel the thrall of it, but I did not begin this life young enough to have it mean for me what it does for the girls who grew up in it and for it. Look at Hildegard De Forrest there! When she is under the sway of the music and the dancing and the excitement, she gains a terrible beauty which amazes and repels me."

We paused a moment and looked at the girl, who was absolutely dazzling as she waltzed with Charles Newmarch wildly and impetuously.

"He was dancing with you," said Mr. Harrold.

He glanced at me again with his half-sceptical smile.

"But is not the girl beautiful?"

"I should quote your words," he replied. "Her beauty amazes and repels me."

"No, I should not say that now. But later, when she is dancing the german, then I sometimes tremble as I look at her."

"A flushed, over-excited woman is my abhorrence. I have many nice and jealous distinctions for those I admire among your sex. I am a creature of inveterate prejudice."

"Marion, with her unspoiled tranquillity, must satisfy you."

"I admire her very much."

"Shall we go and find her?"

"Not yet. I have promised to take her to supper."

There was nothing very stimulating in all this. We had found the little corner, with its palm-trees and fountain, vacant, and had sat down on a low divan, screened from the rest of the room by tall ferns. Once there, my choice of such seclusion seemed a mistake. I was not sufficiently at ease, nor happy enough, nor gay enough, to carry such an interview off with any spirit, and Mr. Harrold, on his part, had never been less expansive. He seemed to read my foolish embarrassed consciousness, for he said presently, "I ought to change places with somebody. That is a part of the world's tiresome jumble

of cross-purposes, that the best rôles are constantly offered to people who have not the wit or the wish to play them."

"Oh, I don't offer you any rôle."

"You suggest it. Now, as a looker-on I do very well; but sitting here by your side I am a clod. If I had anything to say, I could not expect to talk to advantage in a place like this. It requires training for a man to give the actual outcome of his heart and mind while waltzing or jostling a crowd. Of course now I ought to entertain you."

"I have no wish to be entertained."

"I might flatter you."

"Do not try. I know very well, Mr. Harrold, you have no wish to flatter me."

"No, I have never tried to flatter you. Heaven knows I never needed to. The thing has been to hold my tongue,—not to speak, not to look, not to feel."

He said this without the slightest vehemence. He was looking at the fountain, and it was I who was flushed, startled, moved.

"There is something fabulous in this splendor," he exclaimed presently. "If I had the wealth of Cræsus I should think twice before I wasted all these elaborations of poetic taste and prodigal magnificence upon a ball. However, I am glad so splendid a ball is given to you. How little I used to fancy you would become such a brilliant personage!"

"You know exactly how much my brilliancy is worth,—on what sort of a foundation it stands."

"Don't let that thought intrude tonight. Be happy. I want to see you happy. I need to remember you as happy."

"Don't I look happy?"

He looked at me with a straight gaze.

"No, you don't."

"Well, I am not particularly happy."

"Why not?"

I glanced at him rather helplessly. It seemed hardly worth while to tell him that I was a little despondent, lonely, and sad, because, after all, I hardly needed to be the victim of any such feeling.

I could not understand, however, why

my look should have disturbed him. He suddenly started up.

"What is it?" I cried.

"You seem to want something of me, —to need something I can give you," he exclaimed, in a tone of indignant reproach. "Don't mock me with your little foolish pleadings. I can't live in this dream-land. I like hard, familiar realities better."

"So do I."

"No, you do not know what reality is, and I pray God you may never find out." Mr. Harrold was standing before me, looking down. "If you were drowning," said he, "I would throw myself into the sea and drown with you. As it is, I am going to do the utmost I can to make you secure and happy."

"And what is that?"

"Not much," he answered, "and until it is done I did not mean to boast of it. And I will go away now. Here is Mr. Morris coming for you. I knew that I was keeping you too long."

The two men nodded, and each looked at the other with an air of considerable interest. I had never seen them side by side before with a chance of thus comparing them. My cousin Snow was the broader, the heavier, and the handsomer. Mr. Harrold's slim height, keen eyes, and powerful mouth gave him the look of carrying a finer spirit sheathed in his clay. He would never try, like Snow, to serve two masters, —nor would he acknowledge a higher law to believe in and build his imaginations upon, and a lower one to live by. Snow showed more knowledge of the world, but his coquetting with experiences of various sorts had written its inexorable story in a mortal fatigue of spirit which showed in his eyes at times and the curves about his mouth. But they were both strong men, and looking at them now I wondered which would be likely to win in a contest that roused their impulses and mastered their intellects and ambitions.

"So this is the way you treat your ball?" said Snow to me. "You run away from it."

"I feared I was eclipsing Miss Am-

ber's gayety," observed Mr. Harrold. "But I leave her to you."

He nodded to me and vanished at once. Snow sank down beside me, and looked at me with a smile.

"Off with the old love and on with the new," he said. "Fanny says that man is engaged to Miss Hubbard."

"I have the same idea."

"Fanny likes the notion. It simplifies her own course, if she makes up her mind to accept the father."

"I confess I am certain of nothing: everything seems to me enigmatical."

"I don't see why you need have enigmas. There is nothing, for instance, very puzzling in this ovation to-night."

"Certainly nothing could be more of a puzzle than this."

"Oh, the matter is simple enough. You are young, and you are beautiful; you are, besides, rich, and you have the charm of it all, which transmutes your money into a spell as potent as youth and beauty, and infinitely more seductive."

"Oh, my money! my money!" I exclaimed. "Do you know, Cousin Snow, what I have made up my mind to do with it?"

"I fancy I know what you will do with it."

"I have decided to give it all up if that woman proves to be the person she assumes to be."

"How can you give up what is not yours to give, my dear child?"

"Do you mean—"

"I mean that until you marry I have control of your property. I shall not give it up to any interloper unless the law compels me."

He laughed as he spoke.

"You will have to marry in order to gain control of it," he added.

He looked at me smiling and serene, and something in his tranquil strength impressed me. "When you are my wife," he went on in the quietest way, "I will not hinder any reasonable schemes of yours."

I had risen, and I now turned and looked at him. There was a new timidity and deprecation in his manner. "I



shall never be your wife," I said, not at all defiantly, but with decision.

"You must be."

"Do not say such things."

"You, too, can't afford to have it on your conscience that you have made me miserable."

"One cannot think about other people's misery in these matters. There is a certain right and honesty which must govern a woman in the critical moments of her life."

"Look here, Millicent," cried Snow with eagerness, "you have at times been ready to love me a little."

I felt a curious little pang: "I do not deny it. I used to admire you and believe in you very much."

"And now you admire me and believe in me no longer."

"I do not say that. Indeed I do not," I insisted with vehemence.

"You mean that you do admire me and believe in me?" he asked, with a look half of amusement.

I rallied my powers for an answer: "Admiration is one thing, and belief is another. Neither of them has much to do with such a sentiment as you seem to demand."

"But you confess that you have loved me a little."

"No, I have hardly confessed so much as that."

"You liked me at first. Naturally, however, as you saw more of the world and found others who could offer you more than I had it in my power to offer you— I understand all that very well." He broke off abruptly.

"That has nothing to do with it. I liked it best that I had it in my power to give."

"That was love."

"No, it was not love. It was an anxiety to justify the money to myself, and it seemed, besides, rather a pleasant thing."

"Surely the pleasantness of it is not all gone. You believed then that you were going to love me,—that you could love me. I believe, on my soul I believe, that you do love me. No, do not force yourself to deny that. I take it back.

But you will love me. Be generous. There was a time when it amused me to find that I was in love with you; that day is over: it is torture, supreme torture, now. I told myself then that you were a rich girl, and that I could at last afford to fall in love. Now I care for nothing except you. I am used to thinking of you as my wife; I cannot bear your denial. I shall not let you absolutely refuse me."

The quiet of his manner and the low pitch of his voice lent a force to his words which shook me. Now and then he paused, and the music and voices filled up the interval.

"Have we not been here long enough?" I asked him, averting my face.

"Yes," he returned, as if with a sense of relief in finding a definite groove of action presented at a moment when he had lost his reckoning. "I am a fool for going on in this way to-night. But I want you for my wife, and the wish puts me outside my old defences. I used to like to watch you in society, happy, triumphant, getting everything out of life. Now it makes me miserably angry and jealous that you have anything but what I can offer you." He said this lightly, and there was a certain force in his not only having illusions, but seeing beyond them and overcoming them. "Once," said he, "the world had a good many elements of interest for me. Now everything is summed up in you. Nothing else matters much."

We had left the little corner behind the palm-trees, and were moving about with the crowd again. I had been given a thousand stimulating, turbulent suggestions, but I thought of nothing at all; a succession of images had crossed my mind, starting fragments of ideas which halted on the threshold of my actual consciousness and did not cross it. It was almost the stroke of midnight, and Mrs. Fox told me when I went up to her that she was about sending for me. Her husband was to take me out to supper presently, and Snow was despatched to look up his host, who, after a short delay, appeared with Madame Ramée still on his arm. Madame was jubilant. "*Quel*

*honneur!*" she exclaimed to me in lively confidence, and went on enumerating his claims to her admiration. He was a *Mæcenas*; he was indeed *Apollo* himself who led the *Muses*.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

FANNY BURT was in the habit of saying, "I know my world;" and when, the day after the ball, she told me that she had taken advantage of a quiet half-hour on a sofa with Mrs. Newmarch to enlighten her concerning the claim set up to my uncle's estate, I felt that she must have had very good reasons for undertaking so disagreeable a task.

"I wanted to retain her on our side," said Fanny. "She carries half of society along with her, and it is the half of society which counts, for they have opinions and prejudices, and lay down the law. Other people may have perception and insight and fugitive fancies they call sympathies, but they are too many-sided, and nobody listens to them, and nobody believes in them. - All New York will know in a week or two that there is to be a law-suit, and I wanted Mrs. Newmarch to spread the news, and have it come down, not up."

I asked Fanny what she had confided to Mrs. Newmarch. She had told her, she declared, all that was necessary, —had made it clear that the claim was founded on imposture, and that, annoying although it might be, it in no degree threatened my substantial interests. In return, Mrs. Newmarch had asked a great many questions, some of which might have puzzled any one with less ease in answering interrogatories than Fanny possessed. She had not, she confessed, proceeded a single step without making it clear to herself exactly in what shape the new ideas were likely to gather force in the great lady's mind. Fanny had an artless vividness in description which carried conviction along with it, and I could readily understand that she had suited her information to the exigencies of the situation. Mrs.

Newmarch was a woman of the strictest views, and regarded with such horror the least derelictions on the part of her own sex that such enormities had finally grown to possess a morbid fascination for her. She would listen to a good deal for the sake of holding up her hands, and there was a burning pleasure in repudiating all wickedness. Thus Mrs. Newmarch's sympathies were gained not only for me, but retrospectively for my poor uncle, whose character Fanny had painted in pure white without blemish.

It distressed me keenly that there needed to be any subterfuge, and especially where my uncle was concerned. I realized that it would have needed more insight and magnanimity than Mrs. Newmarch possessed to see his case clearly. She flattered herself that she was a very large-minded and just woman and regarded nothing but the sovereign truth; whereas in all her life she had probably never accepted any single fact which was not well wrapped up in mistake, illusion, misconception, and exaggeration.

I was not surprised to hear that she was coming to see me soon, and I found myself dreading the interview a little. It did not occur to me that she was likely to touch on the little episode at the ball, but in a vague and general way I felt that I was likely to have a great deal of advice. Mrs. Newmarch was always a little inclined to lament that I had grown up outside of her circle, but was freely disposed to make up to me for all past deficiencies by fresh opportunities. Now, when she came she went to the unusual length of kissing me, calling me her poor dear child, and telling me how complete her sympathy was. "But it will come out all right, no doubt," she went on consolingly. "I sent for Snow Morris, and he spent an hour with me yesterday. He says the case will come on in May, and that there is but one possible decision."

I knew all this very well, and with an amplitude of detail which Mrs. Newmarch could not easily attain to; but she had taken possession of the law-suit,

as it were, and treated my own knowledge as something insignificant and inadequate, meeting me on every point with promises and assurances.

"It would have been a sad thing if the claim had been well founded," Mrs. Newmarch proceeded, after giving me the points she had learned. "There are cases where, in spite of right, justice, and decency even, the law has to be carried out. Now, it might have happened that your uncle really did leave a wife, and that your money would have gone to her and to her child."

"I do not feel altogether certain that he did not leave a wife, and that my money will not go to her now," said I. "At times I feel sure of it, and discover a little hoarding propensity in myself, like Mr. Dick's, who put bits of bread and cheese in his pocket as a provision against future famine."

"Mr. Dick's?" repeated Mrs. Newmarch, puzzled. "Oh, Mr. Charles Dix? He is always doing such droll things. Pretending a hoarding propensity,—that is exactly like him. But do you mean seriously that you have any fears about your money?"

It was quite evident that I had kindled her curiosity, and she looked at me with a startled inquisitiveness which quite changed her face.

"My fears about my money do not so much concern the losing of it," said I. "I often dream that it is all gone and that I feel as if a terrible burden of responsibility had dropped from me. If the woman has any claim to it, I would rather a thousand times let her have it all than withhold a penny from her."

"But if she is an impostor—"

"Even in that case the money might do her good," I rejoined. "It might make her a better woman."

Mrs. Newmarch looked at me with intense surprise and some disfavor. "It is quite evident," she remarked gravely, "that you do not exactly understand what you are talking about. You do not realize the obligations of a rich young woman. Of course if these claims were an actual menace it would be right and meet that you should be prepared to

resign your fortune. But those who have the best knowledge of your affairs insist that there is no such danger. You ought to think a great deal of your money. It has given you an immense opportunity. It was very fortunately placed: we all felt that. It might have been given to some one who would not have become an ornament of our circle as you have. You have been a real gain to us: your clear glance, your sweet voice, your pretty movements,—we have admired them very much."

Her kind flatteries did not stimulate my appreciation. I felt a little impatient and a little perverse, and was inclined to disavow any gratitude for my opportunity to share the competitions, the gayeties, and the *ennui* of her coterie.

"Think what a prosaic life you would have had if you had not come into your inheritance," she said, very softly but clearly. "The benefits you have gained appear to me enormous, and the forfeiture of them would be a terrible reverse."

She spoke with a trenchancy which was not without its effect. I had said the same thing to myself many times, but I felt humiliated that she should utter such warnings to me. I waited to see whether they were kind or impertinent.

"My son Charles has spoken to me about you of late," she now said, without further preamble.

I exclaimed, "Indeed!" and looked at her with a resolute determination to be as frank as she.

"I heard that he was very attentive the night of Mrs. Fox's ball," she proceeded; "and when I saw him yesterday I inquired what it all meant. I suppose I hardly need to tell you what he replied." She smiled at me very kindly.

"I assure you," I exclaimed, "I attached no importance to any of his words."

"He told me had asked you to marry him," said Mrs. Newmarch, with vigor. "That seems to me of very great importance."

"I considered that he was carrying

the joke very far, but I took his words as a joke."

"How can you say such things?"

"I wondered how he could," I returned. "We were dancing, and I thought it quite unsuitable nonsense, for anybody might have heard him."

"He was deeply in earnest,—deeply," insisted Mrs. Newmarch, with an almost tragic force. "He told me he would marry nobody else. I confess to you, my dear Miss Amber, that this declaration gave me deep solicitude. Fanny Burt had been telling me about your perplexities regarding your property, and it did seem to me that, under the circumstances, this news ought not to have been kept in reserve."

"Under what circumstances?" I asked.

She glided over the point I pressed. "Just think, if you had fairly engaged yourself to my son Charles," she said very sweetly, "how trying the position might have proved if it came out that this money was not your own, after all."

"But there has been no question of my engaging myself to your son Charles," I returned.

"My dear girl, you have conceded the fact that he asked you to marry him," Mrs. Newmarch insisted, her smile growing more kind and her manner more tenderly gracious all the time.

"But I had no intention of accepting him, even if he had been in earnest."

"He would have come to see you yesterday," she went on, "if I had not interfered. My son Charles is very determined, but he gets his force of character from me, and when I argue the matter with him long enough he generally yields. He finally agreed to leave the matter in my hands. He realizes that his marriage is a matter of importance, and an engagement by a young man placed as he is in the world cannot be entered upon hastily. He promised me to wait until the matter of your title had been fully tested. He felt as I did,—that it would be very embarrassing for you to be forced just now to commit yourself too decidedly to any course of conduct."

"I ought to be very grateful to you," I said, looking fixedly at Mrs. Newmarch. "You give me credit for certain assumptions which do not belong to me; you are frank enough to let me perceive that you do not believe me capable of acting with discretion and delicacy on my own part, and, taking all this into consideration, I feel how much I have to thank you for."

"I was sure you would see it in that light," said Mrs. Newmarch. "Charlie himself would have been very precipitate, and it really seemed very much better to get him out of the way at once."

She said this very smilingly.

"And did you succeed?"

"My dear Miss Amber," she answered, with a little low laugh, "he sailed for Liverpool this morning at eleven o'clock."

She sat looking at me with some inquisitiveness as to the way in which I was likely to take her news.

"That is very nice," I said tranquilly.

She had an acute desire to know exactly what I was thinking,—a desire which made her fidget as she sat in her chair.

"I hope you do not mistake my motives in doing this?" she said deprecatingly.

"Not in the least."

"If it all comes out right,—if this woman's claims and pretensions turn out to be nothing at all,—why, then," she went on, with a burst of enthusiasm, "I shall have a scheme to propose."

"And what is that?"

"I will take you to Europe in June with me."

This was something brilliant, and I felt that she was actually generous. The intensity with which she would have disliked the alliance if I were divested of my money found its equivalent in her wish to secure me as a daughter-in-law if I turned out an actual prize. I understood very well that I was being treated with a consideration unusual among the Newmarches.

"This was the only way I could bribe Charlie to consent to go away without seeing you," she confessed, beaming broadly, "and it finally answered. You

would go with me, would you not, Millicent?"

"It is impossible to predict anything, but I don't think I am likely to go with you," I replied.

She stared at me earnestly.

"I can't doubt," she now observed, "that you are fond of Charlie."

"I like him very well."

She gave me one of her quick looks.

"He seemed persuaded that he had almost won you."

"Please don't hold me accountable for anybody's mistakes but my own," said I. "It seems to me he makes a great many."

Mrs. Newmarch was puzzled. She liked to manage affairs without committing herself, and it would have been a considerable lapse from consistency for her to press upon me too strongly the desirability of falling in love with her son, when, a few weeks later, she might be eager to make me forget that I had any claims on him. But at the same time she did not like my attitude; there was something appalling in the glimmering of a suspicion she could not avoid,—that I was not taking the situation so seriously as she herself did. In order to impress me more strongly, she began to talk to me about marriage, and her generalities gathered focus upon the subject of Snow Morris, concerning whom she proceeded to warn me. He was too old for me, she declared,—not alone in years, but in heart; in fact, he had no heart to give me or any woman. He might do his best to persuade me that I inspired feelings which roused youth and passion in him; but it would save me from endless misery if I refused to believe him. Some fires once burned out can never be rekindled.

"Are you thinking of marrying him?" she finally asked a little sharply, finding me unresponsive.

"Dear Mrs. Newmarch," I replied, "I am not thinking about marrying anybody. I am not thinking about anything. I have had too many things pressed upon me: I can decide nothing. Everything must take its own course."

"That," declared Mrs. Newmarch, "is a very dangerous conclusion."

#### CHAPTER XIX.

ONE Monday afternoon toward the 1st of May, a dozen people had dropped in, and a lively talk was going on respecting everybody's summer plans. The day suggested a change from town, for it was warm as June; awnings shaded the wide-opened windows, and the balconies were full of roses and azaleas. The ladies wore delicate spring toilets, and an unusual air of freshness and spirit pervaded the little party. Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Newmarch had each announced her intention of going to Europe for five months, and the latter, who had already crossed the ocean twenty-two times, was bestowing advice upon the former, who had been only once abroad. Mrs. Fox, having command of resources which made Mrs. Newmarch's dwindle into insignificance, naturally felt aggrieved by this insistence upon superior claims to knowledge. It was of no use for her to have seen Rome, because she had missed the view from the vestibule of the belvedere in the Vatican, which Mrs. Newmarch preferred to anything in the Eternal City; and when Mrs. Fox would have claimed some acquaintance with Switzerland, her Alpine excursions there were condemned as cheap, because she had not stood on a certain rock and looked down the gorge under the "Devil's Bridge." It was of no use trying to compete with Mrs. Newmarch, who had to be accepted as one of the natural forces, indomitable and resistless, against which it is useless to contend.

"I am trying to persuade Millicent to join us," Mrs. Fox finally remarked, conceding complete European knowledge to the other. "I tell her we will go wherever she pleases."

"I flatter myself," replied Mrs. Newmarch, "that Miss Amber will accompany me.—We have some little arrangement of that sort, have we not, my



dear?" she added, looking at me with a broad and suggestive smile.

"I thank everybody very much for their kind suggestions," I said. "Don't think it is morbid perversity which makes me decline all such delightful schemes, but I shall have to wait a little longer before I know what I am to do this summer."

"Any person who can tell our fortunes in our teacups will confer an inestimable advantage upon us at present," said Fanny.

"I can tell Miss Amber's," said Mr. Hubbard, who was always equal to small emergencies, and now, taking my cup and saucer, he pretended to find indications of people coming and people going, to all of which everybody listened, making merry over their suggestions and surmises as to the personality of these interesting makers of my good and bad fortune.

While this talk was going on, easy, good-humored, with an occasional stroke of malice, Selina, the maid, who opened the door of the reception-room as the visitors came up, advanced toward the portières of the parlor with a gesture indicating a fresh arrival. I stepped forward, my heart giving a little premonitory leap. I had often said to myself that this thing might happen, and now it had happened. We were open to all the world on Mondays, and anybody who called herself an acquaintance might come in, and now, among others, had come the woman who called herself by my uncle's name. She met me half-way as I entered the outer room with her good-humored, rather insolent smile. She wore a gown of rich, delicately-tinted silk, which swept the floor a yard behind her; her hands were encased in cream-colored gloves, and a plumed hat adorned her head. She was a startling vision, and she was a handsome one, carrying her rich trappings with an air of triumph and with some grace. The same elf-like child followed her as before, and she too was richly dressed.

"Well, Millicent," exclaimed my visitor, "you see I have come again."

I had but a moment in which to decide by which handle to seize the situation. It was easily in her power to be very disagreeable. I had before found her an unmanageable force; the repulsion she inspired was not less than at first, but it no longer governed me. Her existence had become one of the imperious facts of my life, and had taught me a needed lesson. My fear of her had resolved itself into an anxiety to have nothing to fear, to be done with possessions which kept me alive to the necessity of running away from something or protecting myself from something. Vague impressions which had filled my mind for the past few weeks had left me with unformed but still powerful resolutions about my duty, which agitated me now that I was face to face with the woman. "You have not done ill to come," said I. "I have often wished to speak to you again; but just now I am very particularly engaged."

"I shall not go away, and you cannot send me away," she asseverated.

"All I ask is that you will sit down quietly and wait for me."

"Oh, I see: you have some of your grand friends inside."

"Yes, there are visitors."

"Let me go in and see them. I am as well dressed as any woman in New York. I won't disgrace you. I give you my word I'll behave myself. I'd like to hold my own once with the New York upper ten."

To consent to this suggestion was the furthest thing possible from my will or my wish, but the matter settled itself without me. Fanny, hearing voices, had left her seat, and now peeped through the curtains, and, seeing the impressive-looking stranger, ran toward us at once.

"This is Mrs. Burt?" the woman inquired, assuming an exaggerated suavity of manner. "I am Mrs. Darcy. I came to see Millicent. Do not let me interfere with your duties to your guests. I will sit down anywhere."

"I am sure I am most happy to see any friend of Millicent's," said Fanny,

a little puzzled, but evidently taking the new visitor to be somebody worth knowing. "Come in, Mrs. Darcy." She led the way back, followed closely by the strange pair, while I brought up the rear, startled, not to say a little alarmed, at this bizarre discord,—like the clang of a kettle-drum among our dulcet flute harmonics.

It was quite evident that "Mrs. Darcy's" object in coming was not a serious one. No doubt she regarded any visit she could force upon me as a valuable chance for reconnoitring the field, but this struck her humorous perceptions. It was a capital joke that she was in a sense recognized, having forced me to huddle up difficulties by any safe expedient. I confessed in myself at the moment an absolute inability to strike out any line of conduct. I was compelled to sit down and wait for some turn of events, feeling that the results of this incursion defied prediction.

It was evident that she stirred surprise and some admiration in the group as she swam forward and sat down in a chair between Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Newmarch, bowing with smiling ease as Fanny named her to each, then, lolling back, half closed her eyes, only opening them when Mrs. Newmarch made some remark upon the heat of the afternoon.

"It is the first day I have not shivered," Mrs. Darcy replied, with a shrug. "A pestilent, an abominable deceit I have found this Northern spring."

"Ah, you are from the South?"

"From New Orleans."

"I'm afraid you are hardly prepossessed with New York."

"I do not know New York. All I have known here is impatience, fatigue, ennui. The name of the place makes me yawn."

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Darcy," said Hildegard De Forrest, laughing.

"I have been like an actor with a part to play which burns in his heart and on his tongue, but whose cue has not come, and who has had to fret his soul out behind the scenes."

Everybody's attention was arrested: all other conversation dropped lifeless,

all eyes were turned toward the stranger.

"Another winter you may find New York more agreeable," observed Mrs. De Forrest. "It takes some little time to get acquainted."

"Another winter!" ejaculated Mrs. Darcy, with a sort of fierceness: "another winter I hope to be in Paris, with plenty of money. In Paris one may amuse one's self, is it not so? Everywhere else one merely tries not to be too much bored."

She had turned to Mr. Hubbard, and addressed these words to him. There was a vivacity, not to say audacity, in her manner, a fire in the glances she darted from beneath her heavy eyebrows, which began to startle the women, and now that she turned toward the gentleman with a bold, brilliant side-glance, their surprise grew. Mr. Hubbard was helping Fanny, who was making fresh tea, but came nearer at once, evidently roused and interested.

"Did we ever meet in Paris, I wonder?" he said, drawing a chair beside her.

"Never; oh, never," replied Mrs. Darcy quickly. "I was there once, but it was long ago. How domestic! How charming! What a picture!" she went on rapidly, with little vehement gestures toward the pretty hostess at her tea-making. "That goes to the heart of man, does it not?"

Mr. Hubbard assented gayly. Something in the smothered fire of her eyes seemed to attract him. He brought her a cup of tea and lingered beside her. She pretended to sip it, laughing at it all the time as a bloodless Northern beverage which sucked the color and life out of the women's faces. He allowed himself to be a little carried away by his devotion to her, and his attentions were not only charged with a certain *laissez-allier*, but were a bribe to abandon on her side. She was drawn out: she laughed gayly; she mimicked; she gave her impressions with a childish *naïveté*. Fanny kept vigorously to the work of entertaining the other guests,

but it was evident that the attention of each was a little strained to catch the flow of sparkling impertinences that issued from the stranger's red lips.

As for myself, I felt benumbed. Her presence fettered me and cramped the free play of my faculties. I had the sensations of a prisoner bound in chains and expecting condemnation every moment. The clock on the wall, whose gilt pendulum flashed incessantly to and fro, seemed not to move its hands. It was five o'clock when she came in; all these people were on their way to the Park: would they never go? Each moment I had dreaded more and more lest the strong animalism of the woman should burst forth in some escapade that might stamp her to the perceptions of every woman present. But it became gradually evident that, having it in her own way,—in fact, carrying off all the honors,—she gained discretion in spite of her high spirits over her effective trick, and was ambitious to achieve it picturesquely and leave an appeal to the imagination behind it. The thought crossed my mind more than once that she was a professional actress. There was a certain exaggeration, a distinct intention in her holding this attitude of successful ease straight through without swerving, besides a pitch in her voice and laughter, that suggested training for the stage.

At the stroke of six the visitors reluctantly rose. Their perceptions were alert; they felt that something was about to happen, and, had it been possible, would have waited for the event in the air to develop. Mr. Hubbard lingered for a moment, then followed Fanny into the next room, and I closed the door upon them both. I was alone at last with my visitor, and began to wonder how much courage and good sense I should find, left face to face with her. She sat quietly, her arms folded, and a smile on her lips. The little girl, crouching in a corner, watched us both sullenly, anxious for her mother and suspicious of me.

"I flatter myself I did not do it badly," the woman remarked presently,

with her rollicking, derisive air. "What was the gentleman's name? Mr. Hubbard? He seemed glad of a little entertainment."

I made no reply, but waited a little for her excitement and elation to be over. She began to talk loudly and strangely concerning herself and her powers, contrasting them with those of the other women she had seen. Then after a time, perhaps gaining some consciousness that she was over-loud and blustering, she turned to me. "I thought you had something to say to me," she exclaimed.

"Yes," I replied, "I have often thought of late that I should like to talk with you."

"Well, say what you have to say; but do not argue. I can fight it out with anybody, but my foolish wits have no chance against your coolness."

"I want to know about you," I said. "I want to understand who you are and what your actual claims are. It may be, and it may not be, that the law will entitle you to rights over the property my uncle left. But behind all the legal subtleties there is a right and a truth, and I should like to know it. Those who best understand the matter tell me that even if you can prove yourself to have been my uncle's wife you still have no legal rights. But if you ever were his wife I should not like to have you lose everything. Ever since I have had this money I have had a wish in my heart to make it useful in the best way. And if by your sharing it you could be a better woman,—stronger against temptation, purer in effort and example,—I would rather—a thousand times rather—give some of it up to you."

She gave a sort of cry, and began to stamp with fury and utter forcible ejaculations. "I will not be preached to! I will not!" she screamed.

"I do not want to preach to you. It makes me sorry to look at your little girl. If there was something I could do for her,—to soften, to sweeten her,—to give her some of the spirit of bright childhood."

"All that either of us need is money," she declared.

"Money you shall have, if you were really my uncle's wife. Tell me something to convince me that the little girl is yours and his."

But she did not seem to hear me. She was looking at the little girl, who gazed back with an ominous frown and shook her head.

"Poor thing! she has known me only in my dark days," she said. "I have been disgraced, solitary, mad with her and with all the world for my own failure. But I'll make it up to her yet."

"Tell me about your experience."

She burst into loud laughter.

"This is a bold stroke of yours," she exclaimed. "You want to force me into confessions. My lawyer has told me to hold my tongue."

"That may be good advice in a certain way. But, I assure you, if you could make me understand you and believe in you you would gain a great point. Make me your friend and your child's friend."

She glared at me with an evident uneasiness in her position growing upon her. She could not or would not respond.

"Do you mistrust me?" I asked.

"I mistrust everybody. Are we not enemies?"

"Not necessarily. And you do not know what is urging me. You cannot guess how little I love my wealth. I have not begun right: I have not justified its possession to myself. I should like to do a little good with it. I wish I might begin all over again, and it would be something to have made a sacrifice." I was speaking with haste and agitation. It did indeed seem something to do to touch this woman's heart, to awaken her conscience. A foolish, passionate longing had come over me to effect a miracle, but I pleaded with her in vain. While I looked at her, I saw that her mind would never open to let in these strange new ideas, or any realization of these impulses of mine, impossible for her to understand or to define.

"Do you mean you want to get rid of your money?" she asked, with a movement of her black eyebrows.

"I want to use it well, and it would to my mind be using it ill not to help you if I could."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You are talking about your money:—my money you might better call it. I will show you how to use it. And you say you want me to be good. Now, the only difference between me and those women who have just gone out is that they have found what they wanted within reach, while I have had to climb for and clutch at and tear mine down." She looked ardently alive; her eyes burned and her face glowed.

"When I was a girl," she went on, "I had a longing to live a free, large life. I hated bonds, coercion, rules, that held me tight and made everything I did cramped and mean and poor. I kept looking for an outlet; but there seemed to be no chance of my reaching the currents of the great moving world. But do you think even if I were chained I would submit always to be pent up? Not I. When I was fifteen years old I was free."

Her confession had a strangely agitating effect upon her; her own words seemed to intoxicate her, and while she spoke the little wizened child came up and put her hand warningly on her mother's arm.

"The lawyer said you must keep quiet," she urged, in an excited expostulatory way. Her mother shook off the grasp of the slight wrist.

"I never was free," she pursued, some angry feeling surging to her face. "I was always hindered,—always driven and overworked by something. If by nothing outside, then the restless devil within me was sure to goad me on to spoil everything I undertook." Her face showed the strife of feelings which had urged her. The sort of fierce glee in her eyes and smile was made ominous by the passionate heavy mould of her mouth and chin.

"Where I have done one wise thing in my life," she rushed on, "I have

done a thousand foolish things,—wicked things.”

“Stop and think before you do another foolish and wicked thing.”

“I shall do what I choose,” she affirmed. “I am not the sort of poor, tame creature other women are. I haven’t many scruples, and I have no fears.”

“Did you really ever know my uncle?” I asked abruptly.

“Know him? I will tell you so much as this about him: he was made to marry me, and for months after our wedding-day I could turn him round my finger.”

She gave me a triumphant glance and nodded once or twice, then added, with a shrug, “I could have kept him my slave always if I had not been the one idiot of the universe. I wanted to test my power over him by making him jealous; and his jealousy was something beyond what I had imagined. Then I grew afraid of him and ran away. I gave him no chance to play the last act of *Othello*.”

This seemed not only natural, but what I had expected all along. I was so impressed by the belief that what I heard was truth, that it seemed worth while to try to verify her statement. The dire dismay and confusion which had come with the first tidings were things of the past. This was reality. I could readily make out the story of what their two lives had been. I looked wistfully at the woman who had survived the tragic failure of an attempt at married life. I could see no good in her. I felt for my poor uncle, whom evil and good had both so strongly urged, and who had no doubt taken in self-defence stern means to accomplish a needed end, his jealousy making him fulfil what he looked on as a duty.

“Tell me all you can about my uncle,” I said, in a low voice.

She put her head on one side and burst out laughing. “I might tell you too much,” she exclaimed,—“things you wouldn’t like to know. You have fine taste,—you’re delicate, you’re fastidious; you can spend his money, but

you wouldn’t like to know how he got it. You wash your hands of his business, for it revolts your fine-lady susceptibilities, but you ain’t afraid of his gold; gold is a high-toned metal,—nothing sticks to it,—it carries no infection. I’ll tell you just so much as this: he had the devil’s own luck at times, and then the tide turned. He gambled,—gambled in everything. He loved to put everything he had at stake on the turn of a card, the fluctuations of stocks, the running of a horse. I like a man who dares do that,—who is strong enough to do it, then to bear his luck afterward. Your uncle could. He laughed when he won; but he laughed louder when he lost. He was a thorough-bred in his way: no matter how much he was hurt, he never cried out.”

I began to be weary of her and of the clear, gross reality of these revelations. In the first sentence she had uttered, as in the last, I now told myself, I had learned all I needed to know. She had been my uncle’s wife. She had belonged, as I had never belonged,—never could belong, by association, sympathy, or love,—to his actual life. With her clutch upon the money he had left me, there could be nothing of comfort, dignity, or peace in my life. I could never for a moment forget her; and in remembering her, what was left to me? All the superficial charm of my prosperity vanished, and left a void of emptiness in place of the glamour and dazzle of my brief experience. I said to myself that it was as Mr. Harrold had told me,—my wealth had brought me no real happiness, no assured strength, no quietness, no purpose, no sustaining belief. If it were mine, it was a thing too cheaply gained; and if it were not mine, my position in holding it by main force would be more tragic and hopeless than the direst poverty could make it. Oh, I said now within myself, if the money were only all gone!—if I had never had it! Or if, having it, there were only some kind, wise counsellor who would show me what to do! I was, in fact, so powerless,—so involved in the meshes: I could not



act without Snow Morris's help, and Snow was certain to laugh at any impulse which was not to hold on to every advantage I possessed until it was snatched from me. To go on frozen and saddened by this feeling of wrongdoing which was neither to be reasoned away nor controlled, was to keep up a lonely fight I hated to endure. If only I had not yielded at first!—if I had not accepted the money when it came! There had been the temptation of a new and wider life answering my crude longings for excitement and change, so I had closed my eyes and opened my hands. The right way, Snow Morris would have told me, would have been not to have opened my eyes at all,—to have taken the goods the gods provided, and never to have questioned morbidly and over-curiously such unique good fortune. Without this perpetual, remorseful stirring, I might have conquered in this encounter with the woman I now found so terrible: as it was, she conquered me.

"I think," I said wearily, "you had better go away. If you have told the truth, I cannot deny your rights. Still, it must all wait, I suppose. A few weeks will tell the whole story of it now."

"I shall not go away," she declared, with decision, "until you give me some money. You ought to give me money. As a woman, you can see my need of it. Money I must have; and, with all your fine sentiments, you ought to help me to get it honestly."

I regarded her with dreary doubt. It might seem a poor and paltry way of getting rid of her, but it was the simplest. If it were entirely a mistake, it was my own, and I must take the consequences of it. There was some justice, too, in her demand. It was an experiment, but I declared to myself impatiently that in this weary, hopeless interval of waiting nothing mattered.

I went to my desk, took from it a little lacquered cabinet, and brought it over to the table. My month's allowance of money was there, and I was willing to

show the woman that I was ready to be generous to her. But, as I sat down, I was struck by the change which had come over her face as she watched me. A leap of color like flame had risen to each cheek, her eyes blazed, but at the same time they had grown smaller and looked more closely set together. She bent forward, and her hands moved restlessly and rather fiercely, as if she longed to grasp something.

"I will give you what money I have," I said briefly.

I pressed my fingers upon the little drawer and took it out. In it lay, as was usual, the horseshoe of diamonds my uncle had given me, and she caught sight of it. The expression of covetousness on her features grew still more intense, and startled me at last into full realization that I was dealing too carelessly with a dangerous enemy.

I put my diamonds out of sight, and drew forth the roll of bills my guardian had only that morning given me. "There," I said, "take what I have. It is all I can call mine at this moment."

She snatched the package from me with the spring of a wild beast, then ran the notes over, with a little laugh at the result.

"Now please go," I said: "it is getting late, and I am very, very tired."

She was already on her feet. "Oh, I'll go now," she retorted. "I'll go now, but I shall come again before long. I would have gone before, if you had paid me for it. I like money," she went on, with her rollicking air. "The feel of it is good to my hands. It is the only thing I love; it's the only thing worth loving; it is the key to all I want in the universe."

I sat perfectly still, looking at her with a painful revulsion of feeling. There rushed upon my remembrance a throng of thoughts I had for the time forgotten. It suddenly seemed to me that I had done very badly thus to harbor her, to encourage her, to recognize her. I had been greedy of knowledge; but better far, perhaps, was the

dim shadow and gray silence of doubt  
than any knowledge she could impart.  
It was too late to repent. She was in  
haste to get away. She stood before  
me a single instant more, her smile

lighting up her crimson lips, swarthy  
cheeks, and bold black eyes; then,  
when she found I did not speak, she  
called the child and went out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BEFORE DAWN.

LONG is the night, and we ride  
Into the east, it seems,  
Friend and foe at our side,  
Through a land of shadows and dreams.

Voices to left and right  
Out of the darkness call,  
"Travellers, what of the night?"  
—Wayfarers, wanderers, all!

From magical gardens behind,  
Songs and sweet echoes enthrall:  
"Lo, here are your idols enshrined!  
Return for the flowers you let fall!"

Ah, never!—forever away  
Through the dark and the mist we speed,  
Borne on to the unknown day,  
And the echoing songs recede.

Loometh a watch-tower tall:  
"Watchman, what of the night?"  
For, behold, in the windowed wall  
Surely there shineth a light.

But dumb is the oracle, cold  
Is the window empty and high,  
And the light it seemeth to hold  
Is a star in the eastern sky.

Prophet, poet, and saint  
Have said that a dawn will break;  
But, chilled by the darkness, we faint.  
Will those who are sleeping awake?

They have slept so long and so deep!  
Our hearts are weary, our eyes  
Are heavy: we too must sleep.  
Shall we wake with the Day in the skies?

ANNA BOYNTON.

## DOM PEDRO'S DOMINION.

IN front of the Hotel Bragança, at Petropolis, the summer court of Brazil, there is a beautiful stream of water, flowing swiftly by in its paved channel. Upon its bank large willow-trees are growing, and around the foot of each of these a rustic bench is built. The rippling of the water and the waving of the willows make this a true land of drowsihead, as every summer resort should be. To think or speak evil of one's neighbor in these soft shades would seem little short of a crime; and yet it was done.

An elderly man, with a soured and cynical face, was occupying one of these seats. He had lived long in Brazil, and it was whispered of him that he had a grievance against the country in the shape of a broken contract, an unpaid claim, or something of that sort. In the course of the morning he was joined by a young compatriot,—they were both Americans,—whose expression, though haggard, was not unkind.

"Good-morning, Sir Malcontent," was the young man's greeting. "Let's have a friendly growl together while our breakfast is digesting: I feel just in the mood for it."

"Why, what ails you?"

"I don't know whether it was the boiled cucumbers or the fried bananas that I ate for dinner last evening. Which do you think would be the more likely to make a man wish he was dead?"

"You have been ill?"

"All night long; and when at break of day I rang for brandy or some other medicine, it was of no use. I called, but my quarters are out in one of those garden chalets, and my outcries had no effect except to arouse my neighbors. Then I took my cane, and, lying back in my bed, I punched the bell-push again and again, and played a tattoo upon it until I had used up enough lightning to strike a barn with. When at last the laggard varlet of a servant did come, I

heaped reproaches upon him, and told him that I had rung for him five times. What do you think the fellow said?"

"That he didn't hear?"

"No. He said there was another man who had rung seven times, and he *had* to be attended to. It seems that the first six rings don't count at this hotel. They are merely preliminary,—to bring the servant *en rapport* with you, as it were. So I am inclined to think that a little foreign enterprise in the hotels at these summer resorts would not be amiss. What a barn of a building this is, anyway! And those chalets in the garden are not bigger than chicken-coops. And the servants appear at the seventh ring. Do you wonder that I am in a growling mood?"

"Not I. Live here as long as I have, and you yourself will be a confirmed malcontent. I was as light-hearted a boy as ever you saw when I first came to this country to make my fortune. Look at me now. I've lost contentment, health, ambition, and character."

"You don't seem to like Brazil," said the young man.

"I never attempt to disguise my dislikes," was the reply.

"But it's a rich and beautiful land," continued the young man, leading his companion adroitly on.

"Yes," the cynic said, "as Florida and Louisiana are rich and beautiful; that is, in the plant and animal life of swamp and jungle. But it is not rich in men, and never can be. And, after all, true and honorable men are a nation's best riches. Has not cold and barren Massachusetts added more to our national glory than a dozen Louisianas could have done?"

"Then you wouldn't advise your friends from Massachusetts to come here?"

"No, indeed. Why should they? What can they do when they get here? Let them go to Louisiana, where the

English language is spoken, and where return-tickets are cheaper. This country is flooded with young American adventurers possessed with the idea that they are going to get rich in some indefinite way. They stay a few weeks, use up their money, and return at the expense of the American colony here. It seems to me that every vessel brings half a dozen of them, and that they all bring letters of introduction to me."

"You astonish me," said the young man. "Why, at home this is considered the fairest field for American enterprise."

"You are badly mistaken at home, then," answered the cynic. "American or any other enterprise is welcomed here at first with some empty rhetorical display, and then it is hampered and finally crushed out by national jealousy. If, as a sop to the Cerberus of Brazilian pride, the foreign innovator takes a Brazilian partner, the impracticability of the latter ruins the firm. An American capitalist, for instance, contemplates the erection of a planing-mill in Rio de Janeiro. To secure the favor and good-will of the native people, he takes as an associate a Brazilian of equal means. When their establishment is completed, and they are ready to receive orders, the American finds that there is a demand for window-blinds, lattice-work, and, perhaps, for poultry-cages and bar-room screens. Since the avowed object of the enterprise is to make money, he proposes to fill these and any other lawful and lucrative orders which may come to them. But the Brazilian objects. He is proud of their planing-mill, and would confine its services to the realms of high art, allowing it to produce nothing more gross than cornices, picture-frames, étagères, and ornamental brackets, for which, however, there proves to be no sale. So there is dissension, the Brazilian calling the Yankee a mercenary clod, while the latter says that the former is a shiftless and æsthetic fool.

"Shiftless!" continued the cynic, with vehemence: "I should say they were. The upper classes of Brazil are shiftless, proud, and poor. All of these yarns

which you read at home about immense Brazilian wealth, diamond kings, barons living in palaces, and planters rolling in luxury, are the work of enterprising novelists and journalists. This is a poverty-stricken country if ever there was one. They tax both imports and exports, and yet they can't pay their debts, or even the interest on them. The aristocracy are too proud to go into business, and so they scheme for employment under the government. The fathers persuade the government to buy up the railroads and take control of the telegraphs, in order that they may make easy and respectable positions for their idle sons. In that manner both railways and sons become spoiled for any useful purpose. You probably thought that you saw some office-seeking when you were in Washington; but, let me tell you, it will not compare with the pressure that is brought to bear down here. They do not seem to realize that a people should support its government, and not a government its people. First its young men are educated under the auspices of the empire, and then, when they are graduated, they immediately clamor for official positions of honor and emolument. 'For,' they ask of the State, 'what is the use of educating us if you are not going to use us?' If they secure the coveted places and are requested to do some work, they shrug their shoulders and are indignant at the very idea of such a degradation, which would reduce them to the level of the unfortunate private citizen."

"Then," said the young man, "there must be a fine opportunity here for foreign talent in the shape of professional men from abroad, such as physicians, engineers, and scientific men generally. The government is surely liberal on that point. It imposes no protective tariff on brains. There are—or have been—many foreigners in the public service."

"And a homesick crowd they are," was the reply. "As soon as one is installed, the petty persecution of national jealousy begins. Some officeless and penniless native *sabio*, with nine small children to support, ventilates his

wrongs in the daily papers, and deploras the injustice of a nation which feeds the foreigner and lets its own subjects go hungry. He never fails to have a large family of small children. That is the one thing essential for success: fitness for the position he demands is a secondary consideration. If I were an applicant for a government position, I would immediately begin to accumulate a family of small children, even if I had to break up an orphan-asylum to do it."

The young man mentioned the case of the French physician who had come over from Paris to attend the emperor's daughter through the perils of childbirth. "He got a twenty-five-thousand-dollar fee and expenses paid," added he. "Such treatment as that would not be despised by some doctors of my acquaintance."

"But," said his companion, cynical as ever, "see how he was received by his professional fraternity in this country. Not content with a dignified criticism of his acts and ability, the jealous native physicians descended to scurrilous abuse, and even published doggerel poetry against him in their medical journals: all forms of thought take to verse in this land of poets. And in those discussions of theirs even the person of their sovereign princess was not treated with that sacred respect which is due from all gentlemen to the woman in affliction for whom we, in our litany, especially pray,—the innermost secrets of her sick-room being bandied from one column to another of their daily papers."

"There must be some native *savants*, however, in a country of this respectability."

"I will tell you an anecdote about them, such as they are," replied the cynic, whose stock of this ungracious information seemed inexhaustible. "The directors of the Museo Nacional are the most important body of scientific men in Brazil. They publish a periodical bulletin containing the results of their researches and discovery. In one issue of this magazine there appeared an elaborate account, accompanied by finely-drawn plates, of a very peculiar zoological speci-

men, new to science, which one of their number had discovered, dissected, and described. This was a treasure-trove to the Museo Nacional. It was the event of the year. If the fortunate discoverer had found the North Pole, or the source of the Nile, he could hardly have received greater honors. When the emperor went to the United States he took with him the description of this interesting creature and showed it to a prominent scientific man of Boston. The Bostonian glanced at it and said it was a tadpole, an animal which had been known to science ever since the Batrachomymachian War, or thereabouts. The emperor was astonished, grieved, and silent for a moment, and then he asked the Boston man if he could procure him a few specimens of the animal. The scientist, with the aid of a small boy, responded with a jarful, which the emperor laconically labelled 'Tadpoles,' and sent, with his compliments, to the directors of the museum of Rio de Janeiro."

"After all," suggested the young man, "perhaps the professional men of Brazil are good enough for their country."

"As long as the country knows no better it will probably find them good enough; and the natives seem determined that no better shall be known if they can help it. But the melancholy truth remains that their learned professions are in their infancy. Why, if a young Brazilian engineer has to stake out a railroad from point to point across the level prairie, he does not run it in a straight line, which is the shortest distance and in this case the most economical route between two points, but he winds it around through all the curves, simple, reversed, and parabolic, that he has ever read about in his text-book. This action, he argues, proves that he is a civil engineer; for, while anybody can lay out a straight line, only an engineer can put in a curve. Such boyish foibles as these seem characteristic of the Brazilians."

"Nevertheless," the young man ventured to say, "I find them a very pleasant and polite people."

"Oh, I am heartily tired of these



stereotyped praises of Brazilian politeness. Civility is mere policy with them, as with the rest of the world, while rudeness and boorishness come from the heart. I will give you an instance of Brazilian politeness, just to show you that I do not go by general impressions alone, but have some statistics to back me up. I remember once," continued the narrator, "when I was about to leave this country for a time, that I found it necessary to go to the police-headquarters to have my passport duly examined and prove that I was not an escaping criminal. I entered the room. It was dirty and desolate, and looked like a barn. The secretary, with whom my business lay, and who should have been at his desk, presented his back to me as he leaned out of the window and gossiped with a friend. I will confess that under these circumstances I did not take off my hat, as, with hands filled with baggage, I stood patiently waiting before the hollow majesty of a police-official's empty chair. I don't think that I am naturally an impolite man, for I observe that I instinctively uncover my head in crossing the threshold of a church or in entering a lady's presence, even if only in an hotel elevator. But here I saw no reason for exercising any action of respect. At last the secretary looked over his shoulder, saw me, and called out, in what were probably intended to be tones of thunder, 'Take off your hat, sir!' Then he resumed his broken conversation, and, passing his hands behind his back and beneath his coat-tails, he flapped those appendages in the air for full another two minutes before he turned to see what I wanted."

"I hope you didn't obey him," said the young man.

"Oh, yes, I did. I'm not fool enough to beard a police-mogul in his den in a foreign land. I bit my tongue and took off my hat. It galled my soul; but a case of wounded pride is better than a postponed journey when your ticket is already bought. You see, he had every advantage on his side. He knew that he had it in his power to embarrass and delay me, and he loved to practise all the

insolence that his little office would allow him. Here is his name," said he, drawing a well-worn passport from his wallet. "'Francisco José de Lima.' He writes like a gentleman; it is sad to think that he acts like a bully. There was Brazilian politeness for you."

"He thought you were an Englishman," said the young man. "The English are the Jews of this country, and the Brazilians are not fond of them."

"Perhaps so," admitted the cynic. "The brute did seem to soften a little when he saw that I was bound for New York."

"I say, Mr. —," exclaimed the young man, abruptly changing the subject, "I want to ask you a question."

"Fire away."

"At the ball which we had in the skating-rink the other night I was introduced to the pretty Donna Tagarella, and had a dance with her. What do you think she said to me?"

"She probably remarked that the weather was warm, or inquired if you had heard Fricci sing, or if you liked *feijoada*. I believe those are the standard topics of ball-room conversation down here."

"No; she asked me at what hotel I was staying."

"Not a surprising question."

"Then she asked me if I had brought my *amiga* with me. Now, I want to know just what *amiga* means."

"What does *amiga* mean?" repeated the cynic. "What does the French *amante* mean? Or, in plain words, what does 'mistress' mean? That's what *amiga* means."

"I thought and feared as much, and I blushed and stammered when I attempted a reply. She laughed quietly, seemed to enjoy my confusion, and turned the conversation by asking me if I was a married man. Now, I may be just from the country and a little green, but it does seem to me that that question was a very outspoken one. Either the young American gentlemen who have been here before me have not led the most blameless of lives, or else there is a

remarkable freedom of action and speech in the best Brazilian society, for Madame Tagarella is assuredly in the first rank."

"It does sound rather free," said the ungallant cynic; "but then, as far as I can learn, these young Brazilian matrons are not over-prudish when their husbands are out of sight,—a position in which the discreet spouse rarely places himself when there are handsome young men around. Nothing personal intended."

"Sure enough," said the young man thoughtfully. "Now I understand and appreciate at its true value the distinguished courtesy extended to me yesterday afternoon by the husband in question. I met him on the street, and casually remarked to him that I was on the way to call on his wife, and he kindly volunteered to accompany me."

"More cautious than kind," observed the cynic. "Still, social morals in Brazil are no worse than business morals or political morals. The fact is that no morality that has ever yet been discovered can stand the crucial test of a hot climate. As the Brazilians are light in love, so they are tricky in business and faithless in politics."

"That is rather a sweeping denunciation."

"Yet it is true. I will give you instances. I know of a *fazendeiro* from the interior who came down to Rio to make some purchases, among which was included a sewing-machine for a friend. He bought it and paid for it, and then coolly requested the agent to give him a receipt for a sum considerably larger than he had paid, the excess being the margin of profit that he would allow himself for his friendly offices. This, the agent said, was but one case out of a thousand that had fallen under his notice.

"Again, in politics," continued the cynic. "A distinguished member of the party out of power was once making a speech in Rio, in which he was bringing the thunders of his indignation to bear upon the government in which he had no share. In the middle of his philippic, some one from behind slipped

a piece of paper into his hand. He opened it and read that his son had just been appointed consul to somewhere by the government. He resumed his discourse, but the storm of his wrath had subsided, and on the disappearing clouds he painted a rainbow of hope and promise for his beloved country. In other words, he changed his political principles as quickly as you could shift your clothes."

"It cannot be a very substantial government that will bribe its enemies into co-operation," said the young man.

"It is not a very substantial government. Imperialism in Brazil is but a name. It is neither respected at home, where they print republican newspapers, nor abroad, where the Brazilian court is considered a convenient place in which to shelve the diplomatic riff-raff. It is not long since the people here saw the strange spectacle of a foreign minister unable to attend on a certain state occasion, because a notorious prostitute had retained his official dress as forfeited collateral. At another time a hardened member of the demi-monde persuaded a young European secretary of legation that he had done her the greatest wrong that the libertine can do to a young and innocent girl. He, simple, credulous fellow, being a good Catholic, went and did a week's penance for his sin, much to the amusement of the jade and her companions."

"I hope that the representatives of our country are not of that stripe."

"No; the worst traditions that have come down from them are that one of them chewed tobacco, another walked the streets in his shirt-sleeves, and a third was in the habit of carrying his luncheon away from the hotel in his coat-tail pocket. But you must remember that, in diplomatic circles, such actions are crimes far more heinous than any deed of libertinism or excess of debauchery."

"Does the emperor receive such men?" the young man asked.

"Certainly. And they laugh in their sleeves at him and his Yvetot of an empire. I have seen a group of them

walking up to the palace on some ceremonial visit, and I have noticed them laugh, and wink, and poke each other's ribs as they criticised the private linen of the emperor's household spread out in rural fashion to dry upon the grass of the palace front yard, through which their path lay. And, more discourteous still, there was a foreign minister here once, who, being about to sell out, advertised the emperor's portrait under the heading of 'Stable Furniture.' Will such an empire last, do you think?"

"You don't think it will?"

"No. The future of Brazil is the same as the future of the rest of the world,—republicanism. Can't you read it in the signs of the times? Don't you see it in the constant dissatisfaction of the provinces remote from the capital, which pay their share of the taxes without receiving their portion of the public improvements, and are officered by favorites from court, on the plea that only governors from a distance can govern impartially? Did you notice, on the emperor's recent arrival here from abroad, that he landed first in Pernambuco, away in the north? But the people of that city voted not to celebrate his return, because the times were so hard. At Bahia, nearer to the court, they gave him a faint display of welcome. But at Rio, the centre of this centralized government, enthusiasm and fireworks were unlimited. If you will interpret these signs aright, you will see that devotion to the emperor means love for the empire.

"If you go on south, now, to the temperate zone of the lower provinces, where the people possess stalwart bodies and energetic souls, raise wheat instead of coffee, and own horses and ride them, you will find more hopes and prayers for the republic, which is sure to come. The bold spirit of Garibaldi, who in his youth roamed these plains, yet burns in the hearts of his former comrades. Once, in the province of Rio Grande, I attended a dinner, at which all classes, including government officials, were present. I was called upon for a toast,

and, just to feel the public pulse, I gave them 'The Republic—when it shall come!' I expected some applause from the few who were too drunk to be discreet, but I was not prepared for the outburst of approval with which all present, drunk or sober, greeted my sentiment."

"And when will the Republic come?"

"At the emperor's death, when, as I firmly believe, the Amazonian provinces will combine together to elect a president of their own, and the South of Brazil will also organize itself into a republic. As for Rio de Janeiro and the territory in its vicinity, which is the home of the aristocracy, the empire may live there for a term of years longer, until the leaven of republican principles shall have had time to complete its work."

"But, if dissatisfaction is so prevalent, why does not this general disruption occur now? Why wait for the emperor's death?"

"Because revolution to-day would mean trouble and bloodshed, and such a state of affairs is repugnant to the indolent Brazilian heart. Besides, it would seem ungenerous to the present emperor, who, on the whole, is liked by the people, having had their interests at heart for the last half-century. But when they do change they will change for the better. We wear an old coat sometimes after it has gone out of fashion and has ceased to warm us, simply because we are accustomed to it and entertain towards it the affection of long acquaintance, and because it is a bother to go to the tailor's for a new one. But when we get a new suit we change for the better; and as with clothes, so with governments. Besides, the Brazilians have no plausible excuse for unseating the present emperor. In the eyes of the outside world, for whose opinion the Brazilians have a profound reverence, Dom Pedro is a great and good man, a just ruler, and a wise statesman, and to depose him would be to bring down upon their sensitive heads the reproach and ridicule of all nations, the United States included. Therefore they don't do it."

"Do not his subjects also consider him a great and good man?"

"Ye-es," was the reply, with a doubtful drawl,—“a very respectable old gentleman, with good common sense, a desire to do right, and a hobby for asking questions. But they do not find in him the paragon of all imperial virtues that the world at large does. They are better acquainted with him, and intimate acquaintance is fatal to hero-worship. They laugh when they read in the American papers that Dom Pedro is doing this or that great thing in Brazil, introducing from abroad measures for national improvement, effecting great reforms, and with a sweep of his pen revolutionizing the whole social fabric. The fact is that Dom Pedro does not own this country, nor does he even rule it autocratically, for he is helpless if opposed by that power behind the throne,—the people and their Congress.

"How you folks up in the United States did flatter his majesty! Whatever he did was right in your eyes. Is it any wonder that he has become the conceited monarch and *poseur* that he is? He ran over the earth and inspected museums and manufactories much more rapidly than any American tourist ever did, and yet what is considered ridiculous and vulgar haste in the American citizen is praised as wonderful energy in the Brazilian emperor. He gathers a library, geological collections, and a telescope at his palace, and his visitors and future biographers are amazed at his wisdom, which, however, is the wisdom of silence. Let him write his book of travels in three or four different languages, as he has promised to do, and let him accompany it with an affidavit that his secretary did not write it for him, and then we can get some idea of his mental powers. There is nothing like writing a book for bringing out a man's weaknesses, as the patriarch Job remarked."

"He certainly governs well, however," the young man persisted. "His recent change of the ministry was certainly the proper thing to do."

"Yes, six months after every honest

and intelligent person in the empire demanded the reform he accomplished it. Why couldn't you or I or any other dunderhead do as much? It doesn't take much of a brain to preside over a nation. All a man has to do is to take the papers and allow himself to drift on the current of public opinion. And yet the emperor permitted his prime minister to hold the reins of power for half a year after he was caught Belknaping and proved a defrauder to the government. Have you seen him yet,—the man with the Panama hat and the nose like an eagle's beak, who comes and sits on these benches of a pleasant afternoon and bids farewell to his greatness?"

"What was his fault?"

"He was a silent partner in a commercial house which was in the habit of modestly importing silks under the name of calicoes, ginghams, or some such cheap stuffs."

"And so you think the Princess Isabella is not destined to become an empress?"

"Not of Brazil as it is now, though she may hold a portion of it for a time. She is not popular with the Brazilians, except, perhaps, with the priesthood, who kiss her hand with a great show of fervor. She does not seem to be one of them, but appears more Teuton than Latin. She is wanting in the personal magnetism, the sweet smiles, the gracious affability, the Latin tact, and the general *savoir-faire* which would make her a favorite here. Moreover, she is too much of a Catholic for the present age in Brazil. Her father is Papist enough,—or, at least, he appears to be, although it is doubtful if he believes in the mummery that he practises,—but she is still worse. Why, when he imprisoned those bishops for their misdemeanors a few years ago, she, as amends for the injury which he offered to Holy Church, took a broom in her white hands and swept the imperial chapel daily during the time of their incarceration. Now, that is more than religious devotion,—it is nonsense and bigotry, and will not be tolerated long in this country."

"I have observed that she has not very

agreeable manners," said the young man. "I noticed it last evening when the imperial household were walking down the street four abreast, she with her father the emperor, while her husband, the Count d'Eu, convoyed the empress. In my capacity of American citizen and monarch in my own right, I took off my hat to the party. The emperor gave a right courtly bow in return, the empress stumbled a courtesy, the handsome young count, with his red cheeks, debonair manner, and claw-hammer coat, answered my salute, and I think he winked at me, as much as to say that their parading was all imperial nonsense, and he would rather be punching a game of billiards with us ordinary mortals; but the prin-

cess,—ah, the princess!—she never turned her haughty head to look at me. No, I don't think she will make much of an empress, either. Down with the empire! *Viva a Republica!* When princesses snub American citizens, the times are ripe for revolution."

Thus ended the conversation. The like of it can be heard any day by the traveller in Brazil, who has but to scratch a foreigner in order to find a cynic. Although the words of cynicism may not be the most pleasant to hear and to read, they possess at least as much truth as the language of the flatterer, by whom most of the descriptions of Brazil have been written.

FRANK D. Y. CARPENTER.

## NOT AS THE ROMANS DO.

### I.

THE most important fact about Mrs. John Hale was her health, or, to speak more accurately, her lack of it. It is hard to see what pleasure she would have had in life but for this affliction. It must be understood that she was not one of those persons who have painful and annoying diseases,—who wear out the patience of friends and neighbors and endure so much that it is common to speak of death as a mercy. Mrs. Hale did not have dropsy, or inflammatory rheumatism, or spinal complaint, or even acute dyspepsia. Her malady was called by the doctor a combination of nervous weakness with irregular action of the heart. It was properly refined and lady-like, and yet it was dangerous enough to keep her family in entire subjection. She must not be excited,—that always affected her heart,—and she must be amused, since melancholy always brought on nervous attacks. So she did quite as she pleased, and had the entire devotion of a husband who, as she herself pathetically put it, knew only too well how brief these delights might be for her. Another man might have tired

of this wife, perpetually threatening to leave him, or at least have grown callous and failed in sympathy. Mr. Hale had shown signs of this some years before; whereupon the doctor discovered that her lungs were seriously affected. And when his poor wife had two deaths hanging over her, he would have been a brute indeed had he failed in sympathy.

Since it was plain now that the lengthening of her days must be somewhat a matter of climate, it was his task to provide means for a continual change of latitude. It took a good deal of money, and he gave himself therefore entirely to his business, and was usually so occupied that he corresponded with his wife by telegraph. The one on whom more personal devotion fell was Mrs. Hale's niece, a young girl worse than orphaned by a step-mother. She had been taken into the house, and, in return for board and clothes, Helen Keith served as nurse, companion, courier, and business agent. She conquered for Mrs. Hale all the difficulties of railway-connections, extra baggage, and imperfect service. She wrote her letters, she combed her hair, she gave her the



medicines, she read her to sleep. "I don't know what would have become of her if I hadn't taken her," Mrs. Hale sometimes said. But most people wondered what would have become of Mrs. Hale without Helen.

Having exhausted her own country, the invalid pined for Europe, and when their friends the Calhouns decided to go abroad, she insisted on joining them. Mr. Hale protested all he could, for the trip seemed to him full of risks; but his wife was sure they would get on well enough if Helen only had a few French lessons. So many ladies went alone, and she was such an experienced traveller.

"Well," Mr. Hale said finally, "the Calhouns will leave you in London, and you can stay there till fall. Then I'll send over Raymond—our confidential clerk, you know—to see to our business, and he can take you down into Italy and settle you there for the winter, and in spring perhaps you can find company home."

But Mrs. Hale had not the patience to wait Mark Raymond's arrival. By September London was a weariness to her, and so, starting south, late October found them settled in a pretty apartment in Rome. It seemed a pity that Helen had all the arrangements for the new life to attend to alone, and that exactly when they were settled, connections made with butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, and the restaurant from which dinners were to come in a tin trunk on a man's head, when all the Bohemian housekeeping was in order, Mark Raymond arrived. He had hurried all he could, but it had been impossible to catch up with Mrs. Hale. But they were very glad to see him, and Helen was specially glad to put a part of her cares on his strong shoulders. He took rooms at a hotel near, coming in every day for Mrs. Hale's commands, and in a week Helen and he felt like old friends. She carried her weekly accounts to him; she consulted him on all manner of things. For no cares could be breathed to the invalid, and it was the hardest of Helen's to keep them to herself. Mark's suggestions might not

be worth much; Helen, who was the soul of housekeeping thrift, could rarely make use of them; but he laughed and jested over her difficulties, and that seemed to make them lighter.

The first fury of sight-seeing was on them when he came, and in the bright November days they made the usual round,—the baths of Caracalla and St. Agnes beyond the Walls, the Palace of the Cæsars and the Catacombs,—that curious mingling of ancient splendor and mediæval tradition which only Rome can show. But they were always home for five-o'clock tea, and that twilight hour when the fire warmed the dark room into ruby-red, and the odor of tea mingled with that of the flowers he had brought, when Helen served the cups and Mrs. Hale lay at ease on her sofa,—all this grew to mean a good deal to Raymond. He brought them home news, which they talked over lightly; he carried Helen books. Sometimes he played and she sang, for she had a voice like a bird's, and music was this young fellow's key to Arcadia. But all these delights were embittered by the constant presence of Mr. Roger Courtney.

And yet that gentleman was in Mrs. Hale's eyes a delightful person. He was an Englishman; but there was a large amelioration in the fact that he had travelled much in America and knew some of the best people in her own city. As she had said to Mark in telling him of Mr. Courtney's attentions to them, this made all the difference in the world.

"For, if they've seen us at our best, at home, they take quite a different tone with us, you know. One really can't wonder at their looking down on us if they judge only by what they see over here. It's such a mob and a mixture that comes to Europe now. And even the nice ones seem to leave their manners at home,—with their best clothes."

"He seems pleasant enough," Mark answered, "and he has very good manners for an Englishman. But who is he, and what does he do, and what is he here for? There's the Yankee catechism."

"Oh, he's a gentleman; and he has an estate somewhere,—in Devonshire, I think. As for doing—well, he's looking up something about Roman antiquities. We met him at Florence," she went on,—“made acquaintance properly, I mean, for we had met before. He knows the Calhouns and the Archdales. His sister lives in Florence, but we didn't see her.” There was a vague touch of injury in the tone of the last sentence; but then the sister had never been in America.

“He's very kind,” Helen put in, looking up from the letter she was writing, “but he does make me feel that the most important thing in life is behavior. And, what with the wandering life we've led, I have none to speak of. I feel like a Bohemian with him; and I find I have often to translate my ideas to him. Besides, he takes it for granted that I always agree with him; and I don't. But I'm ashamed to tell him so; and then I'm ashamed of being ashamed.”

“You haven't told me yet how you made his acquaintance,” Mark said.

“It was in Genoa,” Helen answered, “over a trunk-trouble. I don't know how it happened, but the official interpreter had gone, and I had three or four guards and a policeman about me, but not one could understand any French. We had just come, you know, and I didn't know what to do. He was passing, and he lifted his hat and spoke to me. I think never did English sound so sweet to me. Of course he straightened everything, and then put me in the carriage with auntie as if—as if I'd been a duchess. That was what pleased me, for of course he didn't know us at all, and the English are so—so particular.”

And here, to prove again the old saying, the little maid announced Mr. Courtney. He had come to propose an excursion for the next day, and he accepted willingly enough Mrs. Hale's invitation to the cup that cheers. Presently the tea came in, and Helen busy over the tray, and all on hospitable thoughts intent, made the prettiest possible picture of herself. She had lit the

candles, and the yellow gleam mingling with the glow of the fire made a radiance of color about her. The lights glanced on her golden braids as she bent to pour the tea, and her color deepened with the heat. Mr. Courtney could afford to pardon her lapses from the foreign standard of behavior for a young girl. She might say what she thought without first consulting a chaperon as to whether she ought to think it; she might be a trifle more self-reliant than seemed to him quite feminine, and show a frank independence as to the looks of things. But one pardons a good deal to a beauty, and Helen was that; and, however common her previous surroundings, he could see that she was fine-grained. A man of the world, of forty years' experience, he was yet more than half in love with this unknown acquaintance of travel, indifferently chaperoned by an aunt of whose antecedents he was blissfully ignorant. It was certainly generous in one who could trace his own ancestry a long way back, who had a comfortable income and was not disagreeable in person. He was short and stout; a fringe of pale hair circled his bald head, and his complexion was florid. But he had pleasant eyes, and an excellent manner, and, though not talkative, he had a way of looking at one that expressed a benevolence too wide for the limitations of language. He had been nearly everywhere, and everywhere done the proper things. He had found buffalo-hunting on the prairies good sport, and he had first won Mrs. Hale's heart by telling her so. She had indeed a sense of personal gratitude when he spoke well of her poor country, praised the palace-cars and the check system; and she was not a little flattered by his attentions. He kept himself now at her elbow, sipping his tea slowly, as if it were a mysterious domestic rite. Mark, meantime, swallowed his quickly,—he did not like tea, and the refreshment offered therewith seemed to him a hollow mockery,—and then, at some one's suggestion of music, moved to the piano. For this alert youth, the soul of business energy, had a gift and a passion

for music. Five years before, he had been on the point of coming abroad to perfect himself in it; but the death of his father, leaving him with little money and younger sisters dependent on him, had changed all that. He had been glad to take the place his father's old friend offered him, and he had gradually resigned his vague dream of being the great American composer.

"I don't like to sing for you," Helen said shyly, as, at her aunt's word, she joined him at the piano. "You are too severe on my poor attempts."

"I like your voice very much," he answered simply, "but I don't like your music, you know."

"I have had almost no training, you see. I hoped to take lessons when we came abroad and find out if I really had any talent. But it has been impossible, like so many other things."

"Do you mean that you thought of fitting yourself to sing,—in public?"

"Perhaps so,—if I had proved to have voice enough. I should so like to be a little independent." She did not add that the farthest stretch of her ambition was choir-singing, nor could she tell him that her aunt did everything for her but give her a penny. She bought her dresses, paid her carriage-hire, and stamped her letters; but Helen found it hard never to have a cent of her own. She was not worse off than many a wife; but there are supposed to be conjugal compensations for such bondage.

"You would not like it," Mark said emphatically. "It would be too hard a life for you."

"There's no chance of my having it," she answered, with a laugh that seemed to him a little sad. "It's like the books I meant to read and the pictures I hoped to study. I'm sorry, for I think I should enjoy things so much more if I knew a little something."

"You have too much care on you, I'm afraid. Mrs. Hale's health—"

"Oh, she is so much better now that that doesn't trouble me. Last summer, when we were going about, I worried a good deal. When she gets tired she's always melancholy, and when she's

melancholy she always thinks she's going to die. She was continually threatening that if the hotels weren't quite right."

"At least," he went on, "while I am here you are not to worry. I only wish I could stay more than the month."

"It's very good of you to give us all your holiday; but you ought to have a glimpse of Florence and Venice."

"Oh, Rome deserves a month, and I don't care to mix things. And one has always the hope of coming again, you know." He smiled at her as he spoke. He had nothing,—this tall fellow, with his dark eyes and air of alert energy,—nothing but the common American chance of being one day a millionaire. It was plain that he counted on this luck.

Here Mrs. Hale interposed, and, having by this time found her book and place, Helen began to sing. Mark had told the truth as to her music. However sweet and sympathetic the voice, it showed lack of training, and the songs were not of a high order.

"You should sing these," Mark said, taking up presently a book of Scotch ballads. "They will suit your voice." Was it with intent that he had chosen

An' ye sall walk in silk attire,  
An' siller hae to spare,  
Gin ye'll consent to be my bride  
Nor think o' Donald mair?

Mrs. Hale, at least, thought it in bad taste, and would have no more music.

## II.

ON one of the most perfect of November days they went out to St. Paul's beyond the Walls. Mrs. Hale, who found it hard to admire faded frescos and ancient mosaics as she ought, met here a splendor entirely to her taste. Its gorgeous newness, its excess of color, called out her unqualified approval. Certainly the view from the entrance up the long vista of columns to the great arch of the transept, the stately shrine, before which the circle of votive lamps gleam like stars, the rich mosaics of the Tribune dimly seen beyond, make a vivid impression on most travellers. Mrs. Hale declared it the most elegant

church she had seen in Rome. "It's finer than St. Peter's," she said to her niece. "It's ever so much nicer than the Florence cathedral you're so fond of, and that I always thought so dark and pokey. One can see something here. And, oh! what do they polish that floor with? It's a mirror of marble." She glanced, as she spoke, from the gleaming pavement up to the line of mosaic portraits of the Popes, which, on a background of pure gold, runs along the top of the columns; and then her look went higher, to the stained windows and the glaring frescos between, to the panelled ceiling, all white and gold. Sunlight was falling through the windows and flecking the marble pillars with rose and violet and amethyst. Everywhere was a flame of color, a glitter of gold, an excess of decoration. The immense nave seemed to swim in a sea of rainbows.

"I don't like it," Helen answered. "It's too new, too gorgeous. It tires my eyes. It's not at all dim religious light. I prefer the warm darkness of Florence. That's a colored twilight; and the lamps before the shrines, and the censer-smoke, and the sun through the windows,—oh, it's all more impressive than this to me."

"Ah, yes," Mr. Courtney said approvingly. "You're quite right to prefer Florence. This is all modern, you know. If it was the old church, the one that was burnt fifty years ago, it might be better worth seeing. But they saved very little from the fire."

"Only the façade," prompted Mrs. Hale, whose guide-book was open. "And some old frescos," she added, sighing as she foresaw the tax that would presently be laid on her admiration.

From the church they went out into the monastery garden. About a little square ran the cloister walk, the slender pillars carved and twisted in every fashion, with bits of the old mosaic in bright reds and blues still clinging to them. Above the arches was a band of mosaic ornament, and of old there had been, still higher, frescos illustrating St. Paul's life. Sunlight was falling on all its

faded brightness; against the wonderful sky that domed it the white Campanile rose like a stately flower. There was a quaint old fountain in the centre, and about it were roses and golden-fruited orange-trees. A great gray cat sprang out of an old sarcophagus against the wall and sped across the garden. It was the only touch of life, for the monk who had admitted them had left them quite to themselves.

"Oh, how lovely! how lovely!" Helen burst out. "Fancy living here, seeing every day this exquisite garden, making these faded frescos a part of your life, you know them so well—"

"Ah, but the priests don't do that," Mr. Courtney said, as she stopped, vaguely conscious of his disapproving such raptures. "It's very unhealthy, you know. There are months of the year when it's fatal to remain."

"That only makes it more enchanting,—to think that it's a paradise of death." And therewith Helen seated herself on the steps and declared she meant to stay at least an hour in so lovely a place.

"In that case," Mr. Courtney reminded her, "you'll not have time for the frescos. And the mosaics of the Tribune must be studied, if you mean to do your duty by the place."

"I don't want to do my duty. I want simply to enjoy it. But, Mr. Courtney, do you think it would be wrong to steal one—just one—of those roses?"

"Ah, I fancy we can arrange that with the monks afterward," he answered, picking a couple.

She sighed with satisfaction as she clasped them, and declared herself perfectly happy.

Mrs. Hale laughed, moved about a little, read a little in her guide-book, and finally proposed to Raymond to go back for the mosaics. She always monopolized his attentions on these excursions, but to-day he had an instinct of something more than meant the ear in her invitation. "You will come in soon," she said to Helen: "we must be starting before long, you know." And there-

with she carried the young man off, and presently, as he had expected, spoke more plainly. She had need of a confidant, and for lack of a better she was fain to choose him. "Mr. Courtney spoke to me last night about Helen. He was anxious, of course, to find out her—her feeling at once, and I thought it simpler this way. A set visit for the purpose might frighten her into a refusal."

"You mean," Raymond said slowly, "that he—wishes to marry her?"

"You must have seen that yourself. If it had not been so plain, I should not have mentioned it. But I know you take a—a brotherly interest in her; and of course Mr. Hale will want full particulars, and will value your opinion."

"On Mr. Courtney?" he said dryly. "I infer that you think it as good as settled."

"One can never tell what a girl will do," Mrs. Hale answered cheerfully; "but I know she has no other attachment, and never has had. In the vagabond life we've lived, she's had no chance of society. She's quite unformed."

"Mr. Courtney wishes to form his wife, then?" Mark said, finding that intention detestable in any man as relating to Helen Keith.

"Well, it's an advantage of the situation that she is so, and it's a wonderful chance for her. She's pretty, of course, but she has nothing, actually nothing, except what we give her, and worse than no expectations from her father. I'm very fond of her, and of course as long as I live she will be with me. But that's so uncertain. I'm a little better now, but I dare say that when the rains begin I shall be worse again. And she would be penniless without me, for of course—there's no use expecting the impossible of men nowadays—Mr. Hale would marry again."

It struck Raymond that Mrs. Hale's statement of the case was a cool one. He reflected that the price of the diamonds gleaming in her ears and on her fingers would make her niece independent of a mercenary marriage.

"Of course, if Mr. Courtney were not what he is," she went on, "I would

not urge it. His position is the least part of his advantages; though I can't deny that it weighs with me. It seems he has a lovely home in Devonshire, one of those nice country-houses, not at all showy, but perfectly comfortable. And the climate there is delightful. If—if it comes about, I shall count on spending next winter with her."

Was it as a new invalid's retreat that she thought of this settlement of her niece? Not precisely; but it had weighed with her, Mark felt sure. "But," he said hesitatingly, after a moment's pause, "if she doesn't care for him,—and I have never noticed that she did—"

"You don't fancy she would let you see it?" Mrs. Hale answered airily. "But if she doesn't now, she can learn to. Very likely it may never have entered her head. That's the way of girls. They never believe a man's attentions mean anything. But how cold it is here! I think we must go outside and wait for them there."

But at the door of the cloister they met them entering. Helen looked grave and troubled, and Mr. Courtney's florid tint was a little deepened. The situation was plainly not idyllic. In the drive home the brunt of the conversation fell on Raymond, and Helen gave but a wandering attention to his talk.

He puzzled not a little that night as to Helen's answer, and he found himself compassionate over a girl's surprise when her pleasant companion and friend turns into a lover and presents an account of past favors to be settled in current coin of affection. She finds herself suddenly his debtor, and the payment asked seems a little exorbitant,—nothing less than a life-long devotion. But Helen had a will of her own. She was an arbutus, but that frailest of all flowers is yet no hot-house darling.

"I may as well tell you," Mrs. Hale said plaintively to Raymond, the next day, when, calling, he found her alone. "In fact, I must explain the situation, or you'll make mistakes. She's behaved as I might have expected, only I confess I didn't expect it. She was very much surprised,—so she says,—and she asked



time to consider it. And of course he couldn't but agree to that, when she made it lie between that and a direct refusal. And everything is to go on as usual while she's making up her mind. It's too absurd! To make it worse, his sister may come any day, and I am sure he wanted it settled before that. It complicates matters awkwardly, for if she shouldn't be nice, or should dislike Helen, it would put an end to the whole thing. And of course I am worse to-day: care always works on my nerves. I may be able to go to the Borghese to-morrow, as we planned, and I may not. I shall make a great effort, of course; for the more she sees of him the sooner she'll decide, I suppose."

It seemed to Mark that the situation was more than awkward; but the one on whom its difficulties would weigh most was plainly Helen. He could imagine, knowing Mrs. Hale as he did, the kind of wearing persuasion to which she would subject her niece. She wanted this marriage, and she usually got what she wanted, without much regard to other people's feelings. To give her less time for this private torture, it was advisable to fill the days with excursions and to sacrifice himself to the invalid. If she spent part of her vexation on him, there would be the less for Helen to endure, and it was the only way in which he could help her. But meantime Mr. Courtney's sister came. She was older than he, a widow, and she travelled, as became a lady, with a maid and a man-servant. She had keen eyes, a self-satisfied mouth, and a heavy jaw. One might suspect Mr. Courtney of too great simplicity, but Mrs. Blanchard had worldly wisdom enough for both. Mark disliked her at once, partly because, after the full explanation Mrs. Hale had given her as to his position, she did not seem able to place him properly. Was he a kind of American courier, or was he a gentleman? There were lapses in Mrs. Blanchard's politeness to him which indicated this doubt in her mind.

But, on the whole, she conducted herself very well. It was safe to presume that her visit to Rome was in her

brother's interest, and that these unknown and unrecognized Americans did not meet her approval. But she was plainly struck by Helen's beauty. It was no justification for Roger's extraordinary conduct, but it offered a partial excuse for it, men being always victims of pretty faces.

Mrs. Blanchard's carriage was at once placed at their service for excursions, and Mark found himself quietly dropped. He was not sorry, considering this, that he had but a few more days to stay. He gave himself up to solitary wanderings about the city, to those last glimpses of the familiar and beloved places which make the pleasant pain of farewell days in Rome. But the historic associations of the old city contended in his mind with memories of how Helen had looked here, or what she had said there. It was absurd how the thought of her tangled itself with his historic emotions and artistic enthusiasms, how her shy preference for certain pictures in the galleries drew him to them, and her dislike of others made them seem to him also not worthy the stars given them in the guide-book.

Mark remembered always his last evening in Rome. They were alone, and Mrs. Hale was in rare good humor. She had spent the afternoon at Castellani's and at certain lace-shops known to Mrs. Blanchard. Mrs. Hale might be uncertain over the Forum and doubtful as to Michael Angelo, but she had emphatic opinions as to jewels and lace, and the two ladies had found more points of agreement than in all their previous intercourse. She lay back now in her chair, pensively sipping her tea and giving Mark endless commands for America. Mr. Hale really must come over in the spring. She should never again think of travelling without a gentleman. In vain Helen suggested that, as they had come alone, it would be still easier to return so. Mrs. Hale answered that the only excuse for that first lapse from good taste was their ignorance. It certainly looked very bad, the fashion American women had of running all over Europe alone. She wondered she had never

before seen how highly improper it was. "But you must tell Mr. Hale how much better I am," she said at the last. "Italy is doing everything for me, I am sure."

And they had music, and Mark went away, to be haunted all night by the ringing sweetness of Helen's voice in an old ballad.

His train left early, and he was just quitting the hotel in the dim dawn, when a small boy, whom he recognized as the son of the *concierge* at Mrs. Hale's palazzo, came rushing down the street. "Signore, signore!" he cried, holding aloft a little note; "the poor signorina!"

Mark tore it open, expecting some last order from Mrs. Hale. Its single sentence told him that Mrs. Hale was dead.

### III.

AFTER all, Mrs. Hale had disappointed everybody, and proved—at her own expense—the truth of her favorite statement, that her life hung by a thread. It appeared from Helen's account that the brightness of the evening before had been a false excitement, and that, in the reaction after Mark left, she had fallen into one of her turns of hysteria. Helen had called no one: she was too used to caring for her aunt to think it needful. After an hour it had passed off, and she had dozed for a time. Once she woke, said a few words indicating her fear that this was more than a passing turn, and gave a few faint directions as to what should be done if the worst came. "She went to sleep again," Helen went on, "and I sat holding her hand till near dawn, and then—there came another spasm, shorter than the others, and before I could even call any one to help me it was all over."

When they came to consider matters, it appeared that Mrs. Hale had wished to be buried in the Protestant cemetery. They had visited that place soon after their arrival, and she had found a certain pleasure in its peaceful seclusion and very mixed society. So, two days later, one wild, wet afternoon, a little procession moved thither. As they drove out of the Porta San Paoli, Mark could not

but recall the last time they had traversed that road. It seemed impossible that it was but ten days since that excursion to St. Paul's. Then, in sunlight, the lonely Campagna had had a pathetic charm; now the treeless waste dimly seen through the driving rain was an image of desolation.

Mark had made all arrangements; for Helen had left everything to him in a passion of grief and helplessness. The acquaintances they had made had been thoughtful, and the pastor's wife, Mrs. Burns, more than kind. Mark had found her constantly with Helen in these sad days. She was a gentle lady, with a sweet and motherly face. She had usually a child clinging to her, and perhaps it was the instinct of her maternal sympathy that made Helen turn to her. But in fact she had only the choice of Mrs. Burns or Mrs. Blanchard, and sympathy was hardly the latter lady's strong point. But when Mrs. Hale was at rest, and they drove back to Rome, then began the real difficulties of the situation. What should Helen do now? She would give up the apartment, of course, and Mark would arrange that for her; but his power to help did not go beyond that. And she, usually so quick to decide, so self-reliant, seemed to have lost all this spirit in the shock of her aunt's death. She looked up at Mark with eyes of helpless appeal; but she hardly answered his suggestions as to the need now of considering her future. It was a heavy burden on him. Here was this young girl three thousand miles from even the semblance of a home, with little money, and with only the vaguest personal impression as to the embarrassments of the situation. She was almost too good an American, perhaps. Certainly she seemed to feel her difficult position less than her friends did.

One lady who came to see her—an American whom Helen had laughingly characterized to him a little while before as a "gallery acquaintance"—proposed that she should go to an English *pension* and remain till the chances of the house gave her company for the homeward voyage. There would be sure to be

some party she could join, and meantime her mind would be distracted. She could recommend one *pension* in particular as being "full of amusing people."

She had gone back to the apartment after the funeral, despite the protestations of her acquaintances. She wished it so decidedly, and it was so evidently the one thing she did wish, that she carried her point. The padrona, whose light sympathy was lightly touched by her trouble, agreed to take the best care of her, and Mrs. Burns promised to be with her as much as possible. But this could be only a temporary arrangement. The apartment was already in negotiation, and in two days more Mark must leave Rome. And he could not go till Helen was provided for.

So it came about that one morning three days after the funeral he took the familiar street for a final consultation. He stopped on the way at a little flower-market, for some roses, small white ones, with the sweet odor of those he remembered years ago at home; and then, as he turned away, he saw on the opposite side of the piazza a familiar figure. He felt sure of the tall and slender shape, all in black and deeply veiled; but before he could cross the square and meet her she disappeared in a little church there. Then he disbelieved his eyes and went on; but, finding on inquiry that she was really out, he hurried back. It was that church of San Lorenzo, with its quaint campanile, notable only for Guido's Crucifixion. He recalled, as he lifted the heavy curtain and stepped into its incense-scented gloom, that Helen had once expressed to him the deep feeling this picture had caused her; and indeed that powerful figure extended on the cross and seen against a wild and stormy sky has a grandeur that moves the heart. But it was not before the picture that he found her. She was kneeling near one of the side-altars, her face in her hands. While he stood watching, uncertain still if it were she, and troubled by the sudden memory that Mrs. Blanchard was a Roman Catholic, she slowly rose, cast a timid glance

around, and perceived him. Her face changed instantly; an almost childlike pleasure seemed to look out of her eyes as she gave him her hand.

"I was thinking of you," she said simply. "I wanted to see you."

"I was on my way to you when I saw you come in here," he answered. "I doubted my eyes, and followed to convince myself that I was wrong."

The church was nearly deserted. A priest was in a confessional in one corner. Two or three old women were praying at the shrines. Except for the Guido, the church attracts no sight-seers, and it was too early for these. Mark walked with her to the entrance, but suddenly she turned to one side and sat down on a rude wooden bench that might well have reminded them of the country school where they learned their letters.

"Can we not talk here?" she asked timidly. "It seems to me I can speak more freely here than at home. Everything there reminds me—is so sad. It will not be—improper, will it?"

Mark assured her that it was at least no worse than to talk alone together in her own apartment.

"So many things are improper that seem to me quite natural," she went on, lifting her wistful eyes to his. "I have heard so much of that lately. I suppose I am fearfully ignorant. I went out to Mrs. Burns alone this morning. I dare say that was not right; but I wished to see her, and there was no one to go with me. And coming back I wanted a quiet place to think, and so came in here. There's no harm in praying anywhere,—is there?—when one needs light. And certainly I do."

He could not help smiling at the childishly frank explanation. "You wanted light,—as to what to do," he said, after a moment. "I hope you got it."

"I don't know yet. Perhaps you can give it to me."

"I'm a very poor oracle, I'm afraid," he said gently. "You had better try again." Her trust in him made him distrust himself.

"I don't know," she repeated. "I

hope you can help me. I suppose I ought to decide for myself, but I can't. There is so much to be considered. You know Mrs. Mack wants me to go to an English *pension* and wait for company home; and if I am going home perhaps that is the shortest way,—unless I take a shorter and go on alone."

"Heaven forbid!" the young man said quickly.

"Annie Holden did it. Her father died in Naples, and she made the journey till she reached London quite alone. She had no trouble, she said. And Mrs. Mack told me of a friend of hers who did the same thing. She made me feel quite a coward to hesitate. Only—only, it would be so desolate. But, after all, I should like it quite as well as to be with strangers who just took care of me out of pity. And I am sure I could manage it. It would be no harder than our coming, when I had aunt as well as myself to take care of."

Raymond recalled that he had himself heard of American girls abroad doing such things, and that he had approved of their spirit and independence as properly national. It was another question applied to Helen Keith. "It is not to be thought of," he declared fervently. "You don't know the risks, or you could not speak of it. And your uncle would not approve."

"I don't think he would care," she said, her instinct divining the implicit faith most Americans have in the women belonging to them. "He would believe that I knew best, and that it must be all right if I did it. And then—he does not know how such things are considered here. Poor uncle!" she went on, the name bringing back the stinging memory of her grief. "I have never told you that—that night—it was partly my fault that aunt had her first attack. We had been talking, and I—I had vexed her very much. It seems to me now that I had done nothing but vex her for two weeks before. She was worried and anxious on my account. Of course I did not mean to do it; but I have blamed myself so much since.

I can't forgive myself for my thoughtlessness."

She turned away her head suddenly as she finished, and he saw the tremor of her throat. Was this, then, the reason of her pallor, her forsaken look, all these days?

"You have no right to blame yourself," he said gently. "You could not know. And it was inevitable. You know what the doctors said."

"I had been with her so long, I might have known," she answered, hurrying to get the words out before a sob should choke her. She kept her head turned away, struggling to compose herself.

"My poor child," he said, compassion mastering him so that he hardly knew what he did, "don't try to keep from crying. It may do you good."

And at that the hardly-repressed sobs burst forth. She put her head down on the hard pillar by which she sat; her slight figure shook with the passion of her tears. After a moment he rose and left her. It seemed an intrusion even to be near her just then. When, five minutes later, he came back, she had conquered it. Her dark eyes looked up at him with a smile like a child's after tears, and the drops still clinging to her lashes made her glance still more infantine.

"You think me very weak and foolish," she said, as he sat down again, "but—you are very good to let me—"

"For pity's sake," he burst out, "don't talk of my being good to you. You know that if there is anything—anything in the world—I can do for you, I shall be glad to do it. The trouble of it is that there is so little. It angers me to be so helpless when I want most to help. All I can do is to talk over these various plans, and tell you what I think of them, and probably my judgment isn't worth a straw."

"You know," she said, after the moment's silence that followed this outburst,—a moment in which she had only looked at him with a pathetic surprise in her eyes, "you know that Mrs. Blanchard has offered to take me with her to Florence. She is very kind,—

she means it for the best, I am sure; but, if I go, of course it will mean—a great deal.” A slow color flushed her pale cheek as she went on. “I am not ready to let it mean all that. It is so hard to decide things,—for one’s self, I mean. I used to decide everything for my aunt, and it was easy enough. I think it always is, for any one else. You have only to consider her happiness.”

“And in this case you have only to consider your own.”

“Ah,—my happiness! But there are so many other things to be taken into account. One rarely likes what is for their best good,—at first, I mean. So aunt said, just the day—before. I’ve thought of it so often since. And perhaps she did know better what was the right thing for me to do. I remember all her words now, you see, when it’s too late to please her by attending to them.”

It was plain that, dead, Mrs. Hale had far more authority than living; but that Helen was capable of letting her words influence the decision of such a matter, struck Mark painfully. He could not know that the very vigor of resistance she had shown before was reacting on her now.

For the time being she had lost all confidence in herself. Doubtless, too, Mr. Courtney’s patience and generosity were working on her. He was too thoroughly kind-hearted not to show every consideration for her now, and his behavior in these last days had been perfect.

“You know, of course,” Mark said, and his pained surprise made his voice blunt and harsh, “that nobody else can decide such questions for you,—least of all I. I don’t suppose you meant to ask it. Only,” he added, growing incoherent in his wish to be impartial, “I can’t help thinking that all these hesitations are not—are not in favor of—of your having the right feeling. But perhaps I’m mistaken. Have you any other plans in mind?”

“Yes; there is another,—a plan I wanted specially to ask you about. It came to me last night: it was that

made me go to Mrs. Burns this morning. You know, if I were to go back to America I have no home. My father is poor, and there are all the little ones. And I should not feel that I could be dependent on Uncle Hale. He has been very good to me these five years, and as long as I could be a comfort to auntie I thought it right to let them take care of me. But I can’t think of any way to earn a living if I go back there. I can’t do anything: I’ve never had time to learn. All my ignorance comes back on me now and overwhelms me. But, you know, auntie told me to keep her diamonds,—the pendants and rings. I am almost sure Uncle Hale will let me have them, and if they were sold—for I could never wear them—it would not count for much in America; but here, with cheap ways of living, it would be enough to support me for several years. Now, I might study music,—fit myself to teach, if not to sing. I talked it over with Mrs. Burns this morning, and she thought it not so wild a project. She has friends in Milan. She said she would take me there herself and put me in their care. But—that is what you must decide for me—is my voice worth it? You have praised it, but when once I spoke of doing something like this, I remember, you discouraged me. That was what I was thinking when you came in here; for, if you don’t think best, there’s an end of it, of course.”

He did not answer for a minute. He turned his head and looked up at the horrible wax Christ over the side-altar, at the tall candles and the stacks of cotton roses and lilies under it. He hardly saw them, and yet he looked to them for help. For Helen’s words went to his heart. She trusted him so utterly, she waited so humbly for him to decide her future. If he told her to go to Milan, and so put an end to her marriage to Roger Courtney, and if afterward he let her find out the truth,—that her voice was not worth the effort,—that he only did it to keep her for himself till he could be free to speak! He might perhaps win her so,—by a lie. He would at least win what was then of



most importance,—time. It was impossible for him to speak now. It would be taking base advantage of her innocence, her helpless position, her gratitude to him. And yet delay might mean defeat. Here was a way out of the difficulty; only it was not a straight way. The sad-eyed Christ looked down on him as he thought, and perhaps some memory came to him of another temptation, and that all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them had been as nothing in the balance against truth.

"I could not advise it," he said at last. "You have a lovely voice, but there is nothing remarkable about it. You won't mind my being perfectly plain with you. It's the best kindness I can show you. It's like a hundred other voices: there's not enough of it for public singing. And it would be such a hard and lonely life for you."

"But it isn't for that you discourage me?" she said, with a flash of her old spirit. "You don't think me so weak that I couldn't endure a little loneliness and hard work? I know I've been weak lately; I can't blame you if you think meanly of me."

"I don't; you know I don't. My opinion was solely on your voice. But it is only an opinion, you understand. I'm no authority. If you wanted that, you might go to some master here. Perhaps that would be best."

"I don't care to ask any one else," she answered, drooping again. "If you think it's not worth while to try, there's an end of it. Only, now there seems no alternative but to go with Mrs. Blanchard."

He said nothing to this, and after an instant she rose and moved toward the door. "I've got my answer, you see," she murmured forlornly.

"I'm sorry you made me speak," he said. "You must know how I want—to help you. But I can't do the impossible. There are risks in everything. Could not Mrs. Burns keep you till some chance of having company home came? You would wait longer, of course. She hasn't the advantages of a *pension*,—a multitude and a mixture. And it's a

bad time of the year. But I don't presume to more than suggest it."

And, once out of the church, he persistently turned her attention to other things,—to the sights of the Corso, the rich and picturesque life about them. "I shall see you again to-morrow," she said, when they parted, "and I will try to have a decision by that time. You are right; and you are very kind. I am only sorry to be such a trouble to—everybody."

#### IV.

LEFT to himself, Mark Raymond turned his steps he hardly knew whither. He wanted to think in quiet, but no dreaming on the Pincian would suffice him now. He went down past the Coliseum, out beyond St. John Lateran, to the Campagna. It was a mild day, the first sunshine they had had since Mrs. Hale's death. There seemed even a breath of new spring in the air. A soft green covered the vast plain before him, and the Alban Hills rose at the horizon into a heaven of palpitating blue. He walked on aimlessly, seeing nothing of the beauty about him, thinking only of Helen Keith. For almost the first time in years he thought bitterly of himself and his position. If he were only rich! If he could only ask her to trust herself to his hands! But he had very little, and he had never before cared specially about it. He had been content with his work and his music, and had not wanted to give himself up, as he saw other men do, to the demon of money-making. But now he felt his poverty another barrier between him and Helen. There were enough without that, he said bitterly to himself.

How the feeling had come on him he hardly knew. The bud had ripened fast in these last days; but he was sure of himself,—sure that it was no feeling of pity, no brotherly impulse to help, that was working in him now. She might think so; she might misunderstand him if he spoke. But, in fact, how could he speak now, when she was so alone and unprotected? Unless she

thought of him as he of her, the revelation would only make the situation worse. It would be all the harder then for her to accept his help. And she was sufficiently embarrassed with the offer she had.

No, he was bound in honor to be silent, to help her all he could, and to trust to fortune for a chance later to tell her the truth. And just as he reached this decision he lifted his eyes and saw a carriage driven rapidly past him,—not so rapidly, however, but that the lady seated in it had seen and recognized him. In another minute it turned, came back slowly, and Mrs. Blanchard graciously greeted him.

"So glad to find you, Mr. Raymond. I have been wishing to see you these two days, and I began to fear you would leave Rome before I had the opportunity. Will you not let me drive you back to the city? and then I can ask my questions on the way. There are a good many of them."

It seemed to the young man that Mrs. Blanchard had never been so elaborately polite to him before; and when he was seated opposite one might almost say that she beamed upon him. But her inquiries as to his plans were of course not dictated by any interest in him. It was in relation to Helen that she wished information, and she came around to it easily enough when he said that he could not yet tell when he should leave,—it depended somewhat on Miss Keith's decisions.

"Ah! I dare say you feel in some sense responsible for her," Mrs. Blanchard said, a little rigidly. "And is she any nearer a decision than yesterday, do you know? I saw her then, and she seemed strangely unsettled. I hardly knew what to make of her. Of course you know I wish to take her back to Florence with me?"

"She spoke of your kind proposal," Raymond said briefly. "I think she is considering the matter."

"I don't see that she needs very long to consider it," the lady answered, with a slight frown. "Her position is as bad as possible. She ought to be glad of any chance of escape."

"Perhaps she has never thought of it in that light."

"But she can't go home alone," cried Mrs. Blanchard; "and she surely doesn't propose to go to a *pension* with a view to company. Really, Mr. Raymond, I confess I don't understand Americans. What do they mean by coming over here unaccompanied, travelling alone in this hap-hazard way, trusting to luck and fellow-travellers to get over all difficulties? How could Mrs. Hale take such a risk for herself and her niece, with the disease she had? It seems to me tempting Providence."

"But Mrs. Hale had no expectation of dying, you must remember."

"She told me herself that her life hung by a thread," cried Mrs. Blanchard.

"Only, as she had been saying that for the last ten years, no one thought of believing her,—least of all, perhaps, her husband."

"It's a most embarrassing position," the lady went on. "I certainly wish to do my duty by Miss Keith, who is really a nice little thing. She's quite unformed, of course, but that is rather an advantage. A few years of travel and study under proper care might do a great deal for her."

"Ah! It's very kind of you to think so," murmured Raymond ironically.

"But I can't understand her now," the lady went on, unheeding him. "Every one says she's remarkable for decision of character; but she's not showing it now. She surely can't expect to keep us all dancing attendance on her much longer."

Raymond did not say what he thought,—that a little less attendance from Mrs. Blanchard would suit Helen admirably. He defended her as best he could, and the lady presently turned her questions to other things. She wished to know more of Helen, of her relatives in America, of her antecedents, of her expectations from her uncle. She frowned at mention of the step-sisters; she frowned again at the statement that Helen had absolutely no expectations from her aunt's husband. Carefully as she put her ques-

tions, the underlying thought was evident. The girl was well enough. She accepted her. But were there dubious relatives who might make after-claims, impossible connections for Mr. Courtney, of Devonshire? One would like a bride to come, like Undine, from the sea, with no troublesome family behind her. Especially a proud Englishman wedding an unknown would like that.

A sense of disgust suddenly took possession of Raymond. These people could not take Helen simply for what she was in herself. What kind of a life would they give her, hampered by tradition and etiquette and all the things her free girlhood had so little known? He had to confess to himself that Helen's family were not uncommon people. It would not have struck him at home, since she belonged to the democratic majority. Brought face to face with the opposite minority in the person of Mrs. Blanchard, the hopeless lack of taste, the touch almost of vulgarity, in these details, was clear to him. As for the lady herself, it was plain that the situation did not grow more agreeable as he talked.

"It's worse than I thought," she sighed at last. "It seems to me as bad as possible, and the trouble is that one can do nothing,—nothing. If she were not an American,—in that rank of life,—one could perhaps arrange matters. But as it is,—with my poor brother's—infatuation—" Her sentence fell helplessly into a long-drawn sigh. Perhaps she had forgotten to whom she was speaking; perhaps she was too self-satisfied to know how her words sounded.

But Raymond felt all their sting, and chance helped him to make his answer effective. They had entered a narrow street, and the carriage had paused for a passing procession. He let himself out deliberately, and then turned to Mrs. Blanchard. "You are doubtless right, madam. Miss Keith's family is painfully common, and her past very much out of taste. But the way in which you regard it—and her—is much more vulgar." And therewith he made a profound bow and left the amazed lady.

In the dusk he went again to Helen's

street. He did not mean to enter. He told himself that he only wished to see if she were still there. A pale gleam came to him through the parted curtains of the *salon* window; and then, as he stood beneath, something floated down to him,—the notes of a piano touched by trembling fingers. A voice joined it an instant later, and the song she sang was the old, old one they knew so well,—

An' ye sall walk in silk attire,  
An' siller hae to spare.

Raymond never knew what madness entered into him at the sound; he never knew just how he went up the stairs and, on the padrona's invitation, into the room. He was not definitely conscious of anything till he saw Helen's surprised face, till he felt her hand in his and breathed the perfume of the sweet white roses clasped in the crape at her throat. And then he was telling her everything,—his love, and hope, and despair, the cruelty of his speaking so to her now, and the impossibility of his keeping silence longer. He had no right to ask for an answer then, he said; but at that the lifted eyes suddenly revealed to him the whole truth, and the trembling hands were laid in his outstretched ones.

"But I had decided," she said, when, five minutes later, he began again incoherent explanations of his regret at forestalling her decisions, his purpose to leave her quite free. "Mrs. Burns left me only a few minutes ago, and it is settled that I am to go to her and wait till spring, and then go home with them. And—and I saw Mr. Courtney this afternoon; and I was so glad to have it settled—I felt so much more like my own self—that I could not help singing. If I had known you were listening,—since you have so poor an opinion of my voice,—I should not have done it, but—"

"But it was your singing that brought me to you," he finished. And it seemed to him at that moment that her music had opened his eyes to the truth. He wondered at his scruples of the last few days, his fears for their future. What mattered poverty, since they were young and strong and loved each other?

EMILY F. WHEELER.

## A DAY WITH EMERSON.

IN the winter of 1866 Mr. Emerson lectured by appointment in Davenport, Iowa. He had other engagements in the State, and his plan was, after speaking in Davenport, to go to Clinton by way of the railroad that connected the city of Rock Island with Fulton, on the same side of the Mississippi. As night fell, on the evening of his appearance, the weather, which had been previously mild, rapidly changed, and a severe snow-storm, with a high wind, set in, which continued till the forenoon of the next day. Much pleasure had been anticipated by the citizens in hearing Mr. Emerson, but the storm was so violent that only a small audience attended the lecture, which was delivered in a dreary hall used sometimes for theatrical performances, as well as for public meetings. Mr. Emerson's subject was "Resources," and I well remember how, as the cold draughts of air swept on him from the windows behind, he stepped back, and, seizing his long cloak, wrapped it about his shoulders, and as his discomfort increased he began to skip pages of his manuscript together, giving us, I suppose, the most marrowy portion of his discourse. He spoke in his charming way for about an hour, and after he had finished I rode with him in a sleigh through the blinding snow to the "Burtis House," where he was a guest. After escorting him to his room, the manager of the Lyceum course—a young lawyer—paid him part of the sum agreed for the lecture, promising to hand him the remainder in the morning, and left him with me. Mr. Emerson expressed regret that he was not in circumstances to give the balance that was due him; "but then, you know," he said, "that one must pay his debts." His sincerity in this wish to be generous had ample confirmation, for the next day, early in the forenoon, through snow-drifts and whirling snow he hunted up the manager and gave him a receipt

in full for the lecture, surrendering, I suppose, some thirty or forty dollars. As he would be obliged to remain in Davenport until the evening following that of his lecture, having a whole day to spare, it was agreed, at my suggestion, that we should spend a part of it in driving together about the city and suburbs. At a little after ten o'clock I left him, with pleasant anticipations of the morrow, carrying with me his cordial "Good-night." But our sleigh-ride the next day was prevented by the severe weather and the unbroken roads: this, however, did not hinder a delightful visit within-doors at the hotel. As I recall it, after an interval of sixteen years, the picture that I look upon seems as fresh and vivid as of yesterday,—the comfortable room with its open glowing coal fire, the poet and philosopher in his best spirits, and nothing in the world to annoy us or distract our attention. Our talk naturally dropped on topics that were nearest: at first about the place,—its people, schools, churches, business. He inquired with much interest about a young gentleman of the city whom he had met somewhere years before, and whom he remembered for his bright parts, and when I told him that he had died in his country's service the tone of voice in which he expressed his regret was singularly sweet and sympathetic. In speaking of the characteristics of the inhabitants, he seemed to be seeking to learn what was deepest and most representative in their intellectual and spiritual status. With his peculiar intonation he asked, "Are there any mystics in Davenport? any Quakers? any Swedenborgians?" as if looking for a key to certain questions that were occupying his mind concerning the undercurrents of the community. On my incidentally mentioning the fact that I had lately lectured on "The Utility of Beauty," his face at once grew

luminous, and he exclaimed, "What an interesting topic! what a field is here for subtle thinking! This subject of beauty is rich, many-sided, inexhaustible, wonderful. There is beauty, rare and glorious beauty, where no mortal eye beholds it,—in the sea, for instance, with its multitudinous splendors. What is the use of all the beauty of the marine world that is concealed from our enjoyment? And in the Arctic solitudes, in the bowels of the earth, in the depths of wildernesses, what the utility of the lovely shapes and hues that are never seen?" He dwelt on this point in a half-playful way, putting questions that I did not attempt to answer. "Then, too," he continued, "how various are the notions as to what beauty is, and the impressions that it produces! Washington Allston told me once that he thought nothing was so beautiful as woman's hair. He admired its flowing masses, its rich lustre, all the suggestions of its relations and grace. But woman could get along without her abundant locks. What do you say of those who are devoid of the capacity to discern beauty? What benefit is it to them? Where does beauty reside?—in the object, or in the mind that admires and loves?" At this late date I cannot recall much that he said in relation to the subject; but the impression made upon me by his gentle manner and sympathetic tones and deep insight I have always carried with me.

The conversation drifted to late authors, and I referred to Swinburne's "*Atalanta in Calydon*," which I had just read, and which I ventured, with considerable emphasis, to characterize as the most Greek in conception and treatment of anything that I had ever read in English. Emerson had not seen the poem, but the mention of a young writer recalled to mind a number of gifted young Englishmen, like Matthew Arnold, Froude, Clough, and Patmore, whom he had met on his visit to England in 1847, and who had since then made names for themselves in the world of letters. The tender and appreciative tone in which he spoke of these gifted

persons was very beautiful. What specially touched me was his deep, natural, affectionate sympathy with spirited, eager, scholarly youth just ready to plunge into life's struggle and ambitious of its best gains. His appreciation of its freshness, its sincerity, its high aims, its courage, its enthusiasms, was so warm that his spirit was contagious. I was thrilled with it. I could not admire too much his quick recognition of merit and the generous praise that he bestowed upon it. While speaking, he collected the magazines and weeklies that he had purchased on his trip and presented them to me. In doing so he called my attention to certain productions which had pleased him, and especially to a little poem in *Harper's* written by some one in Rome,—I have forgotten whom,—but evidently a young man of a fine poetic gift. I have often thought of the pleasure the writer of those verses would have felt had he known how Emerson admired them and how favorably he interpreted the character of their author from their fragrant spirit. Emerson seemed to be on the lookout for whatever indicated genius and the best aspects of the inner life. In all this conversation his voice softened and played with a lingering charm over traits and promises that make youth lovely. One felt the grace of his large, rich, amiable, childlike nature, utterly free from dogmatism and conceit. He carried this sympathy with youth to his grave.

By some natural association he referred to his life in the Adirondacks, where, in company with Lowell, Agassiz, Holmes, and others, he had spent a portion of the summer a few years before. Each member of the party followed the bent of his own inclinations as to the use of his time while in camp, and a good deal of admirable thinking and some valuable contributions to science were a result of this withdrawal into the wilderness. I suppose that it was because we had been speaking of the brave and resolute spirit of youth, that Emerson told the following story about Lowell, which so happily illustrates it.



"As several of us," said Emerson, "were returning to camp toward evening, after our various pursuits of the day, a crow's nest was discovered on an upper limb of a lofty pine, and the question was immediately broached whether or not it could be reached and secured by the most expert climber. Lowell declared that the feat could be accomplished, and, on being challenged to attempt it, immediately made the trial. He did some wonderful climbing, and showed a venturesomeness that was actually alarming, but, with his most strenuous efforts, failed to reach the nest. Of course he was made the butt of some lively jokes, and it was the conclusion of the rest of the party that the nest was entirely safe from the grasp of human hands. After our amusement at his discomfiture was over, Lowell said, 'Well, gentlemen, you've had your laugh, but perhaps a little too soon. I shall get that nest.' Some derisive smiles followed, and the subject was dropped; but the next morning, as we assembled for breakfast, there, in the middle of the table, stood the veritable crow's nest, whose lofty perch we had supposed was unassailable. It seems that Lowell had risen early, while we were asleep, climbed the tree in the inspiration of his morning vigor, and secured the trophy." Those who are acquainted with the character of our accomplished minister to the Court of St. James will not wonder at this illustration of his pluck and resolution.

It was easy for Mr. Emerson to speak of Carlyle, whose character and genius he so well understood; but it was on the blunt and cynical features of the philosopher that he dwelt, as if he enjoyed their huge naturalness. His own intimacy with Carlyle was but just touched upon, modestly and as if of little interest, but he fairly laughed aloud as he related some of the great Scotchman's obstreperous idiosyncrasies. He told me several stories of his brusqueness and ill manners, some of which have since found their way into print; but the one which impressed me most was of a prominent railroad official and capital-

ist of Central New York, who had taken great pains to get an interview with him. He was full of enthusiasm for the Seer, whom he deeply and sincerely revered, and, on being admitted to his presence, said to him, "Mr. Carlyle, I have come from a long distance, and am beyond expression happy to meet you. Your writings have been a great joy to me, and I wish to tell you that I am under infinite obligations to you."

"I do not believe a word of it," growled the cynic. "I don't believe that you care for me or for what I've written."

"Imagine the effect of such a reception," said Emerson. "The gentleman seemed stunned, and retreated as soon as he could recover from his bewilderment."

It is doubtful whether his hero-worship continued after such a cruel rebuff. It is only fair to remark that Mr. Emerson did not apologize for Carlyle's bearishness; but it had its comical aspects, which amused him exceedingly, and he told his stories with a charming *naïveté* which made them doubly agreeable to me.

Naturally, in the course of our conversation we drew nearer and nearer to some of the deep questions of life and the soul that always have perplexed and always will perplex the human understanding. I did not venture to be inquisitive as to his religious belief; and, while all that he said in this part of our interview was interesting, I do not remember that he uttered any positive statement that could be regarded as expressive of his individual faith. Whether to divert me from attention to the track that I wished him to pursue, or to direct my attention to an author who has powerfully influenced philosophic thought, he went to his portmanteau and took out two stout octavo volumes, "The Secret of Hegel," by Stirling, with some remark concerning the value of the doctrines of this great German thinker. He confessed that he was studying the work on his travels, and that he supposed few men living had actually mastered the subject. He did not read to me a single sentence nor refer to

any particular part of it, but, with a volume in his hand, which he held in a sort of caressing way and opened here and there as if it contained a treasure, kept on his rhythmic talk. He seemed to be disturbed by no apprehensions of any real failure in the great system of things, and the serenity with which he contemplated human life and destiny was unruffled.

While I can recall so little of what Mr. Emerson expressed on this occasion, his manner left upon me an impression that is uneffaceable. He treated me with the frankness and friendliness of an old acquaintance, and his gentleness and simplicity and entire lack of assumption were very charming. He was in perfect spirits, buoyant and elastic, with soul shining all over his noble countenance. This is the picture, above all others, that I prefer to keep in memory as most expressive of the man.

At about sundown the time came for his departure. The Mississippi was firmly frozen, and travellers who went north by rail were transported across the river by an omnibus that started from the hotel. I saw Mr. Emerson aboard this vehicle,—the only passenger. He urged me to visit him at Concord, and, with a warm farewell, departed. I did not meet him again till the winter of 1873, in Chicago, and then the change in his appearance was clearly perceptible. Next, and for the last time, I saw him in Concord, in 1878, but he did not recognize me at all nor remember anything of our day together in Davenport. Only a little of the Emerson that we admire, except his sweet manner, was left of him; and it always seemed to me unkind to bring him forward on public occasions, after the glory of his mind had suffered such eclipse.

HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

## QUARTERLY MEETING IN THE WEST.

AUNT RACHEL NEWCOME sat in the kitchen door, shelling peas, and looking, with the benevolent expression of countenance habitual to her, out into the apple-orchard which extended to the back of the lot. About her were the beauty and freshness of the early summer, and in her house reigned order and perpetual peace. The kitchen floor was white with innumerable scrub-bings, the cook-stove seemed never to have lost its original polish, and on the wall a row of bright tin pans reflected the gazer's face in a series of broad grins. In the family sitting-room beyond, the plain and solid furniture looked incapable of getting out of place or of gathering dust or harboring spiders. On the floor was a rag carpet, woven "hit and miss," and before the fireplace lay a large oval braided rug.

There was not a vestige of ashes in

the fireplace; the bricks had been freshly reddened, and between the polished andirons stood a glass fruit-jar, which held an immense bouquet of red and white peonies and feathery asparagus.

A book-case with eight small panes of glass in its high narrow doors sat on a small table against the wall, and by one of the front windows was a square stand with two drawers in it, one above another, and a white oil-cloth cover. On this stand was a willow work-basket, lined with green glazed muslin, and containing spools of thread, balls of yarn, an emery strawberry stuck full of needles, an iron thimble, some buttons, a small gourd which Aunt Rachel used when darning stockings, and a ball of beeswax criss-crossed with thread-marks. Six wooden chairs stood in couples against the wall, and in the middle of the room was a large wooden rocking-

chair, and near the stand a smaller splint-bottom one, both comfortably cushioned. This completed the furniture of the room, with the addition of a string stretched across the corner near the fireplace for holding newspapers, and a clock on the mantel with a looking-glass in the lower half of its face. The door which opened into the strip of front yard that bordered the street, and indeed every door in the house, had an old-fashioned latch with a handle for the fingers and a thumb-rest for the thumb, instead of a modern knob and lock.

An open door on the left of the sitting-room afforded a glimpse into the bedroom, with its rag carpet, its bureau with brass handles on the drawers, and in one corner the bed, covered with a blue and white quilt pieced in the "rising-sun" pattern and furnished with a long slim bolster and two small pillows. The feather bed was made up so high and smooth that it lacked only a foot or two of reaching to the level of the round wooden balls which decorated the tops of the four bed-posts. Various gray and snuff-colored garments hung on a row of wooden pegs against the wall, and by the window, on the candle-stand, lay a large and much-worn family Bible, with a pair of iron-bowed spectacles to mark the place in the Psalms where Aunt Rachel had been reading.

But the door on the right of the sitting-room was closed: it was usually closed. It led into the sacred best room, which was only opened at Quarterly Meeting, or when travelling Friends came to stay over-night, or on other rare social occasions. Its aspect of severe decorum was calculated to strike a chill to the heart of levity, if the footstep of levity had ever presumed to cross its threshold. The floor was covered with a plain wool carpet, a long wooden settee with rockers and a cushion sat in front of the fireplace, now hidden by a papered fire-board, and half a dozen chairs stood ranged by twos around the room.

On the wall was a large glazed map of the United States, and on the high

mantel-shelf were the following articles: an osage-orange stuck full of cloves, a large piece of crystal quartz, a bead basket made by a blind girl, a glass candlestick with glass prisms hanging from its upper rim, and a double daguerrotype,—on one side Aunt Rachel, with hair combed low over her ears, a long-waisted dress and wide embroidered collar, and with her hands crossed at a stiff angle, on the other side Uncle Silas, with wide necktie, the ends of which stuck out to his shoulders, his hair combed straight up from his forehead, and his hands disposed in what he had endeavored to make an easy and natural attitude: one was pressed flat against his stomach, the other lay on the table by him.

A round table with a green and black felt cover stood between the windows, and on it were disposed two or three piles of daguerrotypes, a copy of Cowper's Poems, and an autograph-album dating back to the time when Aunt Rachel attended Friends' boarding-school, and setting forth in characters of faded ink the affectionate regard of her school-mates, and their desire to be remembered by her when they were in distant foreign climes.

Back of the parlor were two small bedrooms, exactly alike, which had the air of being seldom occupied, and then only by the elect. Each had a four-posted wooden bedstead, with cords instead of slats for a support to the straw-tick and feather-tick; each wore a full white curtain as a decorous covering for its legs, and was furnished with snowy sheets, light quilts pieced in intricate pattern, and small pillows and bolsters. A strip of wool carpet like that on the parlor floor lay in front of each bed, and on it stood the wash-stand and one chair. A small nine-by-twelve looking-glass hung over the stand, and there was a row of wooden pegs high up on the wall. The windows of parlor and bedrooms were darkened by green paper blinds, which could be rolled up and tied with strips of dress-braid, and had, in addition, long, full white muslin curtains.

Aunt Rachel's children were grown up and married, and had gone with their minor children—as their certificates of removal read—to settle within the limits of other meetings. One son lived in Rocky Creek, and one in Maple Grove Quarter, and the daughter had moved to Iowa and settled near Lynnvillle, a Friends' neighborhood, Aunt Rachel was glad to know, though it seemed a strange, far country.

So Uncle Silas and Aunt Rachel lived alone, with the exception of Bounce and Cynthia, a dog and cat which had grown gray, so to speak, in their service. However appropriate the dog's name may have been in his young and frisky days, it had long ceased to be so, for Bounce was old and decrepit, and no longer bounded in front of his master or made war upon real or imaginary foes. Like the Gothic king who declared that he was at peace with stone walls, Bounce had established a truce with all squirrels in high trees, all rats in deep holes, and contented himself with standing on the front door-step and barking feebly at any predatory cow who put her head over the fence to take a mouthful of leaves from the lilac or snow-ball bushes. He dozed at full length in the sunshine in warm weather, but spent the greater part of the time on a mat behind the kitchen stove. There was another mat there for Cynthia, the yellow and white cat, who had lost the tip of one ear in some ancient battle, and they reposed peacefully side by side, having long ago forgotten their natural animosity and become, if not friendly, at least neutral. In cool weather, when the fire went out in the cook-stove, they migrated together to the sitting-room and lay down on the braided rug, though the cat occasionally, with the dislike of her race for floor-draughts, jumped into one of the cushioned rocking-chairs. But she always jumped down again as soon as Aunt Rachel, seeing her there, exclaimed, "Now, Cynthia, thee knows better!"

Bounce was stretched on the flag-stones in front of the kitchen door where Aunt Rachel sat at work, sound asleep apparently, but raising one ear occasion-

ally to shake off a fly. He partially unclosed his eyes as he heard footsteps, but shut them again as a little old woman wearing a sun-bonnet and carrying a basket on her arm came around the corner of the house. "Howdy?" said she curtly. "Howdy?" responded Aunt Rachel, rising: "won't thee come in?"

"No; I've only got a minute to stay, and I'll just sit down here on the wash-bench and rest a bit. I've been up town to get some white sugar, and it's hot walkin' in the sun, so I thought I'd step in and rest before goin' on home."

She sat down, and, untying the strings of her gingham bonnet, pushed it back from her forehead. "Fixin' for Quart'ly?" she asked, seeing the yellow bowl in Aunt Rachel's lap.

"No," said Aunt Rachel; "I'm just shelling some peas for our dinner to-day. I'll pick another mess this evening or early in the morning for the dinner to-morrow. Our vines are full this year, and I guess there'll be enough for Seventh-day and First-day both."

Asenath Owens, the caller, though satisfied on this point, relaxed none of the querulous vigilance of her manner. Aunt Rachel, having known her for thirty years, understood her foible, and generally gave full explanations to satisfy her curiosity.

"Well, we hain't fixed much for Quart'ly yet," continued Asenath. "Hannah Jane wants to make the cakes and pies, and I've left them for her to do. Eli's goin' over to Shady Run to bring her home from her school this afternoon,—he always goes after her Sixth-day evenings,—and I'll have the sugar and eggs and butter ready, and she can do the bakin' after she gets home. I've got bread baked and coffee browned, and there won't be anything to do in the morning but kill the chickens and get the peas and potatoes ready. We made a lot of preserves and pickles last fall, and I thought I'd open a can of pears and a jar of preserved quinces, and Hannah Jane will want some of her sweet-pickled peaches set on. But what's thee goin' to have?" she asked,

as if suddenly realizing that she was imparting more than she was receiving.

"Well," Aunt Rachel replied, "I'm going to have roast beef, and chicken with dressing and gravy, and potatoes, and peas, and white hominy, and mince and custard pie, and jelly-cake, and gold cake, and pear preserves, and honey, and mango pickles, and tea, and coffee, and light bread."

"And who's thee expectin'?" asked Asenath, with an inquisitive sniff. All these items were of interest to her: they were something she could think over at leisure and retail to others with comments of her own. Mild gossip had been her mental food for a lifetime.

"Well," said Aunt Rachel, beaming with hospitable anticipations, "I expect Cousin Jacob and Rhoda from Deer Lick, and Silas's sister Peninah and her husband and two of their children from Locust Grove, and John James Peacock, a minister from Ohio, and his travelling-companion."

"I don't see where thee'll put 'em all to sleep," said Asenath.

"Why," replied Aunt Rachel, "thee knows we expect to be a little crowded at Quart'ly-Meetin' time; but I can arrange it very well. I'll put Friend Peacock and his companion in one of the parlor bedrooms, and Cousin Jacob and Rhoda in the other. We'll give up our room to Peninah and her family, and we'll sleep in the little bedroom off the kitchen. And if anybody else comes," continued Aunt Rachel, who had evidently considered the subject well and forecast emergencies, "I'll put them in the little room, and make down a bed on the settin'-room floor for ourselves."

"Yes," said Asenath, who found everything explained to her satisfaction and no chance to cavil, "we often have to make down beds at Quart'ly-Meetin' time." This subject being disposed of, she began on another. "Thee's a-goin' to wear thy black velvet bonnet, I s'pose, instead of thy plain one?"

"Yes," said Aunt Rachel placidly; "I've laid aside my old one for good; though, as to plainness, I think my vel-

vet one is plain too: there's not a bow or ribbon on it."

"But it's not the kind our mothers wore, and we have worn all our lives, and FRIENDS wear," said Asenath, warming to the controversy, which was not indeed temporary or incidental, but of long standing. "We must keep to the ancient landmarks; we have no testimonies to lose."

Aunt Rachel laughed, a good-natured, forbearing laugh. "That's just what Gulielma Patton said to me when I first got my new bonnet; but in less than six months she had one like it. I expect thee'll be getting one before long."

"No," said Asenath, with asperity: "I'll never compromise with the follies of the world or depart in any way from Friends' principles. When I am called away and my relatives write a notice of my decease to be printed in the *Friends' Review*, I want them to be able to say that I was a consistent member of the Society of Friends, and belonged to Buckeye Ridge Quart'ly Meetin'." And she sniffed mournfully, unconscious that some vanity mingled with her contemplation of an ideal obituary notice.

Before the conversation could be resumed, Uncle Silas Newcome came up from the garden-patch below the orchard, with a bag of potatoes on his shoulder. Setting down his burden with a sigh of relief, he took off his hat to wipe his forehead, and, seeing Asenath, greeted her with the usual form of salutation: "Howdy?"

"Howdy?" responded Asenath: "is thee gettin' ready for Quart'ly?"

"Yes," replied Uncle Silas; "I've dug enough of new potatoes to last us, I reckon, through Quart'ly. I have to attend Selec' Meetin' this afternoon, and to-morrow mornin' I have to go down to the train to meet some Friends who are comin': so this was the only time for gettin' the potatoes. It's warm work grabblin' down in the garden-lot." And he wiped his face and neck with a bandanna handkerchief he took from his pocket.

"There'll be some new elders at Selec' Meetin', I guess," commented Asenath.



"Yes; Ruth Perkins has been made an elder since last Quart'ly Meetin', and Joseph Peasely."

"I s'pose thee is in unity with them?"

"Ruth Perkins is a very suitable person for elder, but I can't say the same of Joseph Peasely."

"Why, I thought thee and Joseph saw eye to eye. He believed as thee did about seatin' the meetin'-house."

"Yes, he was all right about seatin' the meetin'-house, but—he is not sound on the Atonement." Uncle Silas's brow gathered sternness as he spoke, and his lips tightened: unsoundness in doctrine, in his mind, tainted all one's moral nature and could not lightly be discussed.

Asenath realized that she was on the verge of a subject too deep for her, and, pulling on her sun-bonnet, rose, saying, "I must be goin'." Eli'll want an early dinner, for he has to go out of his way this afternoon, when he drives to Shady Run, to see a man who's owin' him some money." And without more ceremony she departed.

Uncle Silas deposited his bag of potatoes on the smoke-house floor, washed his hands at the pump, and, going into the kitchen, took down his shaving-apparatus from the little shelf above the towel-rack. The thoughtful frown lingered on his face as he sharpened his razor and mixed the lather in the brown earthenware cup, but was presently succeeded by grim contortions of the whole face as he shaved himself before the little square looking-glass, stopping now and then to wipe his razor on a bit of paper. Uncle Silas is ten years older than Aunt Rachel, and has not taken the inevitable frictions of life so placidly as she has. There is hardly a gray thread in her abundant brown hair, and her face is still smooth and fair; but he shows every year of the sixty that have passed over his head. His spare and sinewy frame is still vigorous, but there are deep wrinkles in his face, and his hair is iron-gray. He has worked hard in his time. Coming to this State when it was new and "all in the woods," as the early settlers say, he cut down trees,

cleared and fenced his farm, and won his way by long years of honest labor to a position of comparative ease and prosperity. He has sold his farm, bought this place on the edge of Buckeye village, and put the rest of his money out at interest, and one might think, considering his worldly affairs, that he would now take life restfully. But there are other things to vex his soul,—the state of the Society, the unsound doctrines held by some of his neighbors, the spirit of Antichrist, as he terms it, which is abroad in the land.

A chance visitor, or indeed a resident with unanointed eyes, would pronounce the neighborhood to be an eminently peaceful and moral one: there are no drinking-saloons, no brawlers, no palpable wickedness. But Uncle Silas sees three causes at work to effect the spiritual destruction of the people; and these three are,—not the traditional plague, pestilence, and famine,—but false doctrine, heresy, and schism.

He is not a well-read man; he knows little of the history of his own country beyond its discovery by Columbus and some facts relating to the Revolutionary and civil wars, but in Bible history he can trip a doctor of divinity. He has not only read it for himself, but he has read various commentaries on it in the shape of Friends' writings,—those books in sober binding which fill the book-case in the sitting-room. His mind is full of weighty matters relating to church polity as he changes his working-clothes for his "meetin'-" suit, as he eats his dinner, and as he takes his way, later, toward the meeting-house, half a mile away.

On the hill-side slopes beyond are fields of red clover and swaying green wheat, rows of young corn-blades flash like lances in the sun, white farm-houses are nestled here and there amid orchards or shade-trees, ramparts of majestic beech and maple and oak woods stand all around against the horizon, and over all bends a sky of tender blue, such as June alone can show. But Uncle Silas does not take note of any of these as he walks along the edge of the pike to Select Meeting. He is thinking how one

neighbor is unsound on sanctification, how another is shaky on water baptism, and still another has a tendency toward dangerously liberal ideas and doctrines.

Next morning the scent of cooking rose upon the air from all the kitchens of Buckeye. There were sounds of the vigorous beating of eggs, of stirring and mixing and grating, of the anxious opening and shutting of oven-doors, of the squawking of chickens as they were dragged forth from the coops to have their necks wrung. Then, toward ten o'clock, carriages began to come into the village, drawn by heavy farm-horses on a ponderous, unequal trot, denominated by irreverent youngsters "the Quarterly-Meeting trot."

There were people from the immediate neighborhood, from the monthly meetings comprising Buckeye Ridge Quarter, and even from other quarters,—from Rocky Creek and from Blue Water. Then from the front doors of houses facing the street appeared the inmates, in couples and in groups,—the father, with his best broadcloth plain coat, neat and speckless, though a trifle wrinkled in the back from having hung so long on the row of pegs in the spare bedroom; the mother, wearing a gray dress, a light shawl, and immaculate bonnet-strings, which contrasted with her flushed face, so lately bent over the cook-stove; and the sons and daughters, well and quietly dressed, but bearing no marks of Quakerism in their outward appearance. The sidewalk leading to the meeting-house was thronged as the hour for meeting to "set" drew near, and the carriages drove along the pike in a procession, turning in at the big gate that led to the meeting-house yard, driving up to the steps arranged for the women and children to step out upon in alighting, and then around to the hitching-racks and sheds, where the horses whinnied notes of recognition to old acquaintances as the men tied them, and the small boys stood around meanwhile, feeling stiff and uncomfortable in their new boots and good clothes and much impressed by the importance of the occasion. The boys went in with their

fathers on the men's side of the house, and the girls with their mothers on the women's side, and soon the house was full, and a hush succeeded the bustle of gathering: meeting had "set."

After a silence of ten minutes or more, broken only by the entrance of some late-comers, a man of powerful frame and commanding presence rose from his seat in the upper row of the three elevated seats facing the congregation and began to speak. The venerable man with silver hair who sat at the head of the meeting beckoned him to come thither, and he moved forward a few steps, still addressing the meeting, and took his stand on the dividing-line between the men and women. On his right were the placid faces of "the mothers in Israel," as he called them in his sermon, old women, who wore plain bonnets of the regulation Quaker pattern and spotless white handkerchiefs and drab shawls across the shoulders of their drab dresses, and who were beautiful in their old age with the serenity of habitual goodness and the calm of holy living. On his right were the "fathers in Israel," men whose lives had been blameless and full of kindness and good-will to their fellow-men. Most of them had removed their hats, and only the plain vests and coats with straight collars proclaimed the uniform of the followers of George Fox and William Penn.

The speaker's voice gathered volume as he proceeded, until it could have been heard half a mile, and with impassioned eloquence he poured forth the thoughts burning in his soul. The congregation listened with rapt attention, and a small crowd of late-comers, who could not obtain seats inside, gathered under the open window near him.

He spoke three-quarters of an hour; and when he concluded and took his seat it was as if a strain of stirring music had ceased. Even the children who were too small to understand what he said were sorry when he was done. A little girl said afterward to her mother, "I like to hear that man preach: he makes the cold chills run down my back."

Then a woman of saintly aspect and trembling voice rose in her place, untying her bonnet and laying it in her neighbor's lap, and in a few well-chosen sentences portrayed the beauty, the peace, the eternal blessedness, of the Christian's life. Then another woman among the audience knelt and prayed. Two or three others, men and women, spoke or supplicated. Then another silence fell upon the meeting, which was broken by the old man who sat at the head of it saying, "If Friends' minds are easy, I think we may now proceed to the business of the meeting." Thereupon there was a rustle, a changing of places, and the clerks took their places together at the clerks' table and laid upon it their papers. At this juncture many of the young people and children withdrew, and a few matrons upon whose minds household cares pressed hurried home to look after the dinner.

Aunt Rachel Newcome was not among this number. She had arranged her dinner so that it could be left; for the business was of interest to her, and she wished to hear it all: besides, she was a member of a committee, and had to hand in their report.

Then the usual business of a Quarterly Meeting was conducted: the concern of a woman Friend—a recommended minister—to visit in gospel love the Yearly Meetings of Iowa and Kansas was heard and united with, applications for certificates of removal were received and committees appointed to prepare the certificates in case no obstruction appeared, the reports of committees appointed at last meeting were heard, the queries and answers were read, and all the decorous routine usual on such occasions conducted to a decorous end.

When the concluding minute was read and the meeting "broke," the people did not immediately disperse, but lingered to shake hands with friends and acquaintances, and many of the villagers to extend hospitable invitations to Friends from other meetings. "Won't thee and thy family go home with us to dinner?" a Buckeye matron would ask another from Blue Water Quarter or from

Shady Run Monthly Meeting; or, "Just drive right over to our house," a hearty voice on the men's side would say. "I'll walk home through the fields, and be there in time to put up thy horses."

Aunt Rachel's expected guests were all at meeting, and, after shaking hands with them and making them feel the sincerity of her welcome, she left them to follow at their leisure, and hastened home to change her dress, to see to the dinner, and to open the front door leading to the parlor, which, by reason of being seldom opened, stuck fast at the bottom and only yielded to repeated pulls and jerks. Soon Uncle Silas appeared among the moving company on the sidewalk, bringing with him the minister and his travelling-companion, and, a little later, the buggy containing Cousin James and Rhoda, from Deer Lick, drove up, followed by the heavy carriage of the relatives from Locust Grove.

Uncle Silas went out with the men to put up the horses, and Aunt Rachel invited the women into one of the parlor bedrooms to "lay off their things." Then she put on a large gingham apron and hurried back to the kitchen, her sister-in-law Peninah following soon after and offering her services.

The dining-table was pulled into the sitting-room, and all the extra leaves put in, then Aunt Rachel's best table-cloth and napkins were brought forth, and from the upper bureau-drawer in her bedroom the silver spoons wrapped in doeskin. Savory odors soon penetrated to the parlor where the guests were sitting,—Cousin Rhoda by the table, looking at the autograph-album, Uncle Silas and the men talking of the incidents of the day, the two children rocking in the settee as hard as they could and eating doughnuts. Presently Aunt Rachel opened the door, her face beaming with hospitality and the warmth of the cook-stove, and said, "Friends, please walk out to dinner; and, Silas, just bring two chairs with thee." Then they seated themselves around the table, Uncle Silas at the head, the preacher on the

right hand and his travelling-companion on the left, next the husbands, and by them their wives. The children, a boy of seven, just getting his second teeth, and a girl of five, were told by their mother to wait, but showed signs of bursting into loud lamentations, and Aunt Rachel said, "Let them come to the table. Lemuel can stand up, and I will fix Martha a place here between me and thee." So she brought a chair from the kitchen, and, taking "The Life of Joseph John Gurney" and "The Memoirs of Maria Fox" from the book-case, made a seat high enough for the child.

When all were seated, a silence of a full minute ensued, during which the elders looked fixedly at their plates and the children betrayed signs of restlessness.

When the bowed heads were lifted, Lemuel burst out, "Maw, gimme some of that in that high glass dish," pointing to the pear preserves.

"Maw, I want some honey," piped Martha."

"'Sh!" said their mother, mortified at this display of every-day manners. "Wait and have some chicken first."

"I'm goin' to have the gizzard," shouted Lemuel.

"No, he ain't! is he, maw?" responded Martha. "I'm goin' to have it."

"I expect this chicken has two gizzards, and you can each have one," said Aunt Rachel, as she poured out the coffee and tea.

The children, appeased by the prospect of a division of the spoils, were silent, and pondered for a moment on this phenomenon in natural history.

In the mean time, Uncle Silas was carving the roast fowls and beef and filling and passing the plates. When all were supplied, he said, "Just help yourselves, friends." And all took up their knives and forks and began to eat.

"How did thee like the first sermon to-day, Silas?" asked Cousin Jacob presently.

"That was good sound doctrine," answered Silas. "I only wish we could

have preaching like that every meetin'-day."

"You've got plenty of preachers down here," continued the first speaker. "You ought to have good preachin'. Now, up at our particular meetin' we have only got two,—Peleg Harvey, he's old and feeble and don't get out often, and Jane Patton, she spoke every meetin'-day for a while, but lately she hasn't much to say; she's preached all she knowed, the children say. Sorter rough on preachers, ain't it?" half in apology, half in joke, to the minister.

"Oh, we preachers get a good deal of rough handling nowadays," that person responded: "we're used to it, and it doesn't hurt us." He was a hearty, jolly sort of man, whose manners displayed a free-and-easy carelessness, and whose clothes showed neither the cut nor the color of the Quaker uniform. His companion, on the contrary, was quiet in manner and plain in dress, and was evidently a close follower of ancient guides.

He seemed on this occasion to be exercised about something, and presently spoke: "I see that Buckeye Friends, in building their new meeting-house, have failed to put in shutters to divide women's and men's business-meetings, and that the business is now conducted in common."

Then a discussion ensued on this subject, followed by another on the customs of ancient Friends; then a talk about the first settling of this neighborhood and the first meeting-house built, which led to reminiscences, half serious, half comic, of the primitive customs and rude fare of the pioneers.

In this time they had eaten the various courses of Aunt Rachel's abundant and excellent dinner, and were lingering over the dessert, when they were roused by the sound of loud crying in the orchard. The children, having eaten their fill of everything, including all the "p'serves" and honey they wanted, had left the table and gone out to play. Lemuel had boasted to his sister that he could show her where the honey came from, and in tampering with one of the bee-hives had been stung. He now came

toward the house, roaring with fright and pain, and disclosing two large red spots, one on his forehead, one on his chin, rapidly swelling. The women set to work to soothe the pain and comfort him, and soon he appeared in the parlor, where the men were talking, with his face tied up, and displaying an old pocket-knife which Aunt Rachel had given him, the only blade of which was loose. Aunt Rachel had told him that it would be as good as new if it had a rivet put in it, and every five minutes for the rest of the day he said, "I wish I could get a *raret* put in this knife," or, "Paw, couldn't thee put a *raret* in this knife?" or, "Uncle Silas, Uncle Silas,"—interrupting a weighty discussion on doctrine in which that worthy was absorbed,—*"couldn't thee put a *raret* in this knife?"*

The women, after clearing off the table and washing the dishes, sat down in the sitting-room to exchange household experiences and to give each other recipes for making preserves or for coloring carpet-rags.

The Sabbath dawned serene and bright next morning, and the landscape that lay bathed in the glow of sunrise was the picture of rural loveliness. Big dew-drops glittered in the grass that bordered the smooth white roads, fragrant odors were distilled from the fields, meadow-larks perched on the fence-rails and sang, and the tall old beeches and maples, clothed with the rich green foliage of early summer, waved their innumerable leaves and whispered that language, old as the earth, yet unknown to most men, which only a poet can understand and interpret.

But the people of Buckeye had no time to notice the subtle beauties of the morning. It was an important occasion to them,—Quarterly Meeting First-day,—and their minds were occupied with providing for the guests they had and for those whom they expected. Breakfast over, the house had to be set in order and the details of dinner planned; then the best clothes were brought forth and donned,—the silk dresses which only saw the light a few times in the year,

the finest and sheerest muslin neckerchiefs, and all the subdued finery of a Quaker toilet.

The morning was not without small vexations to Aunt Rachel, but she preserved her sunny temper unruffled. First, Lemuel, roving about in the back yard with the restlessness of an ill-trained child, lifted a wash-tub which was turned bottom up on the ground, to see what was under it, and let out two chickens which Aunt Rachel had taken from their roost the night before; and when she came forth, after washing the breakfast-dishes, to wring their necks and prepare them for the oven, they were walking around among the other chickens, looking longer-legged and longer-necked than usual. So the flock had to be led into the wood-house, by means of corn-meal dough, and, after some time and trouble, two others were caught.

Then Uncle Silas mounted one of his doctrinal hobbies, and maintained a long and close discussion, lasting till it was time to go to meeting, with Friend Peacock, and took down divers volumes of Friends' writings from the book-case to prove to that individual that some of his views were unsound. Aunt Rachel, in whose simple creed "joy was duty and love was law," deprecated such wordy warfare, and was always sorry to see Uncle Silas begin it. But, as her mild expostulations on the subject had failed to influence him, she had ceased to speak about it. Uncle Silas had some of that stern religious zeal which led people in past ages to burn heretics at the stake or cast them into caldrons of boiling oil, and he spared neither friends nor strangers when, to his view, their orthodoxy was doubtful. But Aunt Rachel looked over her favorite psalm in the open Bible in her room, as she dressed, and was able to start to meeting in a serene frame of mind.

The meeting was much larger than on the previous day, the additional number being composed principally of "world's people" from the surrounding country and neighboring towns. They came in fashionable attire, and held little



levees among themselves under the tall old locust-trees that shaded the meeting-house yard. Some sat in the buggies that were hitched all around the racks as thickly as the horses could stand: these were mostly young men and women in couples.

The meeting-house was full to overflowing; there was another congregation in the school-house near by, and still another in the shade of the trees. The ministers distributed themselves about equally between these places, and labored earnestly, exhorting and teaching, raising their voices in the endeavor to attract the attention of the idlers who moved from one crowd to another or sat in the buggies. The majority of the people present had come to listen to the preaching; to the others it was a gala-day,—the beauty of the weather and the prospect of a large crowd had attracted them. On this day even the renegade Quakers, as they were called, were present,—people who had a birthright membership in the society and had been brought up according to its rules, but who had, after they attained to years of responsibility, ceased to attend meeting, and who regarded its special tenets somewhat as the Roman augurs did their religious rites after faith had departed from them. When meeting at last “broke,” the crowd filled the grounds, and, despite the many sober costumes, it was a gay and brilliant one. The chatting and hand-shaking were prolonged, and it was nearly an hour before the last buggy left and the grounds were deserted.

Aunt Rachel, in common with the other matrons of Buckeye, had hurried home to look after the dinner. Besides the guests she already had, a carriage-load of “world’s people” were coming to dinner, folks who had been neighbors of her and Uncle Silas on their farm years before, and who still preserved a friendship for them. There were meats in abundance for all, and Aunt Rachel opened her stock of canned fruit and preserves with a lavish hand. The dining-table was twice filled, the relatives waiting till the second table. Lemuel, after showing his rivetless knife to each

of the new-comers and asking them if they thought a “raret” could be put in, was coaxed, with his sister, to the back yard, where they sat on the wash-bench while the elders were at dinner, cramming themselves with bread and butter and raspberry jelly. Aunt Rachel’s old neighbor, Mrs. Ross, was about Aunt Rachel’s age, but she looked much older, and had an expression of chronic discontent on her sallow face. She was dressed in a striped summer silk with many flounces, wore long ear-rings, a bow of ribbon and lace on her thin hair, and a large breast-pin containing a miniature of Mr. Ross. There was occasion for moralizing on the difference between the two women and the causes of it, but probably no one present thought of doing so. The life of one had been preserved and beautified by the atmosphere of simplicity and peace in which she dwelt; that of the other had been consumed in a struggle to keep up appearances, to gain a higher social standing, and to dress according to the latest fashion.

The Rosses sat awhile after dinner and chatted of common acquaintances, then said they must be going, and departed, to spend the remainder of the afternoon driving about. Some Friends from Blue Water called to take the preacher and his companion with them to their neighborhood, and soon after Cousin Jacob said, “Well, Rhody, I guess we’d better be goin’.” So their horse was geared and backed into the shafts of the buggy, and with affectionate farewells, and invitations to come soon, this pair took their departure.

Peninah and her husband lingered latest, but when it was “about an hour by sun” they “lowed they must start, if they expected to reach Locust Grove by dark.” So the lumbering family-carriage, drawn by two patient farm-horses, was brought round to the door, and, after much hand-shaking and kissing, the family got in and drove off. The last words Aunt Rachel heard as she stood in the door watching them were, “Paw, if I only had a raret in this knife!”

LOUISE COFFIN JONES.

## SOME AUTHENTICATED GHOST-STORIES.

IF from all the rubbish of ghost-literature, folk-lore, and tales of spectral illusions which has been heaped up by the universal tendency to superstition we could carefully sift out and collate those mysteries which rest upon unquestionable testimony, we should have the materials for some deeply-interesting investigations. That *some* truth underlies the all-pervading belief in such marvels is doubtless as absolutely certain as that *some* fire is at the bottom of every smoke, and it is probably a safe prediction that at no very distant date the attention of science will be turned in this direction, and the mystery which now shrouds the entire subject be clearly and rationally dispelled. It is perhaps quite as safe to predict that when the simple solution is finally attained it will be found to lie in the heretofore poorly tilled field of psychological research. Certainly no theory has yet been advanced which can even pretend to meet all the requirements of the case, and this for the simple reason that no *logical* investigation of the subject has yet been attempted. It is impossible to reach a sound conclusion from false or unsound premises; and hitherto all the premises have been of this character. The writers who have dealt with the subject have set out with a strong tinge of either superstition or incredulity, or they have been biassed by some crude preconceived theory. Psychology is scarcely in its swaddling-clothes, because of the Sadduceism of modern materialistic science; but its phenomena may be subjected to the same processes of analysis which have been applied to those of the so-called physical world, and with equally satisfactory results. In this age of seething thought and accurate investigation, all *facts* must eventually go to the crucible, and psychology will yet have its turn. Certainly nothing can be more arbitrary, and therefore more unscientific, than to accept testimony when

it coincides with our individual experience and condemn it the moment it ceases to do so. When a man of unimpeachable veracity, high character, cultivated intelligence, sound judgment, and, withal, entirely free from superstition, tells us of an experience which *he* does not profess to explain, *we* have a perfect right to explain it, if we can, by any theory which will reasonably fit the facts and do violence to none of them. But, if we are unable to do this, our only resource is to place the occurrence upon the list of unexplained—and, if you please, inexplicable—facts. The following contribution to that list is made in the firm belief that some day all such materials will be invaluable helps to the labors of some practical scientific psychologist: It will no doubt be observed that of the incidents here narrated only one comes fully up to all the above-mentioned requirements. The others, while thoroughly authenticated, are all more or less capable of some possible explanation. All occurred in Maryland, and all are attested by persons now living, of the most undoubted reliability and disclaiming any bias of superstition. They were related to me personally at various times in the course of private conversation, and without the least idea that they would ever appear in print. By way of introduction, the following letter of Cæcilius Pliny may be of interest, as showing how these matters were regarded by a Roman gentleman who entered his twenty-first year exactly eighteen hundred years ago. Pliny was a man of the world, refined, intelligent, and eminent no less for his practical good sense than for his large and varied erudition. He was evidently devoid of superstition, and, being compelled by the character of the testimony to accept these things as facts, he invokes the scientific assistance of his learned friend Sura to settle his doubts and help him to an explanation:

"The leisure, my dear Sura, which we now enjoy affords me the opportunity of learning, and you of teaching me something which I am exceedingly anxious to know,—namely, whether you think that apparitions are real existences, possessing actual form and supernatural power, or the mere empty and delusive offspring of our fears. I myself am induced to believe that there are such things chiefly by what happened, as I learn, to Curtius Rufus. Hitherto poor and obscure, he had attached himself to the staff of the governor of Africa. While walking for exercise in the portico one evening, there appeared the form of a woman of superhuman size and beauty. He was very much alarmed as she announced that she was Africa, the prophetic of future events,—that he should go to Rome, enjoy high honors, return to this same province as commander-in-chief, and there die. All this was fulfilled. Afterward, on arriving at Carthage, upon leaving the ship the same figure is said to have met him on the shore. Being afflicted with disease, he at once, forecasting the future by the light of the past and auguring misfortune from his prosperity, abandoned all hope of recovery, though none of his friends had given him up. Is not what I am about to relate as I heard it, however, more terrible and no less marvelous? There was a house in Athens, large and commodious, but unhealthy and of bad reputation. Through the silence of the night there would come a sound as of iron, and, if you listened more attentively, the clanking of fetters, at first distant, then close at hand. Presently a spectre would appear,—an old man enfeebled by emaciation and filth, with long beard and unkempt hair. He wore fetters upon his legs and manacles on his hands, which he shook as he walked. On account of this, the occupants had no rest through the sad and terrible nights. Want of sleep produced sickness, and death followed the increasing terror; for, although during long intervals the apparition would be absent, the memory of it would still wander before their eyes, and fear

outlived its cause. Deserted on this account, and condemned to solitude, abandoned entirely to the spectre, the house was, nevertheless, advertised, since by chance some one ignorant of the trouble might be willing to buy or hire it. The philosopher Athenodorus visits Athens: he reads the advertisement, hears the price,—trifling because of the suspicious character of the house,—inquires and learns all about it, and, notwithstanding,—in fact, for this very reason,—hires it. As evening approaches, he orders a bed to be prepared for him in one of the front chambers, demands writing-materials and a light, sends all his attendants within, and addresses his thoughts and his hand to writing, lest his unoccupied mind should frame for itself the image of which he had heard, and beget groundless terrors. At first, as everywhere else, the silence of night: then iron clangs, and chains are rattled. He neither lifts his eyes nor checks his pen, but becomes more resolute and listens attentively. Then the noise increases, approaches, and now is heard as if on the threshold, now as if within the room. He looks up: he sees and recognizes the appearance as described to him. It is standing beckoning with its finger as if calling him. He—as would scarcely be expected—motions with his hand, and proceeds with his writing. The spectre rattles its chains at the writer's head. He looks up again, and sees it beckoning as at first. Without further delay he takes up the light and follows. The spectre moves with a slow step, as if heavy with chains. Upon turning into the court-yard it suddenly deserts its companion and disappears. He, left alone, places grass and gathered leaves upon the spot to mark it. Next day he goes to the magistrates and advises them to give orders that the place be excavated. Bones are discovered, inserted into fetters and bound with chains, the body, decomposed by time and the earth, having left them bare and dry. These bones are collected and given public burial, and thenceforth, the rites of sepulture having been obtained, the house

is disturbed by the ghost no more. Now, these things I believe upon the word of those who affirm them. This (which I am about to relate) I can myself affirm to others. I have a freed-man (Marcus) who is not an illiterate man. His younger brother was sleeping with him in the same bed. He thought that he saw some one sitting on the couch and flourishing a pair of shears about the young man's head, and even cutting the hair from his crown. When daylight came, he was found with the crown of his head shorn and the hairs lying around. A short interval elapsed, and another similar occurrence gave confirmation to the first. A boy was asleep in the dormitory, together with a number of others. Two men, it is said, clad in white tunics entered through a window and sheared him as he lay. Then they left by the same way which had given them entrance. The daylight showed this one also shorn, and the hair lying scattered about. Nothing worthy of note followed, unless, perhaps, the fact that I escaped proscription. I should certainly not have done so had Domitian (under whose government these things occurred) lived longer, for in his writing-desk was found an indictment drawn against me by Carus. From this it may be conjectured that the shearing of my servants may have been an indication of peril threatened to myself, since it is customary to clip the hair of those accused of crime. Apply your erudition, I beg you, then, to this subject, as a matter worthy your long and careful consideration. Nor am I altogether unworthy to enjoy the advantage of your scientific attainments. Perhaps you may discuss the question, after your custom, from both sides. Do so, however, more earnestly on the negative, so as not to leave me in suspense and uncertainty, since my reason for consulting you is that I may be relieved of my doubts. Farewell."

I have heard, in my time, as many ghost-stories as most men, and not a few which were as well authenticated as those above narrated, and less easy of

explanation; but none have ever caused the least disturbance of mind except this which I am about to relate. I confess that it has left me very much in Pliny's position, and I should be grateful to any erudite Sura whose scientific ratiocination might suggest a solution of the mystery. It occurred to a clergyman of the highest standing, a man in vigorous health and as utterly devoid of superstition and sensationalism as any one I ever knew. I shall tell it in his own words as nearly as possible, simply changing to the third person and using fictitious names of persons and places.

The Rev. Dr. Baker is, and has been for thirty years, the rector of a prominent parish on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. He is a resident of the town of Camden, and has—or had, some twelve years ago, when this happened—a mission charge in the village of Venice, sixteen miles distant, and between these places he was constantly on the road. About six miles from Camden was the country residence of Judge Silverton, a well-known and venerable parishioner of the worthy doctor. This gentleman had been dead about six weeks when Dr. Baker happened to be returning from Venice to Camden one afternoon in a carriage with a Mr. Alden, a prominent citizen of the former place. It was in broad daylight, just about sunset, and not far from Judge Silverton's gate, when a carriage, drawn by a white horse, passed them rapidly from behind, and was soon out of sight.

"That fellow must be in a hurry to reach Camden," remarked the doctor.

"Did you notice anything peculiar about that vehicle?" inquired his companion.

"Only that it moves very quietly. I heard no sound as it went by."

"Nor did I," said Mr. Alden, "neither rattling of wheels nor noise of hoofs. It is certainly strange."

In a few minutes the matter was forgotten, and the two drove on, conversing about other things. They had proceeded about half a mile, when suddenly the same horse and carriage again passed them from behind, and

again in the same absolute silence, notwithstanding the hardness and narrowness of the road. Nothing could be seen of the driver except his feet, the carriage-curtains hiding his body. There was no cross-road by which a vehicle in front could possibly have got behind without making a circuit of many miles and consuming several hours. Yet there was not the least doubt that this was the same conveyance which only a little while previous had passed on before, and the two gentlemen looked at each other in blank amazement, and with a certain suggestion of awe which prevented much discussion of the matter, especially as the horse was to all appearance the well-known white habitually driven by the deceased judge. Another half-mile brought them in sight of Judge Silver-ton's gate, when, for the third time, the ghostly team dashed by—again *from behind*—in the same mysterious silence. This time, however, it turned, in full view, into the judge's gate. Without a word of comment the doctor quickened his horse's speed, and reached the gate only a few yards behind the silent driver. Both Mr. Alden and himself peered eagerly up the long, open lane leading to the house, but neither carriage nor wheel-track was visible, though it was still clear daylight, and there was no outlet from the lane, nor could any vehicle have possibly, in the time occupied, accomplished half the distance. In the simple language of Pliny, "nothing worthy of note followed." The peculiar features of this strange incident are that it was equally and simultaneously evident to *two* witnesses, both entirely unprepared for any such manifestation, and differing widely in temperament, habits of life, mental capacity, and educational attainments, and by mere accident making this journey together, and that to this day both of them—witnesses, be it noted, of the most unimpeachable credibility—attest it, and fully corroborate each other, but without being able to suggest the slightest explanation. The case is respectfully submitted to Sura, who, having been dead these eighteen

hundred years, may be able to account for it.

The following was related to me by the gentleman to whom it happened, and whom I shall call Mr. Kennedy. It was mentioned in the most commonplace way in the ordinary course of conversation,—not as a supernatural occurrence, but simply as a singular and puzzling experience.

"How do you account for it?" asked a third party who was present at the relation.

"I do not account for it at all," replied the narrator: "there are a great many things which no doubt have some explanation, but which *I* do not understand; and this is one of them."

There is a long and very narrow strip of wooded land, known as "Peg Alley's Point," situated between the main stream of Miles River and one of the navigable creeks which flow into it. This little peninsula is about two miles long, from fifty to two or three hundred yards in width, bounded by deep water and overgrown with pine and underbrush. There is a tradition that many years ago a party of Baltimore oystermen encamped on the point, among whom was a man named Alley, who had abandoned his wife. The deserted woman followed up her husband and found him at the camp, where some words passed between them, the result of which was that the man induced his wife to follow him into a thicket and there murdered her with a club. The point has ever since been known by Peg Alley's name, and her perturbed spirit has been supposed to haunt the scene of her untimely taking off. Mr. Kennedy had lived from boyhood on the place, and had never given a serious thought to the story. Two or three years ago he had a party of rail-splitters at work on the point, the foreman of whom finally refused to go back, declaring that queer things happened down there, and that he had seen a ghost. His employer laughed at him and dismissed the matter from his mind. Some time after this, Mr. Kennedy had occasion to ride through the woods one afternoon to look after some sheep, there



being but one road, and the water on either side. As he approached the point, his horse started violently, and refused to go on, regardless of whip and spur. Looking about for the cause of this unusual fright, he saw a woman rise up from a log upon which she had been sitting, a few yards in advance, and stand by the road-side, looking at him. She was very poorly clad in a faded calico dress, and wore a limp sun-bonnet, from beneath which her thin jet-black hair straggled down on her shoulders; her face was thin and sallow, and her eyes black and piercing. Knowing that she had no business there, and occupied in controlling his horse, he called to her somewhat angrily to get out of the way, as the animal was afraid of her. She turned and walked slowly into the thicket, without a word, looking back at him as she went. With much difficulty he forced his horse to the spot, wishing to find out who the intruder might be, but no trace of any one could be found after a careful search, although there was no place of concealment and no possible way of escape, for which, indeed, there was not sufficient time. Mr. Kennedy declared that the thought of Peg Alley never entered his mind until that moment; but, upon finding that no one was on the peninsula besides himself, he turned his horse homeward without looking further after his sheep, and with a decidedly sympathetic feeling toward the recusant rail-splitter.

Admitting the undoubted credibility of the witness, it may be said that this case is easily explicable under Sir David Brewster's theory of the objective projection upon the visual organs of a subjectively conceived image. But it is scarcely possible that in sound health so powerful a mental impression could exist without the individual being conscious of any such impression, and without his having ever heard a description of the dress and features which he yet remembered afterward with all the vivid accuracy of reality.

Not far from the scene of the above-mentioned adventure is the old family-seat of the Tolmans, one of the most

prominent names in the community. Its site is one of the most beautiful in all this region of lovely situations and charming water-views. The ancient brick mansion stands on an elevated lawn, around which winds the silvery thread of a landlocked stream, over the farther bank of which dance the sparkling waters of a broad estuary, flashing its blue wavelets in the glance of the summer sunshine, or tossing its white-capped billows in mimicry of the angry sea. The gleam of white sails is never wanting to give variety to the picture, and the sunset glories are unsurpassed by any that the hand of nature ever painted on the skies of Italy. In the dead calm of an August evening, when the lifted oar rests on the gunwale, unwilling to break with its dip the glassy surface, one has a strange, dreamy sense of being suspended midway in space, the gorgeous sky being exactly reflected in illimitable depth by the still water, until the charm is broken by the ripple of a school of alewives or the gliding back-fin of a piratical shark. In this lovely home the family was wont to assemble on the occasion of certain domestic celebrations, and it was at one of these that the following incident occurred. All were gathered except a favorite aunt of my informant, who was detained by serious sickness at her residence, some fifteen miles away. It was in the early afternoon when one of the ladies, who was standing at an open window, suddenly exclaimed, "Why, there is Aunt Milly, crossing the flower-garden!" The rest of the party approached the window in great surprise, and there, sure enough, distinctly seen and recognized by all present, was the lady in her ordinary costume, slowly walking among the flowers. She paused and looked earnestly at the group, her features plainly visible, then turned and disappeared amid the shrubbery. No trace of her presence being discoverable, a gloom overshadowed the party. Note was taken of the exact time, and a few hours later a messenger arrived on horseback with the news of her death at that hour. My informant, a lady now somewhat ad-

vanced in years, was a well-grown girl at the time, was present, and has a perfect recollection of the circumstances.

In the neighboring county of Dorchester, not far from the broad mouth of the Choptank, stands "Castle Haven," an old residence around which cluster many local traditions of the war of 1812. It is a quaint old brick mansion, the various additions to which at different periods have made its style of architecture decidedly composite, and was at one time the residence of Bishop Kemp, who married a daughter of its owner, Colonel Noel. During the invasion of the Eastern Shore by the British in 1813, when Sir Peter Parker was killed at Caulk's Field, in Kent, and a royal cannon-ball embedded itself in the old oak near St. Michael's, in Talbot, giving name to the village of "Royal Oak" (neither oak nor cannon-ball being extant at this present writing), a foraging-party landed at Castle Haven from one of his majesty's ships. Upon entering the house, however, they saw upon the walls two handsome paintings of King George III. and his royal consort, Queen Charlotte, and, loyally respecting the Hanoverian *numina*, they left without disturbing the property. The portraits are still preserved by a descendant of the family in Baltimore. Of course such a house must be haunted; but, as we are concerned only with authenticated ghost-stories, I will give but the one which alone meets the requirement. The old house, being vacant, was rented for the summer by a family desiring to enjoy the refreshing breezes and beautiful outlook of the broad water. The lady who related to me the experience,—a woman of high and cultivated intelligence and strong character,—upon arriving with her young infant, was told by her brother, who had been there for some time alone, that the only objection he had to the house was the fact that he could get no light to burn later than one o'clock A.M. However well trimmed and full of oil, precisely at that hour the lamp would invariably go out. She laughed at the idea, but noticed upon waking in the early morning

that her night-lamp was not burning. The next night, the baby being, as babies will so often be, very restless, she was kept awake until long after midnight. At the stroke of one on the clock downstairs the light went suddenly out. It was immediately relit, but she was scarcely in bed before it was again extinguished. At the same time, though the door was locked, there was the sound of a woman's footfall in the room, accompanied by a distinct rustling, as of one of those heavy brocaded silk gowns which ladies wore in the olden time. The footsteps approached the bed and paused for a while, then they stole softly away toward an alcove in which was a low rocking-chair near a window that looked out on the river. A moment after, the motion of the chair was plainly audible, and with it the regular jingling of keys, as from one of those chain-bunches which housekeepers in the ancient days were wont to carry at their girdles. Presently other footsteps crossed the room toward the alcove, and then a whispered conversation began, one of the voices being apparently that of a young lady, who seemed to be giving her elder friend an account of a visit just made to Baltimore. Incidents were recounted of the voyages by packet to and from the city, names were mentioned of people prominent in local history over a century ago, questions were asked and answers given concerning the price (in sterling currency) of many long-obsolete articles of domestic economy and wearing-apparel, all called by their quaint old-time names. This continued until near daylight, and then ceased. The unwilling auditor dragged out a most uneasy night, and positively declined to occupy the room again without a companion; but the experience was never repeated.

There is one more, which does not properly belong to the class with which we are dealing, but the substantial consequences of which appear to be sufficiently well authenticated to establish a connection. At "Plain Dealing," on a fine creek of the same name which empties into the Third-Haven, stood an

old residence, now replaced by a modern house, where a blood-stain was shown in the passage near the foot of the great stairway. Three generations or more ago it was owned by a wealthy English gentleman, who had an only daughter, whose grave is still to be seen there. There was bad blood between him and a neighbor, the ancestor of a still prominent family. One night at an entertainment this gentleman was present, and, when the wine had flowed quite freely, the guests were horrified by their host falling headlong over the balusters from an upper floor. He was instantly killed, and left the inevitable, ineradicable stain above mentioned. So much is veracious history. It was whispered, however, that the fall was no accident, but the result of a scuffle in which the hostile guest got the upper hand. The house was long unoccupied, and the farm was let to tenants. Not very many years ago one of these told a strange story. His young son, while driving home the cows one evening, was accosted near the grave-yard by a gentleman in quaint and unfamiliar attire. On the next evening the same thing occurred. The boy's

description was so accurate that the idea was suggested of taking him into the old house to see the family portraits, when he immediately pointed to that of the gentleman who had met so tragic a fate long years before, declaring that he was the man whom he had seen. The shock brought on convulsions and deranged his mind. On the next evening the father met the apparition as he was performing the duty heretofore intrusted to his son, followed him into the grave-yard, and received instructions from him where to dig and find a large sum of buried money. He did dig as directed, but never revealed the result to any one. Now, the *authentic* part of all this is, that, being a poor man, he very soon after purchased a farm and paid for it, and became independent from sources which no one could trace. The ghost-theory is accepted as satisfactory by the majority, but there are some who hint at the possible discovery of certain valuable old papers which were shrewdly turned to account, and which suggested the supernatural adventure as a plausible explanation of the fortunate result.

ROBERT WILSON.

### FOREST WORSHIP.

WE sat within the shadow of the wood,  
 In nature's own cathedral. High in air  
 Hemlock- and pine-tree met in arches fair,  
 And at our feet, as if they understood  
 The forest Sabbath's hushed, expectant mood,  
 The waves flowed back, till in the mid-day glare  
 The gray rocks stood like monks with foreheads bare.  
 Suddenly from the inner solitude  
 A choir of sparrows, in long, sweet refrain,  
 Intoned a litany. There was no room  
 For priest nor psalm nor any spoken word,  
 For here the Spirit, often sought in vain,  
 Brooded at peace, and in the tranquil gloom  
 We almost heard the footsteps of our Lord.

FRANCES L. MACE.

## MARK BUSHMAN'S ROMANCE.

MARK BUSHMAN read "The Hoosier School-master" when he was himself just budding into authorship, and was so delighted with that faithful history that he resolved to make a sally into the Butternut State and see if he could not collect material in that rich field for another romance of a like amusing character. Leaving the railroad at a convenient point, he took passage in a wheezy old stage-coach, and penetrated some twenty miles into the heart of Hoosierdom, landing at sunset in what he decided at once was a characteristic village, called Bodson's Creek,—so named from a tiny rivulet that crept along under a natural hedge of willows bordering Mr. Bodson's "back lots." Mr. Bodson was the proprietor of the village tavern, an edifice which struck our young author as promising much for his purpose, but not desirable viewed in any other light.

"By Jove! What a picture!" he exclaimed, as the coach drew up in front of the long, low, covered porch. "But not an ideal picture; decidedly of the realistic school, which is happily now in vogue!"

The roof of the porch was supported by half a dozen crude wooden pillars,—too massive to be called posts,—ornamented with a great variety of pen-knife carvings, the work of village loungers. A young girl with brown, dreamy eyes and pale complexion leaned languidly against one of the pillars and gazed at the stranger, or beyond him,—he could not tell which,—with an air of abstraction and total lack of interest. Bushman had chosen the fall of the year for his adventure, and, although it was Indian summer and a haze was in the air, it was quite chilly at that time of day, and he wondered how so fragile a creature could stand there so long and so listlessly, with no protection for her "slim brown hands, and round, slender stem of a neck on which the small head

was set with a dainty poise." (I quote from his own description.) As he followed his trunk up-stairs, he heard a shrill female voice call, "Evangeline!"

"Yes, mother!" answered the young girl, and went in.

The room assigned to him was very small and exceedingly comfortless; but it was unique and suggestive, and he meant to get a good deal out of it. The one window, looking westward, commanded a view of the "back lots," which had been converted into a cow-pen, chicken-yard, and pig-sty, on the co-operative plan. It was feeding-time, and a great quantity of corn had just been pitched from the crib into the midst of the promiscuous company. The pigs squealed and fought among themselves; the chickens fluttered greedily around, to the imminent danger of their lives; and the cows snatched an ear here and there and retired peaceably to one side.

Bushman noticed that the lower branches of the willows, naturally so drooping and graceful, were broken and scraggy and bespattered with mud from the wallowing of the pigs in the shallow stream. But beyond was the magnificently-tinted foliage of a great forest, glorified by the mellow sunset-light,—a spectacle so grand and beautiful that the young man lost himself in an ecstasy of admiration, and started when the landlord called at the foot of the stairs, "Hello! Supper's ready."

He drew in his head and let down the window, observing that it was not very far from the ground, and that in case of fire he could easily escape by jumping down.

By the light of a single oil-lamp on the long supper-table he could distinguish the faces of the company. At the head of the table sat the host himself, eating with great apparent relish, and monopolizing the conversation. On his right was the stage-driver, a person

of importance, and opposite him a young man of rather stylish air and dress and an intelligent but not prepossessing countenance. Bushman's delight was unbounded when he discovered, in the course of the meal, that this young gentleman was the village school-master.

"Why," thought he, "my material all comes to my hand without seeking! I will begin my romance to-morrow."

Evangeline brought in a plate of hot soda-biscuits, and in setting it down near the school-master carelessly brushed his sleeve, at which he looked up furtively and met her eyes. Bushman, being an adept in the knowledge of the human heart and the wiles of youth, read volumes in the glance. So, it appeared, did the girl's watchful mother, who, catching her eye in an unguarded moment, gave her a meaning and savage look, which, however, had no visible effect.

Not caring to go into the bar-room,—as the landlord designated his tobacco-stained office,—where a promiscuous company had assembled during supper, Bushman found himself drifting off in an opposite direction with the school-master, who introduced himself as "Penrose, from Connecticut." He led the way into the parlor, which was furnished with a rag carpet, an unpolished stove, a wooden settee, and half a dozen chairs. In the course of a very few minutes he had made himself as much acquainted with Bushman's past history as he cared to do, and also fathomed to some extent his present plans and intentions; for the candid young man saw no necessity for reserve, and in fact was rather proud of his profession.

"I'd be willing to lay a wager," said Mr. Penrose, "that you've read 'The Hoosier School-master.'"

"Why, yes. Who has not read it?" replied Bushman, with some embarrassment.

"Ha, ha! I read it: that's why I am here!" laughed Penrose. "I wanted to study some of these quaint characters, and amuse myself."

"You are amusing yourself, I suppose?" said Bushman dryly.

"To the best of my ability," answered the school-master.

Bushman, not finding his company particularly agreeable, excused himself at an early hour and went up-stairs, bearing in his hand a slender tallow "dip" in a brass candlestick. The light of this feeble illuminator was so flickering and unsteady that, after a few attempts to scribble a little in his note-book, he became exasperated, blew it out, and seated himself on the edge of the bed to meditate. At this moment he was undecided whether to make a hero of Mr. Penrose (which would require his utmost license as a writer of fiction) and allow him to carry off Evangeline, or turn him into a villain and side with the girl's mother.

While the question was pending, he thought he heard the patter of a few big rain-drops on the roof, and, pushing up the window, he leaned out, turning his face skyward. It was pitch dark, but there was no rain. Simultaneously another window on the same floor and in his near neighborhood had come up, whereupon a voice from below asked guardedly, "Is that you, Eva?"

"Yes," came a soft response from the window.

"I will put a letter on the end of a stick and hand it up to you," said the voice from below. "There; have you got it?"

"Yes; all right. Now go away quick; I am afraid somebody will hear you."

"Haven't you got anything for me?" asked the voice.

"Oh, yes; I forgot. There it is. Don't let it blow away."

Bushman's eyes had become so well accustomed to the darkness that he could easily see the white missive fluttering down, and distinguish the dark figure below which intercepted it and immediately moved off with a stealthy tread. He listened for the school-master's step on the stairs, but it did not come.

"I suppose he has some other mode of ingress and egress," he thought contemptuously. "It strikes me he magnifies his difficulties: at all events, he



is not as shrewd as he pretends to be, or else he could manage to slip a letter into the young lady's hand in the day-time without attracting observation. But perhaps she is romantic, and he plays upon her imagination."

His final conclusion, before dismissing the subject from his mind for the night, was that Mr. Penrose was playing a decidedly base and underhand game; in which case he resolved to participate in the romance himself, in an unobtrusive way, to prevent mischief.

But it became evident to him in the course of a day or two that the school-master's admiration for the pale Evangeline was not feigned, and also that Mrs. Bodson's dislike of Mr. Penrose was equally genuine. As for Evangeline herself, she was unreadable. Nothing could exceed the immobility of her Madonna-like face. Bushman resolved to cultivate her acquaintance and try to understand her: he could not believe her to be simply apathetic, after what he had witnessed that night. One morning something was said at the breakfast-table about nutting.

"Did ye ever gether butternuts, Mr. Bushman?" inquired the landlord, on whom his young guest had made a very favorable impression. "Mother,"—addressing his wife at the foot of the table,—“can't ye have ole Fanny hitched up in the buggy an' you an' Sissy go 'long with this young feller an' gether some nuts? This 'ud be a mighty good day, I reckon, fur the wind blowed strong las' night, an' there'll be right smart on the ground. I'd go myself, but I can't leave the business."

"An' how d'ye expect me to leave my business?" demanded Mrs. Bodson sharply. "A dozen boarders, besides comers an' goers; an' it bakin'-day, an' nobody to do a hand's turn but Aunt Lib an' me!"

"Don't ye count Sissy?" asked her husband, with a chuckle and a sly wink at Evangeline, who stood a little in the background, ready to fill up the empty coffee-cups or to pass the bread-plate around the table.

Mrs. Bodson deigned no reply, but,

having finished her breakfast, left the table, and, going to the mantel over the fireplace, took down a discolored clay pipe, which she proceeded to fill with fine-cut tobacco.

"Well, then," said the landlord, brightening with a new idea, "ef Sissy's no 'count here, let the young folks go by theirselves! I reckon ye kin drive a hoss, can't ye, Mr. Bushman? Ef ye can't, my gal kin. Bob,"—to the hostler, who was still breakfasting, though the others had all finished, crossed their knives and forks on their plates, and pushed back their chairs,—“git Fan out when ye're done eatin', an' drive roun'."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Evangeline, blushing with embarrassment. "Let us wait until to-morrow, and then perhaps mother can go."

An ominous frown that had darkened the school-master's face began to disappear. "And to-morrow is Saturday, and I could offer my services too," said he blandly.

"By that time the nuts'll all be gone," interposed Mrs. Bodson from the chimney-corner, where she had seated herself in a low splint-bottom chair, with her elbow in her hand, enjoying her morning smoke and soothing herself into better humor.

"So they will," said the landlord. "The boys'll be after 'em to-day. Better strike while the iron's hot. Never you mind, Sissy; don't look so scar't: Mr. Bushman'll take good care o' ye, I'll warrant."

"Indeed I will," said Bushman, honestly and earnestly. "And I shall be very much obliged to you, Miss Bodson."

Evangeline blushed again, without raising her eyes.

Bushman left the table and went upstairs with alacrity to equip himself for the excursion. He put on a light overcoat, hunted out his oldest pair of gloves, and, before going down, took a look in the glass, touched up his hair, straightened his necktie, and so forth. These preparations occupied several minutes, and when he stepped out into the porch in front of the house he found Evan-

geline already seated in the "buggy," and holding the lines, which was a mere formality, as it required a vigorous use of the whip to induce old Fanny to make a start. Mr. Penrose came out with a rueful countenance to see them off, but Evangeline did not vouchsafe him a single glance from under her broad-brimmed sun-down. Her mother stood in the door-way, with a good-humored smile, and the landlord encouraged Fanny by a sharp nudge with the toe of his boot. Finally, when they began to move, Bushman, who was in fine spirits, looked back with a laugh and raised his hat. He was very much amazed when his companion broke out with, "I hope you will excuse my father for getting you into this, Mr. Bushman. I should not have come if I could have avoided it." Her cheeks were crimson, and the languid eyes shot a brilliant flash at him.

Bushman slackened his lines, and old Fanny came to a dead stop. "I—I beg your pardon," said he. "Shall we turn back?"

"No; we must go on, now that we have started." She caught up the whip and struck Fanny a sharp blow, which sent her forward at a lively pace.

"I hope, Miss Eva, you don't think I did not wish to come," said Bushman earnestly.

"I suppose you thought that it would be *amusing*," she answered, with a peculiar inflection.

"I *did* think so," said he. "But you have spoiled the charm of it."

His seriousness disarmed her suspicion that he might be laughing at her, or at the horse and the little old wagon filled with baskets and sacks. "I did not mean to hurt your feelings," she said in a low voice. "If you really wish to gather butternuts, I am willing to take you. There is a very good place about half a mile from here."

He protested with a touch of indignation at the implied doubt of his desire to pick butternuts, and added, "I wish, Miss Eva, you would try to believe me sincere in all I say and do. Will you?"

She looked up frankly, and said, "Yes, I will."

He changed the lines into his left hand, and held out the right with its soiled but shapely glove. "Let us shake hands upon it," he said, smiling, and pressed the little brown bare palm she gave him. "I hope," he added, "that I am not such a villain as to care only to *amuse* myself at the expense of my entertainers."

Evangeline looked up shyly. "Mr. Penrose says you came down here to write us all up in the papers," she said.

"Well, do you know," answered Bushman, flushing, "that a great many people go to Washington to 'write up' the President of the United States and his family? There's no harm in it. And, besides," he added, with a happy inspiration, "I wish to write up the scenery also. I never saw anything more beautiful than the foliage of this very wood we are driving through. Such gigantic trees! and such magnificent coloring! Just look ahead of us there: see how the road is carpeted with leaves. This must be an unused road, by the way, is it not?"

"Yes," said Evangeline: "it runs through my father's timber, and is not a surveyed road. We used to go to Pipton this way, but they've opened another shorter road."

"Where is Pipton?" asked Bushman.

"It's eight miles down the river."

"Oh! is there a river near here?"

"Yes; we're coming to it. Yonder, you can see it now. And here's the butternut-grove."

"What! Already?" exclaimed Bushman, looking up at the great trees standing silent and majestic in the autumn haze. "Sure enough. What a short ride it has been! I should like to drive miles and miles on such a day as this. Really, I should like to go on to Pipton. What do you say?" He had stopped the horse, and sat holding the lines loosely in his hands.

Evangeline laughed. "You would be ashamed of your conveyance,—and of your company," she said, making ready to get out.

He sprang to the ground and assisted her. "You have broken your promise already," said he, smiling. "Is Pipton really so fine a place that our good old Fanny cannot be driven into its sacred precincts?"

"It's a very nice town," said Evangeline. "A branch railroad has just been completed there."

"Do you ever go there?"

"We do all our marketing there."

"Then suppose you and I do the marketing next time," said Bushman, taking out the baskets and canvas bags.

"Should you like to sell butter and eggs and stocking-yarn?" asked Evangeline mischievously.

"Yes. Why not? They are all excellent commodities, I am sure. The only drawback is, I might get cheated."

"You would, if you were not sharp," said Evangeline, laughing. "The storekeepers are all Yankees."

"Oh, then I should be right at home, you see," answered Bushman, "and stand a better chance. I know all the Yankee tricks."

It did not take long to get all the butternuts they could carry home. The ground was literally covered with them, and Evangeline's industry compelled Bushman to what he considered herculean exertions. He took off his hat, when he got through with the task, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Evangeline sprang into the buggy preparatory to taking the basket.

"Before we load up," said Bushman, "had I not better loosen the check-rein and drive old Fanny into the river for a drink? I see there is a good ford here."

Evangeline assented, and he took his seat beside her and drove over a white sand-bank into the clear shallow stream, calling her attention to its beautiful windings and magnificent borders, and to the sleepy depths of blue overhead.

"What a glorious day!" he exclaimed, as old Fanny, standing knee-deep in the transparent water, bent her head to suck it up in her leisurely way. "Really, I have fallen in love with this climate: it seems to me almost Oriental."

"You ought to be an artist," said Evangeline quietly, "you admire everything so much."

"Oh, not everything," laughed Bushman: "you cheapen my admiration. I am a sort of artist. I make pencil-sketches to illustrate the articles I write. I will draw a picture for you some day."

It was not yet dinner-time when they reached home. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bodson came out and congratulated them on their success; and Bob, before unharnessing old Fanny, emptied the butternuts out on the roof of a low shed to dry.

"We'll remember ye when we set roun' the fire next winter crackin' 'em," said the landlord, with his peculiar wink and chuckle.

Bushman described their drive in eloquent language, and praised the country and the weather with the greatest enthusiasm, to the infinite gratification of the worthy couple. "Some day," said he, "I want to drive to Pipton and do the marketing for you, if you will trust me with old Fanny and your daughter."

The landlord winked and chuckled again, and his wife's puckered lips wreathed themselves with a smile of great complacency.

"Ye'll git the school-master arter ye with his ferul', I reckon, ef ye don't look sharp," said the old man.

At which Mrs. Bodson gave her shoulders a violent shrug, uttered an indignant "Huh!" and went in. Evangeline had gone in at once, to get herself ready to wait on the table.

"I hope they won't think I am smitten with the girl," thought Bushman, as he went up to his room. "I suspect the school-master has been trying to slander me to her. If we are antagonists, the fault is his."

Mr. Penrose was very stiff and reserved at dinner, but in the evening contrived to have half an hour's conversation with Evangeline in the parlor, which restored him to his usual self.

Bushman had a habit of walking out after nightfall to commune with himself

and the stars and whatever silent influences prevailed around him. This evening he came back earlier than usual. The parlor was deserted. The school-master had betaken himself to the bar-room, and Evangeline had gone up-stairs. He heard Mrs. Bodson's metallic voice issuing from her room as he entered his. There was only a thin partition between them, and her words were very distinguishable. "I jist can't bear that 'ere school-master, an' I don't want ye settin' roun' evenin's a-talkin' with him. Ye might as well 'a' married Walt an' done with it."

"Why didn't you let me?" asked Evangeline's soft voice.

"Ye know very well why I didn't, ye sassy vixen! 'cos he's as pore's a church mouse, an' so's all his kith an' kin; an' they'll never be any better off, either. But the school-master!"—witheringly. "I dunno what yer father means by lettin' ye galavant roun' with him. An' ye show mighty pore taste yerself. When I was a gal I wouldn't 'a' looked at as humbly a face as his'n, to say nothin' else. Here's this other young feller, smart an' han'sum, an' a gentleman. Why don't ye set yer cap fur him?"

"Mother! do you suppose he would look at me?"

"I dunno why he wouldn't. Folks has al'ays said ye was purty enough to look at. Though, goodness knows, ye ain't much account fur anything else."

With this parting compliment she left the room and stalked down-stairs.

"Poor girl!" thought Bushman; "I don't wonder she finds even the school-master's company agreeable. But if she allows herself to be persuaded to marry him, I am afraid she will find him more intolerable than her sharp-tongued mother."

The thought strengthened him in his resolution to act as a sort of Providence in the girl's life and save her from evil. "I will interest her in something outside of her little tread-mill," he said to himself. "The more her mind expands, the less influence Penrose will have over her."

Finding that she was fond of reading,

he brought out a quantity of books for her, and was a little disappointed when she told him a friend of hers had given her all Scott's and Dickens's novels, which she had read and enjoyed very much indeed. He not unfrequently read to her himself in the afternoons, and she listened demurely and with a quiet interest, showing that she understood and appreciated. Her mother never interrupted them as they sat together in the homely parlor. It struck him that she was improving very much in her physical condition. Her cheeks grew rounder and brighter in color, and her eyes were not so languid.

"I knew she needed something to wake her up," he said, and added, as a doubting after-thought, "It can't be that she is getting interested in me."

Possibly the suspicion would have flattered his vanity, open and honorable as he was, if he had not witnessed the continuance of the nocturnal visits under Evangeline's window and concluded that the school-master had not abandoned the field of his romantic operations. It troubled him that so charming and frank a girl had been led into so deceptive a course, and he often took occasion to point out to her the evils of concealment and duplicity. Many times his counsels were so urgent and his allusions so pointed that she started and turned pale, but she never opened her lips in reply.

One glorious October morning he was informed that it was market-day. Mrs. Bodson was "out o' sugar an' coffee, an' ef he was a min' to go to town 'long with Evangeline, he was welcome to do so."

He assented eagerly, and this time Evangeline was as delighted as himself. She put on her Sunday finery, and made herself as pretty as might be, which he thought was very charming indeed as he helped her into the wagon. He persuaded her to let him take the old road, though she protested that it was a mile longer, and they drove down and forded the river, following its windings on the other side to Pipton. Mrs. Bodson had declined to trust them with the butter and eggs. She said she was going to town

herself in a few days, but she gave them a due-bill for the overplus of her last "marketing," which they were to exchange at a certain grocery-store for the required commodities.

After all their business was transacted, including the mailing of some letters and Bushman's purchase of some newspapers and magazines, he drove to a hotel, ordered Fanny to be unhitched and fed, and took Evangeline in to dinner, though she protested that she was not at all hungry. After dinner he asked if she would like to walk round the town.

"I—I have a friend here," she answered, "whom I should like very much to see."

Bushman wondered why she hesitated. "All right," said he. "Do you wish to go alone?"

"No; you had better go with me," she said. "You will be lonesome here."

"Oh, never mind me," said he. But she insisted, and he went.

Her friend, whom she introduced as Mrs. Wrayburn, proved to be a very pleasant, trim old lady, living in a pretty little frame house, with a neat white fence around it, much more tasteful and better kept than the neighboring residences of more pretensions. The old lady kissed Evangeline cordially, and appeared very much surprised as well as delighted to see her. She also gave her hand to Bushman in a friendly manner, looked at him narrowly but not unkindly through her spectacles, and bade him "take a chair." She and Evangeline had a great deal to say to each other about mutual friends and acquaintances, for it appeared that Mrs. Wrayburn had once been a resident of Bodson's Creek. In the midst of their friendly gossip she turned to Bushman and said politely, "I am sorry my son is not at home. I am sure he would be glad to make your acquaintance."

Bushman acknowledged the courtesy and regretted the gentleman's absence.

"There is a good deal of sickness in the country just now," continued the old lady, turning to Evangeline, "and he has a long drive to-day."

"Then your son is a physician?" said Bushman.

The mother assented a little proudly, and explained that he had only just begun to practise for himself, his late partner, with whom he had studied for several years, having recently moved away.

Evangeline asked for a glass of water, and followed Mrs. Wrayburn out into another room, where the two carried on a low-voiced conversation for some seconds, and Bushman occupied himself with looking about and inspecting the dainty appointments of the little parlor. When they re-entered, Evangeline intimated that it was time to go, and Bushman expressed himself ready.

"Don't you find Bodson's Creek rather dull?" inquired the old lady.

He assured her he did not.

"Pipton is a much livelier place," she continued. "There is going to be a grand ball here next week."

"Oh! is there?" exclaimed Evangeline, with a sudden interest and animation quite unusual with her.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Wrayburn, with a smiling glance at Bushman, "you could persuade your friend to bring you down, Eva?"

Bushman said nothing could give him greater pleasure; he was extravagantly fond of dancing, and so forth.

"I believe you only say that to please me," said Evangeline, with a touch of coquetry. "And I think I had better let Mr. Penrose fetch me."

Bushman made some gallant rejoinder, and the old lady laughed heartily.

"I guess, between the two, you will get to come, Eva," she said, "and, if you do, you must drop in to see me again."

On the way back, Evangeline surprised Bushman by requesting him not to mention the visit at home. "Because," she explained, "my folks don't like the Wrayburns: they differed in politics, and fell out in the war-times, and have never been friendly since. They are Northerners, you know, though they have lived here a great many years."



"The Wrayburns are Northerners?" asked Bushman.

"Yes; don't you see she doesn't talk just as we do?"

"And how is it that you two chance to be such great friends?"

"When they lived at Bodson's Creek," explained Evangeline, "their house was close by the school-house, and Mrs. Wrayburn was very fond of me, and used to have me there a great deal. She taught me how to crochet, and a good many other things. And so now, whenever I have an opportunity, I run in to see her."

"You mean," said Bushman, "when none of the folks at home are with you?"

Evangeline blushed scarlet.

"Well, never mind," said he, smiling: "every rule has exceptions. And in this case I can't see any harm. Mrs. Wrayburn appears to be a very estimable old lady. What about that ball? Do you think your father will let us have old Fanny for such a festive occasion?"

"I really think I had better go with Mr. Penrose," she answered gravely.

"Why so?" asked Bushman, resolving that she should *not* go with Mr. Penrose. The tone and manner in which she spoke convinced him that the school-master's influence over her was weakened.

"I cannot explain it to you," she answered with hesitation. "You will understand afterward. I—I am afraid you would be sorry if you took me!"

Bushman turned and looked at her: actually there were tears on the long black lashes shading her cheeks. "What a strange, sensitive little creature it is!" he thought, and felt strongly tempted to encircle her slender form with his disengaged arm and make her confide in him as he would have done a little child. But of course she would not allow that, and, instead, he clasped the small hands that lay folded in her lap, and said gently, "I am not afraid of consequences, Evangeline; I try to do what I believe to be right, and therefore am not responsible for what follows. You say I shall be sorry if I take you: allow me to assume all the risks, will

you?—providing, of course, that your parents are willing you should go with me."

For answer she burst into a flood of tears. And now what could the young man do but draw the pretty head down upon his shoulder and try to soothe her? She raised it again very shortly, dried her tears, and made some remark widely divergent from the subject which had been so disastrous, and which was not referred to again.

On Sunday morning Bushman went to the village church and walked back with Evangeline. "Have you forgotten about the dance?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said she. "There are a good many people going from here,—young folks."

"Indeed! Is Mr. Penrose going?"

"I think he is."

"Did he invite you?"

"Yes; and I told him you had asked me. But if you have changed your mind he will take me."

"I never change my mind," said Bushman, frowning. "What night is it to be?"

"Thursday night."

"Very well. I must see your father about the horse; unless it is possible to hire one somewhere else?"

"I don't think it is," said Evangeline. "There is no livery-stable here."

The landlord and his wife both gave consent to the ball-going, and Mrs. Bodson even helped Evangeline to prepare an elaborate toilet. The school-master was extremely moody, and treated Bushman with a rudeness which raised that spirited young gentleman's mercurial temper to an occasional high pitch that threatened danger.

A night or two before the ball, Bushman was again attracted to the window by a sound as of heavy rain-drops, and saw another letter hoisted to Evangeline on the end of a stick, immediately upon the delivery of which the dusky figure hurried away without waiting for an answer.

"The contemptible scoundrel!" was Bushman's inward comment. "He is doubtless abusing her with his pen.

Never mind; he will soon be gone: he has made himself decidedly unpopular in this community, I understand, and is not likely to get the school another term."

Mr. Penrose dressed himself with extreme care and neatness, and set off for Pipton on foot an hour before old Fanny was brought out for Bushman and Evangeline.

"The school-master's purty plucky," remarked one of the regular frequenters of the tavern, looking after him as he strode away. "I reckon he can hoe it down with the best uv 'em when he gits there, ef his walk don't tire him too much."

The other gentlemen sitting round the room with clay or corn-cob pipes in their mouths smiled approvingly, and one of them wondered "ef he furgot his pumps!"

The ball was a more brilliant affair than Bushman had anticipated, and he became deeply interested in the "figures" danced, and in the manners and style of the company assembled. He danced once with Evangeline, and then lost sight of her. It seemed that she was quite a belle; one after another of the Pipton clerks and other young swells about town solicited her as a partner, observing which, Bushman retired a little to one side, and, taking out his note-book, jotted down a few things which struck him as being peculiarly "characteristic" and likely to work up well in his romance. A conversation between two young men evidently from the country attracted his attention because it referred to Evangeline and one of her admirers.

"Jim Turner 'pears to be makin' up to Ev Bodson," one of them remarked. "Wants some o' the old man's money, I reckon."

"Bodson's purty well off, ain't he?" asked the other.

"Owns half a county, shouldn't wonder!"

"Well, I wouldn't have the old woman fur a mother-in-law ef he owned ten counties!"

"That school-master up thar would, though," said the first speaker. "They

say he's gon' to marry Ev. Heard o' the old man's money, an' went thar a purpose to cut round his daughter."

"Did he fetch her here to-night?"

"Dunno; reckon he did."

"Didn't Walt Wrayburn used to fancy her?"

"Does yet, I reckon. Look thar: he's a-waltzin' with her now. Wouldn't the old lady spin 'em around ef she was here? She gev' Wrayburn his walkin'-papers once."

Bushman turned his attention to the dancers. A good many fair forms and smiling, flushed faces swam and circled before his eyes, and then came Evangeline, most radiant of all. Her partner was a fine-looking man, very young, and, even at the first glance, singularly attractive. "That is the best face I have seen in Pipton," thought Bushman. "He may lack something in education and culture, but he has both character and intellect."

When the waltz ended, Evangeline brought him up and introduced him with smiles and blushes. "You remember our visit to his mother?" she said. "She wants him to take me over there a little while. It is only a step: would you mind if I went?"

"Not at all," said Bushman, who had shaken hands with the "doctor" in a very cordial manner.

In half an hour, or thereabouts, after they were gone, a note was put into his hand by a strange young man, which ran as follows: "Will you please come over to Mrs. Wrayburn's as soon as you get this? Evangeline."

He lost no time in obeying the summons. When he knocked at Mrs. Wrayburn's door, that good lady herself opened it cautiously and then let him in in a great flutter. Two or three strangers were in the room, among them a clerical-looking gentleman, the sight of whom gave Bushman a shock that opened his eyes to what was going on. Evangeline, in her white ball-dress, came in through an opposite door, leaning on the doctor's arm. The clergyman stood up and repeated those few solemn words that have united so many lives for weal or for woe, and Walter

and Evangeline were pronounced "husband and wife."

As soon as the few friends had offered their brief but heart-felt congratulations, Bushman rose, and was approaching the bride, when she dropped her husband's arm, rushed up to him, and caught both his hands. "You will forgive me, will you not?" she cried, her bright eyes brimful of tears. "I told you you would be sorry if you brought me! Are you not sorry?"

"Not if I have been the innocent instrument of happiness to you," said Bushman, and added, with a smile, "But indeed you have treated me with scant courtesy. Why did you not make me a party to this interesting romance?"

"Oh, I did not dare tell anybody!" said Evangeline. "Not a soul knew but his mother and the young man—there he is—who carried the note to you, and who has brought a great many from Walter to me."

"And handed them up to you on the end of a stick?" asked Bushman, smiling.

"Why, how did you know?" exclaimed Evangeline in amazement.

"Your room is next to mine, you know," said he, "and sometimes the pebbles struck my window instead of yours."

The whole company burst into a laugh, in which the faithful letter-bearer joined most heartily.

"Lucky it wa'n't the school-master's window," said he, "or we wouldn't 'a' had no weddin' to-night."

An elegant little supper was spread in the next room, of which Bushman was urged to partake. After that he shook hands with the young couple and said good-by, remarking, with a rueful smile, "I shall have a lonely ride home to-night."

"Perhaps Mr. Penrose will go back with you," said Evangeline mischievously. She followed him to the door, leaning upon her husband's arm, begging him to come and see her whenever he was in Pipton,—an invitation warmly seconded by young Wrayburn.

So happy a pair Bushman had seldom seen. And he was himself so happy in

thinking of them that it never occurred to him that his own position in the affair was rather suspicious and likely to be a trying one. He returned to the ball-room to look for Penrose, but, not finding him, ordered old Fanny to be brought out, and drove home alone, reflecting that Bodson's Creek had few attractions left.

In the morning when he went downstairs he found the household in a terrible commotion. Penrose had just come in, pale and haggard, with the startling news that Evangeline was married.

"An' it was all your doin'! Oh! you villainous, blasted critter!" shrieked Mrs. Bodson, shaking her fist at Bushman as he entered the breakfast-room. "To think how we've harbored you in this house! Last week you took her down to Pipton an' made a visit at ole Mrs. Wrayburn's, an' las' night tuk her thar agin to git married! An' you was at the weddin', an' you helped eat the weddin'-supper. Oh, my! oh, my!"

"You have been very diligent gathering up information," said Bushman to Penrose. With the utmost patience and calmness he set himself to work to dissipate the storm. After which he began to feel indignant at the part he had been compelled to play.

When he had made it clear to all present that he had been duped as well as they, the school-master's exultation became so apparent and insulting that he turned upon him fiercely and struck him a blow that sent him reeling against the wall, to the great diversion of the company, whose excited state seemed to require some such climax.

Penrose, though quivering with rage, did not openly resent the indignity, and a minute later Bushman said contemptuously, "I beg your pardon; I was hasty," and started up-stairs to pack his trunk for the nine-o'clock coach. He had no motive for remaining longer. The romance which he had come to seek had been developed to his hand, and had not even lacked the merit of an unforeseen *dénouement*.

ALICE ILGENFRITZ.

## A GLIMPSE OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE eyes of the world of late have been once more fixed on Africa. As Rome looked across the Mediterranean to that narrow strip of green along the Nile that makes up Egypt, and watched with almost breathless interest the lights and shadows playing there on desert and delta and sea, in the days when Cæsar and Antony were caught in the wiles of the fitful Cleopatra, so all Europe for some weeks stood gazing, like devout Parsees, toward the rising sun, toward the land whose destiny hung on the caprice of an adventurer as reckless and as changeful as the beautiful queen herself. The city of Alexander and Hypatia became again the centre of the world's thought. Out of the sands of the desert, out of the white foam of the Mediterranean, out of the blue sea of oblivion, the land of the Pharaohs lifted itself anew into unenviable prominence. Africa for the hour overshadowed Asia and Europe and America.

When we first saw the low yellow coast, and sailed past the Khedive's palace—now in ruins—on the Ras-et-Tin promontory, something over a year ago, the war-cloud hanging over the fated city was not even as large as a man's hand. All ears were intent to hear the roar of Krupp's guns at the Piræus or along the Bosphorus. Athens thought she could almost feel the flame of the Turkish torch; but Alexandria seemed as safe from shot and shell as Bombay or Yokohama. The disappointment we shared with all travellers at finding so little of great interest in the city is now, since the larger part of the town lies in ruins, a source of much consolation. No library of nine hundred thousand volumes, as in Cæsar's day, mingled the smoke of its invaluable treasures with that of burning huts or palaces; no museum was there to be destroyed, such as now at Cairo entrances all enthusiasts in Egyptology and caused

all European scholars to tremble for its safety. Neither art nor archæology suffered greatly in the burning of Alexandria. Nothing was destroyed except some rows of most commonplace European houses, for whose restoration European gold will be quite adequate.

In a month after the restoration of peace the boatmen that shrieked themselves black in the face the morning we landed will be yelling with all their old-time vigor under the port-holes of every newly-arrived steamer. The donkey-boys will be as thick on the dock as when we tried to crowd our way along, and will shout as lustily as ever, in English, French, Italian, or modern Greek, "Very good donkey. My donkey best donkey in Alexandria. My donkey he named Beaconsfield,"—or Sir Garnet Wolseley, or General Grant, or Gambetta, or Garibaldi, or Tricoupis, according to the supposed nationality of the new-comer. Guides from all the hotels will join with the donkey-boys in making the tourist's life a burden, as they did ours,—will cringe one moment before the foreigner, calling upon Allah or all the saints to commend them to his lordship's favor, and the next, screaming like troopers, will fetch a blow upon the skull of some native with sufficient emphasis to make sad havoc of the average European cranium. Crowds of the same heterogeneous sort that excited our wonder will swarm through the streets, making them brilliant with all the variegated colors of nearly every costume worn on earth and resonant with a monotonous babel of tongues. Irreverent Englishmen and Americans will plunge their donkeys' heads again, as we did, full against the Falstaffian stomachs of stately Turks, marching unconcernedly down the very centre of the street, and expecting, apparently, that the whole world will make way for the warlike followers of the Prophet; and the Oriental will be profuse in his apologies, while

the European, with proverbial impoliteness, will laugh. The sight-seer will ride on, as all other sight-seers before him have done, toward the great square of Mohammed Ali; and the grass will be as green, and the fountains will be playing as lustily, and the famous Ali will sit as calmly on his bronze horse, as if the shops around the square had not been pierced with English shells and fired with Arab torches and looted by rebellious Egyptian soldiers. And the one Alexandrian antiquity, Pompey's Pillar,—so called,—to which he will make his way as speedily as the gait of the sober animal he bestrides will permit, will stand there as erect and throw just as long and straight a shadow on the yellow sand as if the silence of the centuries had never been broken by the rude sounds of war.

He will take the train a day or two after his arrival, as we did, for Cairo. He will roll slowly on over the Delta, and find it, possibly, as green as a wheat-field in spring, or it may be, if Arabi's troops interfered radically with the annual irrigation, as bleak and barren as the merciless desert that for untold centuries has waited tirelessly to devour this rare tidbit of luscious fruitfulness. He will see from the car-window, if the canals are not all dry, many an Egyptian, the color of bronze, with only a cloth about the loins, dipping hour after hour the basket-like bucket of his *shaduf* into the stagnant water, to send it coursing along a narrow channel among the trees and plants of his garden. Or, as he comes nearer the Nile, if the country has not been wholly desolated by the war, he will hear a mournful groaning, as if a hundred Arabs were bewailing the dead; but the source of these mysterious funereal sounds will not long remain a mystery. He sees now among the palms yonder by the river's bank an immense wheel—a *sakiyeh*—turned by a patient ox or cow, or a pair of donkeys, it may be, and at each turn, almost with every groan, bringing up scoopfuls of yellow water, that flows sluggishly out into some thirsty field.

He approaches Cairo. Thanks to Sir Garnet and his soldiers, he will find it

what it was as we saw it. He catches his first glimpse, far ahead to the right, of

The mighty Pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert air.

He wonders that his sensations are not more remarkable,—that his heart, as far as he can tell, does not throb wildly. He need not expect it in Egypt, or in India, or anywhere, for the photographer has gone up and down upon the earth. He has destroyed all surprises; he has stolen all the treasures of every land and made them so familiar that we look upon them as calmly as we should gaze into the face of an old friend. Then to the left he sees the dome and the minarets of the mosque of Mohammed Ali, in whose court, at Ali's command, the Mamelukes were massacred, and he is in Cairo,—not the Cairo of Ahmed ibn Tulem, or of Johar; not the Cairo of Mohammed en Nasir, or even of Mohammed Ali; not the Cairo of picturesque narrow streets, arched by carved lattice windows, through which as you pass you may see the gleam of a white jewelled hand or the flash of black eyes; not the Cairo of the bazaars and the mosques, but the Cairo of modern palaces, and opera-houses, and European hotels,—an Oriental imitation of Paris, the Cairo of Ismâ'il Pasha.

The first Khedive did for his capital even more than Napoleon III. did for the French metropolis: literally he might have said of a large part of it "that he found it, not brick, but mud, and left it stone." But it costs something to put up European buildings in Asia; it costs something to cut a canal across the desert large enough to float European men-of-war. The Khedive made great improvements, but they cost the people dearly, they cost him at last his khedival throne. He had plunged his country so deeply in debt to Europe, especially to England and France, that they combined in a somewhat undefinable and elastic control or protectorate for Egypt; but things went from bad to worse, skilful organizer and financier though Ismâ'il undoubtedly was, till



at last, as Mr. Waddington, the then president of the French Council, said to an American, as they were driving past the ex-Khedive's palace at Naples, under the shadow of Vesuvius, "There was no help for it: we had to give him his walking-papers."

Ismâ'il's son Tewfik, who was put in his father's place, had none of his father's extravagance and but little of his strength. He at once cut off all unnecessary drains on the public purse. No more gorgeous palaces were built at a fabulous expense. No more beautiful Circassian slaves were bought for their weight in gold. For a royal personage, Tewfik was remarkably economical; but the interest on his father's debts was to be paid. A little army of European officials was sent to Egypt, largely by the English and French governments, to help him collect the taxes, and to keep his bank-account; but, unfortunately for Egypt and the Khedive, the enormous salaries of these officials had of course to be paid out of the public treasury. Besides the regular sums guaranteed these foreigners, they enjoyed, in common with all Europeans, privileges of a very substantial nature; they paid no taxes on any property they might happen to own; and they were not under the jurisdiction of the Egyptian court, but of a bench of foreign judges. This was quite an ideal state of things for these "spoilers of the Egyptians," as they began to be called; but though in a dollars-and-cents point of view it was probably, for the time, the best possible arrangement for Egyptian as well as European,—for the country was far better governed than ever before,—it was certain, from the outstart, unless public spirit was wholly dead, that a national party would be born sooner or later, the main plank of whose platform would be the replacement of European officials by Egyptian, and of Turkish colonels and generals by native officers.

The last question came first to the surface. When we returned to Cairo from a trip up the Nile, in February, 1881, rumors of the most varied sort were circulating freely among the Euro-

peans of a mutiny or revolt among the soldiers. At first we supposed that it was only a "strike," or perhaps a demand for the payment of the wages promised them; but gradually it was noised abroad that it was not a matter of money, but that the Minister of War, a Turk himself, had dismissed, without cause, several Arabs from the War Office, to make room for Turks, and had made changes of the same sort, and with as little reason, among the officers of the army. A certain Arab colonel, then but little known, but soon the most famous man in Africa, named Arabi, who had already begun to be somewhat prominent in the anti-foreign party, protested against this action on behalf of his associate officers. Their request was not unreasonable: it was merely that promotion should be made according to grade, irrespective of nationality. The Minister of War chose to consider this remonstrance an act of insubordination, and ordered Arabi to report for discipline. He obeyed, but told his men, who were devoted to him, as he started for the palace, if he did not return within a few hours they might know that he was being tried by a court-martial. The time fixed upon expired; Arabi did not appear. His regiment formed, marched to the War Office, broke open the doors, drove out the Minister of War, and carried their colonel back in triumph. This was why, on reaching Cairo in February, 1881, we found the Europeans at the New Hotel and Shepherd's so excited. It was thought at first that this was an uprising against the foreigners, and we were only reassured by a bulletin from the Minister of War.

As might have been expected, it was impossible, after such a meeting, to restore harmony between the Minister of War and his soldiers. An armed truce, broken by occasional conflicts, was kept up till September, 1881. Then Arabi and the colonels acting with him were sentenced—at least so they believed—to be banished to the Soudan,—the Siberia of Egypt, only it's a furnace instead of an ice-house. The time had come, they thought, for decided action.

Arabi marched with three regiments to the Khedive's palace, demanded an audience, and then placed before his highness his ultimatum,—the dismissal of the Riaz ministry and the formation of a new government.

The Khedive was opposed to such a radical measure, but Arabi had the troops behind his back, and he got even more than he asked: he became himself Minister of War.

All through the winter there was a semblance of peace; but early in the spring a plot was discovered for Arabi's assassination among the Turkish officers who had been superseded. More than fifty of them, some belonging to the principal Turkish families, were by Arabi's order placed under arrest. They were court-martialled, and sentenced, some to death, some to banishment, and a few, against whom the proof was not so conclusive, to comparatively light punishment. The Khedive was frightened. He is a Turkish vassal, paying for his title and his semi-independency some three million dollars a year to the Sultan. Such a wholesale condemnation of Turkish subjects might lose him his throne. He commuted all the sentences, and kept the Sultan's favor, but turned Arabi into an implacable enemy. After that the all-powerful Minister of War practically ignored the Khedive, and in his bulletins after the bombardment of Alexandria proclaimed him unworthy to be the ruler of Egypt.

But, as all the world knows, it was not this misunderstanding alone between the Khedive and his Minister of War that brought English iron-clads into the harbor of Alexandria and that threw English shells into the heart of the city. England has almost as great dread of any disturbance to the *status quo* in Egypt as in India. She is the largest holder of Egyptian bonds, and any trouble in Egypt means a failure in payment of interest. She has also the largest interest in every way in the Suez Canal, and whatever might cause a possible suspension of traffic from Port Said to Suez is a matter of the greatest moment to the English government.

For some months England had been afraid that both of those interests were in peril. Either of them would have furnished motives strong enough for sending a fleet to Alexandria. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone himself could not tell which one of these actually had the most influence in bringing his vessels of war before the city. Once there, all that has since followed was the natural sequence of events,—riot, anarchy, bloodshed in Alexandria, fortifications thrown up by Arabi's order, endangering the safety of the fleet, a demand from the English admiral that these should be dismantled, the work continued, the bombardment of the city, its destruction by Arabi's retreating soldiers, and inhumanities of the most horrible sort perpetrated on Europeans and native Christians. Europeans and Christians,—they are associated together by the Mohammedan, whether Arab or Egyptian. He hates the Copt quite as intensely as he hates the Englishman. Arabi even muttered threats of raising the standard of the Prophet and proclaiming a *Jehad*,—a holy war. Had he gained one decided victory he would probably have thought the hour ripe for such a movement. The Egyptian question claimed an amount of interest wholly beyond its legitimate right because of this possibility to which it might have opened the way.

A *Jehad*,—a holy war: who can conceive what that would have meant? Arabi had but to secure the co-operation of the Sheriff of Mecca, and his voice might have reached and aroused to war the one hundred and seventy-five million Moslems of the world. Arabi was not the only one who has built on this possibility; the present Sultan, Abdul Hamid, is a bigoted Moslem. He has done all in his power to consolidate the hordes of Islam under his caliphate. He has encouraged the sending out of Moslem literature among the disciples of the Prophet to stir up their fanaticism. He sees as clearly as any European the dangers that surround his throne; and, next to the playing of one European power against another, his

hope is in Pan-Islamism. He holds, he thinks, all the threads of the movement in his own hands; but Arabi's defeat will intensify his caution. The Moslem at least is as wise as the serpent, if not as harmless as the dove: a Jihad can only

be proclaimed lawfully when there is a good prospect of success. After this new proof of the prowess of Occidental arms, the Sultan will be very slow in rushing voluntarily upon the sword of the infidel.

CHAS. WOOD.

### AFTER THE STORM.

ALL night the storm raged wildly; in the morning  
I walked my garden-path: the radiant sun  
Shone bravely out in undisguised scorning  
Of what the night had done.

Yet there the tender grapes lay, beaten, broken;  
Lily and rose were prone upon the ground;  
In sweet small nests full many a tiny token  
Of summer song was drowned.

The promises of bread and wine and beauty  
Never to be fulfilled were round me strewn.  
Where were the gods, that they so failed in duty?  
Could they not shield their own?

Was Bacchus sleeping off a drunken revel?  
Were Flora and Pomona gone astray?  
In careless mood unto the powers of evil  
Did they their trust betray?

So questioned I, with skilful kindness binding  
My cherished vines, upbraiding the storm's wrath:  
Hurt with my prostrate flowers, saddened at finding  
A dead bird in my path.

But if in any realm the gods were listening,  
No faintest whisper came to me from them,  
And no response save the bright signals glistening  
On leaf and bud and stem.

Only the fragrance of some beaten blossom,  
Only the rare breath of the wounded vine:  
Of any grief in mother Nature's bosom  
I saw no single sign.

Above this wreck and loss and wild disaster,  
Whereat my soul was sick and sore afraid,  
With a great faith that never man may master,  
She smiled all undismayed.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

## AN ISLAND WEDDING.

"THE sky betokens a pleasant day:  
Whither roam we, captain gay?"

sang Helen Arnold merrily, as we flitted out of Bar Harbor, a party of six, one lovely morning after a rain, when a thin veil of fog lurked in a corner of the blue sky, as if nature were drying her eyes on lace handkerchiefs.

"Why, I thought we would sail at the wind's will; but if any one of the party wishes to reach any particular point, I can steer in that direction."

"Don't let us try to go anywhere in particular: when we do that we are always obliged to beat," said Helen earnestly.

"Oh, no, no! I've always heard that yacht-racing was terribly dangerous," echoed Mrs. Whittier, who had only tasted sea-life from the prosaic deck of a steamer, and who seemed to understand that the word "beat" was used only to express victory in a sailing-match. And she grasped the railing with a terrified expression of countenance, as if she already felt herself in the wild arms of danger.

Then the captain said we would go nowhere. And some one played a soothing strain on the flute, and we almost flew over the water in the fierce, fresh breeze. After an hour's sail or so, it was agreed that we should run in and take a glimpse of Southwest Harbor, the most charming of sea-side villages. It looks over its green shoulder at beautiful Lomi's Sound, which stretches like a silver roadway between the rugged mountain-walls. But the wind would not allow us to sail up this lovely sheet of water, so we took a swift look at its beauties and at the hills around, and the pretty little coves which scalloped the bright, pebbly shore, and then flitted away to other scenes.

It was one o'clock, and some one proposed that we should land on an island and eat our lunch under the trees, as

several of the party were exceedingly unhappy if they were obliged to stay in the cabin away from the fresh air, and each one of these little islands that dotted the bay seemed more attractive than the other. This proposition meeting with general approval, it was not long before we were all deposited on a sandy beach, the hot sun beating mercilessly on our heads, and a green bank, which seemed mountains high, to climb before we reached anything which cast a shadow. There was no dwelling to be seen from the point where we had landed; but a party of men, stationed on the hill above us, were evidently much interested in our movements. As we stood on the shore considering which direction we should take, an old sea-captain, evidently in holiday attire, came hastening down to meet us.

"Lor' bless us!" said he, seeming to be seized with sudden amazement, as he stood regarding us with wide-open eyes. "The wimmen folks kinder run of an idee that 'twas the parson a-comin' over in your boat; but I says to 'em, says I, 'That's too highfalutin' a craft to b'long anywheres round here;' but they wouldn't hear to nothin' till we come down to see. The parson 'd better make haste ef he's comin' at all, seein' as the folks 't hev come to the weddin' can't many of 'em stay over-night, as they most of 'em live off the island, 'n' some keep light-houses, 'n' some has cattle to feed, 'n' one thing 'n' another."

"Oh, are you going to have a wedding here?" asked Helen with eager interest.

"Wall, yis; my darter Lizbuth she's took up with John Baker after all. Should be pleased to hev ye all come up ter the house: the more the merrier on a 'casion like this. Don't see no prospect o' the parson's comin', though, 'n' without a parson there can't be no weddin', as I see. You hain't got a

jestice o' the peace amongst yer, hev yer?"

"Why, we have a parson," said Phil Otis, with his eye fixed merrily on George Earles, who had not long since been ordained to preach.

"Sho, now! Which one is it?" taking a critical survey of the party.

George, who is by no means clerical in his appearance at any time, wore a decidedly unclerical yachting-suit, with a rather jaunty sailor-hat the worse for wear, and as he came up to us, having lingered behind to assist the captain in some matter concerning the yacht, he was singing a rollicking college-song with great zest and abandon.

"No jokin'," said the old man earnestly. "When the time fur a weddin' is sot, 'tain't good luck not to hev it come off, ter say nothin' of hevin' the victuals git spiled a-waitin', 'n' all that. P'raps the parson 'll come, after all. He promised sartain true to start early this mornin' frum Deep Cove. Don't see fur the life of me what the mahter ken be, unless somebody wuz took sick all ov a suddint. The wimmen folks kinder lay it to his wife, fur she wuz a-comin' too. She's a dretful bigoted sort ov a woman, 'n' hain't never ready to go nowhere, 'n' he hez to wait fur her whether or no. Got belated to a funeril once while he wuz a-waitin' fur her to comb her hair."

"I am not joking, I assure you," said Phil, who made haste to explain the situation to George.

"Wall, if this here chap ez a parson, et beats me. When I see a parson I most gen'rally feel like creepin' into a pooty small place 'n' a-makin' up a dretful pertickler 'n' solum face, 'n' chewin' my words dretful fine. But here's this one, lively ez the fust mate ov a two-top-master, 'n' (beg his parding) not dressed over-pertickler, neither."

"Sho! Uncle Jake," said a resplendent young sailor in a flowered-satin vest, who had been listening to the conversation from his post on the bank above us, "John says if there ez a real bony fidy parson here he wants him asked to tie

the knot right away; he ain't a-goin' to wait for Parson Hutchins no longer."

"I should be very happy to be of service," said George, endeavoring to reduce his countenance to an appropriate solemnity. "But, as the captain suggested, my dress is hardly suitable for such an occasion."

"Oh, Lor'! I didn't mean to hint that 'twouldn't do to hitch folks in, only that 'twa'n't jest o' the pious cut that a parson commonly wears; that's all. I hope you don't take no offence, sir. Walk up ter the house, ladies 'n' gentlemen, all on ye. The folks 'll be pleased ter see ye, anyhow."

It was suggested by some one that we should partake of our lunch before repairing to the wedding-festivities; but we finally decided to wait for this until after the ceremony, for to keep a bridal party waiting under such circumstances would be barbarous indeed.

The house which sheltered this happy group was a little weather-worn cottage, which, facing the sea, had something of the pathos of an aged human face, with the gray lichens growing over its small, peering windows and decaying door, with its scarred and roughened walls, so suggestive of lonely years and beating storms. A great pile of driftwood was situated on one side of the door, and perched upon this structure, like birds upon a rail, were various men, some old and some young, all engaged in whittling and smoking while they waited for the wedding. A group of young women were laughing and chattering like magpies upon the door-steps. A silence fell on all around as we appeared upon the scene, however, and every eye was turned toward us with an expression of great curiosity.

"City folks thet's boardin' over ter Bar Harbor," explained Cap'n Jake, as he escorted us into the house. "They come over in a schooner, 'n', as good luck would hev it, a parson amongst 'em, though I'll be bound he don't look much like one. He's altogether too pleasant 'n' harnsom-favored for that, I tell him."

And he gave a loud laugh, and tipped



a merry wink in the direction of George, who had exchanged his yachting-jacket for Mr. Dudley's coat, which was of sufficiently serious cut.

"Lor', Jacop! you don't orter speak agin parsons, if they be kinder holler-cheeked 'n' sober. Religions must be wearin' ter the lungs, folks has to holler so in meetin'," remarked the captain's buxom wife, who greeted us with great cordiality. She was a jolly, good-natured-looking soul, with twinkling gray eyes, a skin which resembled a harvest-apple, and an abundance of iron-gray hair, which, confined in a cart-wheel twist at the crown by a huge ornamental comb, gave her head the appearance of a windmill. She wore an old-fashioned flowered delaine dress, which would have put the rainbow to shame in point of gorgeoussness, and, either for ornament or protection, several calico aprons, each in a shining state of newness. She introduced her daughter, the bride, a pretty girl of twenty-two, with eyes that seemed to have stolen their color from the sea,—*"the greenest of things blue, the bluest of things gray,"*—and a deep blush like that of wild roses on her brown cheek. She wore a blue woollen dress, a wreath of white artificial flowers around her small, shapely head, and a knot of white ribbon fastened the lace at her throat. She seemed entirely free from self-consciousness, and did the honors of the house in a manner which charmed us all, especially the gentlemen of the party. The groom was a manly-looking sailor enough, attired in a vest of many colors and a lavender necktie. He was thin and pale, however, and uttered not a word unless there was some special reason for doing so.

"Mis' Spurlin' she didn't favor the match noway, seein' John's kinder sickly, 'n' gits ammonia most every winter ef he's out coastin' in rough weather; 'n' Lizbuth hain't the kind uv a gal thet would ever hev ter live single fur the lack of a beau. But he's sot up a grocery-store over on the main ter Sedgwick, now, 'n' Marthy she give in, the gal was so dretful sot on hev'in'

him, 'n' the cap'n he couldn't never hev hed the heart to interfere, fur John's a good, stiddy, likely feller, 'n' worships the ground Lizbuth walks on."

This bit of information was given us confidentially by a neighbor, a tall lady in a gown wonderfully fashioned of a combination of figured cambric, black alpaca, and changeable silk. She also assured us that "the cap'n's folks were tickled ter death ter hev us there ter the weddin', 'n' wouldn't never git tired o' boastin' on't as long as they lived. But we mustn't run of an idee that all the women in that region were such dretful poor cooks as Mis' Marthy Spurlin' was. She wouldn't hev no help in bakin' up for the weddin', 'n' now t'warn't likely she'd git half her victuals eat up."

The guests had all assembled in the "settin'-room," a low, square apartment, its clean, yellow-painted floor wellnigh covered with bright braided and hooked rugs, and its small windows half covered by green paper curtains thickly bespattered with huge yellow, red, purple, and blue roses as large as cabbages. A decorous silence prevailed, and all was ready for the ceremony. When Cap'n Jake approached the astonished clergyman, and whispered loudly in his ear, "See here, sir! Mrs. Spurlin' 'n' John don't feel quite easy in their minds about the pay, seein' as it hain't been spoke about. Parson Hutchins he was a-goin' to take his pay in maack'el; we poor folks don't very often hev ready cash, you know: would you be willin' to take the same?"

George, with a great effort toward maintaining a calm expression of countenance, explained that he should accept no compensation whatever,—that he was delighted to be able to assist at such an interesting occasion in any case. And the old man, seemingly satisfied that he need not feel "obligated" to any one, conferred with the other members of the family on the subject with a beaming expression of countenance.

The guests sat in rows against the four square walls of the large, low room. The flies buzzed drowsily on the window-

panes. A fresh sea-breeze stole in at the open door and shook the fragrance from the pine boughs which filled the wide old fireplace. The tumble of the waves against the rocks outside, and the ticking of an antiquated clock, rang loudly on the stillness. Upon a highly-ornamental hooked rug in the centre of the floor stood the bridal couple, who comported themselves with great dignity.

The ceremony was short and impressive, and the final words which bound the two together were about to be spoken, when a panting pair came climbing up the bank and presented themselves at the door with red and startled countenances.

Without heeding the interruption, George quietly proceeded with the ceremony.

"Too late, Parson Hutchins. We got tired o' waitin', 'n' got another parson ter do the business," said the cap'n as soon as it was completed. "You promised ter start in this direction early this mornin', ye know, 'n' as there's been a fair wind since sunrise, we thought suthin' must 'a' happened ter pervert yer comin' over."

"T seems ter me you was in a great hurry," said the parson's wife, regarding our whole party with a wrathful countenance. "I hed Miss White, the dress-maker from Day's Cove, this mornin', 'n' as the wind was likely to keep jest about so, husban' thought there wasn't any partickler need o' hurryin' right off. As long as Mr. Hutchins was engaged to perform the ceremony, I should think you was bound to wait. The comin' over was considerable expense, to say nothin' of the time 'n' trouble spent in the undertakin'."

"There, now, Marier, 'tain't no use ter say anything, but I hope the couple are married lawful. If you'd 'a' got ready a little sooner 'twould 'a' been better, p'raps," remarked her husband quickly.

"You'd better 'a' come without your wife, Mr. Hutchins," said the bridegroom, his cheek reddening angrily.

"That's so," agreed Cap'n Jake; "'n' if you hain't satisfied we can't help it.

We shouldn't ha' waited so long as we did if another parson had come along before, I kin tell ye that. But come, don't let's hev no trouble about it, ole neighbors ez we are. The wimmen folks hev got dinner all ready: in fact, it's been a-waitin' a long time now."

We were about to take our leave at this period, and I made haste to offer our congratulations to the newly-married pair. The captain was anxious to seize the right time of the tide for his homeward journey, and, though the moon was full, and it was likely to be a bright night, it seemed desirable that we should reach the harbor before midnight. The old captain and his wife were so anxious that we should remain and partake of their hospitality, however, that we had not the heart to persist in our determination to go. And then we had not a little curiosity concerning the wedding-feast, and the final settlement of affairs between the family and Mrs. Hutchins.

"Come, Josiah, let's us go home. Cap'n Jacop hez got enough company without us," said this still unpacified lady. "Ef Elder Norton did get up an awakenin' on this island, he didn't convert the people so's 't they'd show anything like gratitude!"

"There, now, Marier, as the cap'n says, old neighbors as we are orter put up with each other's failin's, 'n' fur my part I feel ready to forgive. 'Tain't Christian-like not to forgive, yer know. Besides,"—in a low tone intended for the conjugal ear alone,—"*that spell o' rowin' give me a good deal of an appetite. We shall get something good to eat, if nothin' more.*"

"I ain't a-goin' to set down to any table on this island, or any other one about here, where city folks is placed 'n' helped above me. I'm used to bein' fust; 'n' if you ain't got pride enough not to 'low your holy office to be stole away from you in this mahner, to say nothin' of other things, it's my duty to resent it for ye."

"Don't pay no 'tention to her," said Aunt Marthy, who knew that I had overheard this awful resolution, whispering in my ear, "Nobody don't pay no

'tention to what she says. The parson has a dretful trial with her, let him be what he is. I know the gospel's a genteel business; but folks don't feel like bein' imposed upon by parsons 'n' their wives no more'n by anybody else."

Nobody did pay any attention to the lady, and we were soon seated at a long table which was spread in the kitchen,—a room with dingy rafters overhead and creaking boards in the floor; but the view of mountains and water from its wide-open windows was glorious. The table groaned with picturesque plenteousness. A great platter of crimson beets faced another platter which was piled high with yellow turnips cut in thick round slices, and in the centre of the board beautifully-browned roast chickens kicked up their crisp legs from a huge yellow pan. Plates of steamed brown bread were placed at intervals, and dishes rounded full of tempting blueberries. Cream trickled from glistening tin pails, pies of various kinds were set in a row which reached nearly across the table, and a milkpan full of cookies which were thickly bespattered with caraway-seed occupied one corner.

The parson, whose long, cadaverous countenance brightened into an expression of peace and good will toward all men as his eye wandered over this array of good things, made haste to ask a blessing upon them before the clatter of drawing up chairs was fairly over. His wife still tarried in the sitting-room, however; and it was not until the good old Cap'n Jake rose from his seat and went to give her a special invitation to dine that she condescended to appear at the table. With an expression mingled with awful dignity and injured innocence she seated herself beside her husband.

"Now, fall right in 'n' help yerselves," said the old man, after he had carved the chickens with a great exercise of muscle and evident perturbation of spirit. "I shan't show no partiality, 'cos I hain't a-goin' to help nobody fust."

Mrs. Hutchins tossed her head and unfolded her handkerchief with great asperity.

Each one followed the captain's suggestion with alacrity; and when did food ever taste so good as on this particular occasion? Whether it was our sea-appetites that gave it such a relish, or it was in reality fit for the gods, we never knew.

"Captain Spurling, I never tasted such roast chicken in my life!" said Mrs. Whittier, finishing the last morsel on her plate with an air of intense satisfaction.

"That's right," said the pleased old man. "We raised 'em ourselves. They wuz these air cripple-crowns. Marthy thinks there hain't nothin' like 'em fur eatin'. Here, have some more." And he helped her to a generous slice of the breast.

At this moment a loud and agonized sob from the other end of the table greeted our ears, and the parson's wife pushed back her chair and rushed behind her handkerchief into the other room.

"There, there, bear up, Marier: Christians have to put up with things in this world," said her husband, rising from his seat to follow her.—"You jest let my plate be as 'tis, if you please, Mrs. Spurlin'. I haven't finished yet; but she needs a little 'tention. I s'pose her feelin's are very much hurt."

"Oh, Lord!" remarked the captain, leaning back in his chair.

The young people tittered. Mrs. Spurling's face was a study for a painter.

"Ef that woman wuz my wife, I'd emigrate to Australy pretty lively," said the bridegroom, forgetting his diffidence in his anger.

"Tain't no use to say anything," said Mrs. Spurling. "She's spiled the weddin', anyhow; 'n' everything would 'a' went on so favorable. They say she cuts up jest so alwez if everything don't jest suit her 'n' everybody don't bend 'n' bow before her everywhere she goes. She spiled a beautiful funeral over to Deer Isle, 'cos she warn't called exactly when she thought she'd orter be in the percession; 'n' she never will let him go off without her. He hez to wait, ef 'tis

a dyin' bed he's called to, while she curls her hair with curlin'-tongs. I s'pose I've got as much charity as most people, but I declare I'm all out o' patience with Mis' Hutchins."

"What is the matter with her now?" inquired the bride, opening her pretty eyes very wide.

"Why, didn't you understand? She thought I waited on one of those 'tother ladies better 'n I did on her, 'cos I give her a little piece o' chicken myself," said the captain. "Let her kerri on as high as she wants ter: I hain't a-goin' ter hev my company inconvenienced by her bigotry."

"Nor I neither," agreed the bridegroom. "I hope you strangers won't feel a mite put out by her tantrums; they ain't worth noticin', nohow. I s'pose she expects the cap'n 'll go 'n' 'poloigize to her; but I ruther think she's mistaken."

But it was impossible that we should not all feel a mite put out by such extraordinary behavior, and all was not quite as merry as a marriage-bell during the remainder of the feast.

The parson soon reappeared at the table, and plied his knife and fork deftly but in deep silence and with a severe and solemn visage.

"Ain't Mis' Hutchins a-goin' to hev nothin' more?" asked Mrs. Spurling unconcernedly, when we were all ready to rise from the table.

"No, marm; her wounded feelin's won't admit her partakin' any more food." And upon that he turned to George, saying that "he felt it to be his duty, as the shepherd of the flock in this community, to inquire into his religious belief 'n' standin'."

George answered his questions respectfully enough, but the poor parson looked

more and more bewildered and suspicious as the conversation went on.

"I hope you won't think as we hain't perfectly satisfied thet it's all right," said the cap'n, taking George aside. "An' we're gretly obleeged to you, sir, all on us, 'n' to the ladies 'n' t'other gentlemen fur lendin' their company. We shan't never forgit it."

"If you are not satisfied," replied George, "I can send you abundant proof that I am what I say I am."

"Sho, now! don't think of it. 'N' ef you don't object, as t'other parson is a-goin' to take his wife home, thank fortin! we are goin' ter hev a little dance in the field here, right back o' the house, — Joe Roberson brought his fiddle."

But, however much we should have liked to do so, we were unable to remain for this part of the entertainment, and were compelled to take leave of the wedding-party just as the fiddler was commencing to tune his instrument and the young people in their gay attire to gather in circles on the green, looking like a May party in an old English picture.

On our way back to the harbor we passed the parson and his wife, who were sailing slowly homeward in a funereal-looking sail-boat. We saluted them with courtesy. The parson condescended to favor us with a severe and awfully solemn nod, looking after us with indulgent pity, while he cooled the wind with his sighs. But his wrathful wife, who had spiled the weddin' and had even been known to spile a beautiful funeral, spoiled all the dignity of his farewell by a toss of her ringleted head which seemed to threaten decapitation, and the plainly audible, "Well, I never did! There ain't no end to the impudence o' some folks!"

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## PUBLIC TOPICS.

## The Coming Election.

THE great—we may even say supreme—importance of the present political contest in Pennsylvania is no longer doubted or denied. The Independent movement has not only assumed such proportions and been carried forward with such vigor and determination as to excite open alarm and undisguised dismay in quarters where it was at first regarded with real or affected contempt, but it has concentrated upon Pennsylvania the chief interest felt in the approaching election by thinking men throughout the country. It is everywhere recognized as bringing for the first time to a practical issue and a crucial test the question whether there is any means of instilling a new spirit into our political system, of throwing off the incubus that has so long stifled every expression and rendered doubtful the existence of a public sentiment adverse to corruption and misrule, of rescuing the control of parties and of legislation from the hands of unprincipled schemers, and of thus raising the political life of this great and free people from that degradation into which it has so notoriously sunk. Especially have the sympathies of real Republicans in every State been attracted toward a movement which, far from aiming, as its opponents have pretended, at the destruction of the party, offers the sure and only means of saving it from defeat and ruin. Nothing is more evident, or stands less in need of argument, than the fact that the Republican party has been steadily losing ground during the last decade, or the further fact that this has been the direct and inevitable result of the mismanagement and incompetence of its leaders, their absorption in the petty tactics of party warfare and in plans of selfish gain and aggrandizement of which the party was made the instrument,

their connivance in the disreputable practices of their chosen tools, their open disregard of any high motives or principles of action, and, above all, their utter inability to frame any policy suited to the new conditions, growing needs, and possible perils of a population which is constantly expanding and a social state which is constantly changing. They could not even conceive the necessity for any activity in this direction, and in reply to all demands for some such exhibition of life and capacity could point only to the records of a former prowess and of past achievements in which their own share had been of the slightest. But the discontent at this prolonged stagnation deepened into disgust in presence of its accumulated slime, till at length the reign of weariness and apathy was broken by the perception that there was a present duty for those who found this state of things intolerable,—a means of ultimate redemption from thralldom, a way of emerging into a clearer and purer atmosphere. It was seen that the system of patronage—a monstrous abuse, of oligarchical origin and utterly adverse to the spirit of democratic institutions—was the main source and support of the dictatorial powers usurped by a few pretended leaders and wielded for corrupt ends. The overthrow of this system became, therefore, the great and immediate object to be sought and labored for. The consequent agitation for a reform of the civil service had its origin in the Republican party, and has been carried on mainly by those who had the best interests of the party, as well as of the country, at heart. They succeeded, after a long struggle, in securing the adoption of the principle of reform as an article of the party creed. But in practice they still see it violated on every occasion, and it has become evident that the obstructions can be removed only by a reorganization of the



party and the deposition of those who use its machinery for the purpose of defeating its will. Hence the present appeal to the mass of the party by the Pennsylvania Independents. In no other State has the tyranny of the "bosses" risen to such a height or been so flagrantly exercised as here. In no other has a strong opposition been organized and arrayed in readiness for action. Here the first battle is about to be fought in a contest which cannot fail to become general, and in which the deepest interests of the whole nation are clearly involved.

The single argument that could by any possibility deter intelligent Republicans from joining in this effort to emancipate the party from its disgraceful servitude is the opening afforded by its disruption for the success of the Democratic ticket. In answer to this, one reply seems to us sufficient: there is no longer any chance of preventing that result except by the election of the Independent candidates. The disruption is already complete, the defeat of the machine candidates is certain. The Independents have faced the contingency which has been held up before them *in terrorem*, and have justified their persistency on grounds which have not been and cannot be impugned. They can also congratulate themselves on having compelled the nomination of a Democratic candidate for Governor whose probity and capacity are universally admitted, and whose administration, if he is elected, can hardly fail to be an improvement on the present state of things. This, however, will not lead any true Reformer to vote for him. The Democratic party is, by its very nature and constitution, the enemy of reform. Here and there in its ranks are to be found men who have sincerely adopted the principle, and who would gladly abide by it; but the great mass of the party have, it need hardly be said, very different views and aims. Had it been otherwise, the Democrats would long since have recovered their old position in the country and secured possession of the government. For nothing

is more certain than that the Reform movement has but given a definite direction and fixed aim to tendencies and aspirations that were already gathering force and consistency, breaking the bonds of party, and struggling for some effective realization. The coming election will decide how far these sentiments have already spread, and what hope and prospect exist of their becoming dominant.

### PLACE AUX DAMES.

#### Social Life in California.

SAN FRANCISCO is by no means the social centre of California, nor do Californians so regard it. There are there two sets,—the Knob Hill and the Professional coteries. Knob Hill is geographically exclusive, for one has to be drawn up on an endless-chain street-car. There dwell the bonanza kings and millionnaires. When they want to go up or down, they drive around a circuitous route; but access to the heart of the city can be had in ten minutes by the cars, which run in trains of two. One of these is open, and in this the seats are placed back to back, giving the occupants a good opportunity to view the palatial residences they are passing. Perhaps the handsomest is the mansion of Mrs. H——, said to have cost three millions of dollars. It is a wooden house, but the extensive foundations are of stone, and, as there is an immense deal of terracing and a superfluity of hot-houses and conservatories, the estimate may not be too high.

The routine of fashionable life in San Francisco is an early breakfast and drive in the Park and to the Cliff House or Woodward's Gardens, an hour or two's shopping at the White House, lunch, visiting, dinners, and a ball, frequently preceded by the theatre or opera. Every lady has a reception, and invitations to festivities are easily obtained for strangers visiting the city.

Professional circles draw their lines a little closer. Their members entertain hospitably, and one who has a talent

for society may easily obtain the *entrée*; but wealth, as mere wealth, is ignored. Small dinner-parties are much in vogue with these, and the regular reception-day is of course maintained. Indeed, a reception-day is a necessity, for many of the residences of the families of San Francisco professional men are outside of the city,—on the bay, at Oakland, or any of the attractive points, even as far as San Rafael.

The real centre of California society is at San José, one of the oldest settlements in the State, and a point to which Americans flocked long before they began to settle in San Francisco. All through California one hears San José referred to as the high seat of wealth, culture, and refinement. It is quite an introduction to respect to say of a lady, "Her family came from San José." This is not because there is really more money in the Santa Clara Valley, of which San José is the chief city, than in other sections,—indeed, there are very many richer places,—but here the capital is anchored. It is in tangible things like lands and cattle, it has been in families for several generations, and it is accompanied by social and educational advantages. There are not the same fluctuations of family circumstances that are seen elsewhere, and in a perfect climate and amid the luxuries of life the young women of the Santa Clara Valley develop into the most charming specimens of their sex. They escape all the irksomeness of housekeeping, for the Chinese were introduced early and have become habituated to the routine of living. Another thing that facilitates this comfortable experience is that in the matter of clothing there are no changes of seasons to provide for, and the burden of shopping is lessened in geometrical proportion.

California ladies are never in a hurry; their time is always at their own disposal; they are naturally luxurious, and gather around them things attractive and beautiful. But they are not idle. Their energies are expended in art and similar matters, while they are totally devoid of the pedantry that oppresses

the uninitiated. Mrs. Y—— had every panel in every door in her house painted with some beautiful design, all the work of her own hands. Some one asking how she had found time to accomplish such a task, she replied, "It was not a task, it was an amusement." On one door the panels were of black, with shaded gray margins, and on each was some one of the bright wild flowers of the season. Mrs. L—— devoted herself to flowers. She had one hundred and fifty varieties of roses in her garden. Miss R—— spent her leisure in collecting and arranging shells, and, as she lived at Santa Cruz, on the shore of the Pacific, this afforded a pleasant pastime and an excuse for strolling to the numerous admirers who occupied her time. There are also deep-sea ladies, who indulge in sea-weeds and can show you twenty or thirty folios filled with their preserved marine treasures; and then there are those who spread their pinions and fly to ranch interests. But all these things are not subversive of, but secondary to, society. Ladies dance in California until they are sixty, and, what is better, they always have plenty of partners even at that mature age; and, as though to equalize things, a party of girls only fifteen or sixteen years old will go off to the foothills and camp by themselves.

"Are you not afraid?" the Eastern tourist inquires.

"What should we be afraid of?" they reply.

"Oh, tramps, or snakes, or bears."

"We should give the tramps food, kill the snakes, and there is no such good luck as meeting a bear." And thus for three or four weeks they live in the open air, sleep on buffalo robes spread on the ground, and, with no shelter but a tent, spend their days face to face with nature.

E. S. B.

#### ART MATTERS.

The Production of Gounod's "Redemption," August 30, 1882.

THE Birmingham Musical Festival is always an event of great interest

to the musical world, and was especially so this year, in view of the production of M. Gounod's great work "The Redemption." The real history of this magnificent masterpiece is worth notice. It was first imagined in 1867, a few months after the production of "Romeo and Juliet," and while the composer was on a visit to the painter Hébert at Rome. At Rome Gounod wrote the whole of the poem and two of the musical numbers,—that is to say, that extraordinary piece, the "March to Calvary," and the prophetic chorus in the "Pentecost" section, the latter being a hymn in praise of the Millennium.

It was completed in 1873 and offered to the Birmingham Festival authorities, who refused it: first, because it was "the custom to choose texts from the Bible," and M. Gounod had made excerpts from the writings of the early fathers of the Church; secondly, because the text was in verse and not in prose; thirdly, because the great number of recitatives were dangerous. M. Gounod was very angry. He replied, "If my text does not suit the members of your committee, I shall feel myself obliged, with great regret, to decline the offer made me to write a work for the Birmingham Festival of 1876,"—a threat which he kept.

But M. Gounod has lived to disprove the celebrated axiom that "procrastination is the thief of time." It has paid him handsomely to procrastinate, and it may be deemed a special irony of fate that the revised "Redemption" should be produced at the Birmingham Festival of this year by the direction against whom M. Gounod nine years ago wrote so bitterly; furthermore, that its copyright is now owned by Messrs. Novello, the great composer's most particular aversion in former days; but time and four thousand pounds sterling are wondrous salves—luckily for music.

The festival opened on Tuesday night, 29th of August, with "Elijah," according to the usage which, with one exception, has prevailed ever since its production. A new cantata by Sir Julius Benedict, called "Graziella," was the

event of the day. The words and plot are derived from Lamartine's well-known story, and Sir Julius has wedded dialogue and lyrics to some of his most charming music. The melodies are very catching, and New York's old favorite, Mr. Maas, sang "Deeper still," and "Waft her, angels, to the skies," magnificently.

On Wednesday "The Redemption" was produced, and the intense interest taken in it was manifested by a crowded and highly representative audience, including, among others, the Duke of Newcastle, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Denbigh, Cardinal Newman, Countess Grosvenor, Lady Manners, etc., etc. Punctually at half-past eleven the illustrious composer ascended the conductor's platform, and was received with an enthusiastic welcome.

M. Gounod has divided the work into an introduction and three parts: Prologue at the Creation; Calvary, from the Resurrection to the Ascension; and Pentecost. The scriptural extracts were selected by the author, and doubtless many persons will object to M. Gounod's formulation of the central figure in the world's sublime tragedy, for it compelled a direct portrayal of the Saviour by Mr. Santley, who, however, was studiously impressive and guarded in his delivery of the words and music. Mr. W. H. Cummings and Mr. F. King gave the utterances of the penitent and the impenitent thief, and the section came to an end with the finale of the first part, "For us the Christ is made a victim." In this part the grand "March to Calvary," depicted by the intermezzo in A minor, had its episodic character wonderfully brought out; and the pendant choral for sopranos only—"Forth the royal banners go"—was masterly in the extreme.

The opening number in part two, "Saviour of men," was rendered very telling by the skilful manner in which the horn and trumpet parts were given. The interview of the women with the angel had for its distinctive feature a trio in A minor,—"How shall we by ourselves,"—most magnificently rendered

by Madame Albani, Madame Marie Roze, and Madame Patey. Then the scene moves with startling rapidity, and M. Gounod brings all his resources to illustrate the tumultuous gathering in the Sanhedrim. The bold, crisp phrasing of "Now behold ye the guard," initiated by voices in unison on the tonic of the minor key C, was electrical in its effect. In this part there is a finely-placed soprano solo, "From thy love as a Father," and in it Madame Albani won an unmistakable triumph. The peroration of the second part is in the grand chorus, "Unfold, ye portals everlasting," and the tenor solo, "Be thou faithful unto death."

The pastoral chorus, "Lovely appear over the mountain," starts the short third subdivision of the oratorio, and the remaining part contains a truly grand "Hymn of the Apostles" after the descent of the Holy Ghost in the upper chamber. Altogether, the work is a distinct departure from the time-honored form of oratorio-writing; but no one can deny it a superb breadth and grip of conscious power. At the same time it must be admitted that the work is impossible except to an organization of the most perfect kind. It demands a large chorus and a colossal orchestra for anything like a satisfactory rendering; but in these respects M. Gounod was peculiarly fortunate, while the assistance given by Madame Albani and Madame Marie Roze and Mr. Santley was of the finest and most artistic character. The uniformly splendid effect with which the choruses were given was a noticeable feature.

At the conclusion of each part M. Gounod received an ovation, the last one occupying at least five minutes, the audience, band, and chorus alike waving hats and handkerchiefs, and seemingly either overcome or carried away by the profound enthusiasm and delight the work had caused. The receipts for the single performance were two thousand seven hundred and eighty-one pounds. Every seat was already reserved for Friday night, and many hundred applicants turned away.

A. E. B.

## ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

### A Day at Green Harbor.

TRAVELLING Bostonward from historic Plymouth by the Old Colony Line, we were set down in twenty minutes at Webster Place, the nearest railway-point to Green Harbor, the former home of Daniel Webster. The Place is only a flag-station, and its sole building the shed that serves as a waiting-room for passengers: all about it is a dreary East-Shore wilderness. A thick forest is on one side, and on the other waste sandy fields covered with cedar scrub and ghostly white birches. In answer to our inquiry for the Webster farm, the boy who acted as station-master pointed out a broad, dusty highway leading eastward through the wood, and told us we were to go up that a mile until it forked by a school-house, and that then half a mile by the left fork would bring us to the farm. The country is level here, and as we emerged from the forest upon cultivated fields we saw across them the blue line of the ocean. We easily found the fork in the road, and the school-house, and were shown, on the corner directly opposite, the quaint, mossy, low-roofed house that once sheltered Governor Josiah Winslow of the Plymouth Colony. Leaving this relic, we followed a beautiful country road through the farms, between several neatly-painted farm-houses, and past the pretty country-seat of Adelaide Phillips, the singer, to the smoothly-laid walls and well-kept fields of the Webster estate. The old family mansion, burned in 1878, stood some distance back from the street, on a little knoll, in the midst of a park of thirty acres, well shaded by forest trees. It was a long, low, rambling structure of the colonial era, and had achieved a history before Webster bought it, having been occupied by the British troops in the Revolution, at which time it was the scene of some rather tragic incidents. But a fatality attends American historic houses, and this structure, dear to all Americans from Webster's connection with it, was burned to the ground on

the morning of the 14th of February, 1878, and with it nearly all the objects of interest and art that had been gathered by its former owner. The present mistress of the estate, Mrs. Fletcher Webster, rebuilt, last summer, on the former site, but with no attempt to reproduce the farm-house of her ancestor's day. The present dwelling is a modern-built, two-story country-house, with the broad piazzas, bay-windows, and general air of newness peculiar to American country-houses. It is not open to visitors, as was the old dwelling, but on our presenting ourselves at the door we were kindly invited in, and a member of the household was deputed to introduce us to everything of public interest which it contained. A few relics intimately connected with the great statesman were saved from the flames that destroyed his house. His study-table of mahogany, veneered, and covered with green baize worn and ink-stained, occupies a prominent position in the entrance-hall. Near it is his library-chair, a huge affair, with leather-covered arms and seat and fitted with a foot-rest and book-holder. Here, too, are the fire-screen and andirons from the fireplace of his study. Stuart's portrait of Mr. Webster occupies a good position over the mantel; and Ames's portrait of him, as he appeared in farm-costume, nearly faces it on the opposite wall. Above the latter is the great white wool hat that always protected his head while fishing or walking about the farm, and with it his favorite walking-stick. The walls of the wide stairway and of the hall above are adorned with portraits of Grace Fletcher, Mr. Webster's first wife, and of his friend Judge Story, and with busts of his last wife, Caroline Le Roy, and of his daughter Julia. In the parlor is a rosewood table from the old house, covered with the china in daily use by the family during his lifetime. This table is of rosewood, marble-topped and brass-bound. Another interesting object here is a table presented by the mechanics of Buffalo, in 1855, "in testimony of their respect for his distinguished services in defence of a protec-

tive tariff and of our national union." The material is of black walnut, the first ever used in furniture-making. A very pretty memento is a case of Brazilian beetles and butterflies presented to him by the Brazilian government. A beautifully-embossed leather arm-chair, with gilded frame and top, the gift of Victor Emmanuel, that stands in the music-room, and an album containing signatures of Jefferson, Everett, and other famous men, are the only other mementos of note spared by the flames. Most of these relics, it is said, Mrs. Webster will shortly present to the Webster Historical Society.

Out in the park we were shown two elms standing near together, their branches interlocked, which were planted by Mr. Webster himself, one at the birth of his son Edwin, the other at the birth of his daughter Julia, and which he called brother and sister. Another interesting object here is the great elm that sheltered the old house, half of it scorched by fire, the other green and vigorous.

Green Harbor River, or rather Inlet, comes up to the boundaries of the park in the rear of the house, and at high tide is navigable for small boats to the ocean, some two miles distant. Beyond this, over bare, brown uplands, one sees the white tombstones of a country graveyard. The yard is perhaps a quarter of a mile from the house, and the same distance from the highway, access to it being had by a rude road winding through the fields. It is one of the district cemeteries so common to New England, and holds the dust of perhaps a score of the families of the neighborhood, obscure and titled,—for what was our surprise, in strolling among the tombs, to find, on a great table of brown-stone supported by four pillars, inscriptions to the memory of some of the first magistrates of the Plymouth Colony! The yard is enclosed on three sides by a mossy stone wall, and on the fourth by a modern iron fence. There are no trimly-kept walks here; low stunted cedars, sumach, wild rose, and other bushes grow luxuriantly, and it



has in general a neglected air. The Webster lot is in the southwest corner of the yard, near the entrance, and is enclosed by a heavy iron fence. The tomb of the statesman is a great mound of earth surmounted by a marble slab, at the north end of the lot. The stone has this inscription: "Daniel Webster, born January 18, 1782; died October 24, 1852. 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief,'" and beneath this, "Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe, compared with the apparent insignificance of the globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith which is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depths of my consciousness. The whole history of man proves it. Daniel Webster."

The plot is well filled. Grace Fletcher the first wife, and Julia the favorite daughter, are buried at the left of the husband and father. At their feet are three daughters of Fletcher and Caroline Webster. Near his father's right rests Major Edward Webster, who died of disease at San Angelo in Mexico, in Taylor's campaign of 1848. The most interesting grave, however, next to the Senator's, is that of Colonel Fletcher Webster, the gallant soldier who fell at the head of his regiment in the war of the rebellion. The inscription on his stone is so eloquent that it should be given in full: it reads, "Colonel Fletcher Webster, 12th Massachusetts Volunteers, son of Daniel and Grace Fletcher Webster; born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 25th July, 1813; fell at the head of his regiment on the old battle-field of Bull Run, Virginia, August 30, 1862.

"And if I am too old myself, I hope there are those connected with me who are young and willing to defend their country, to the last drop of their own blood."

"Erected by officers of the 12th regiment Massachusetts Infantry to the memory of their beloved colonel."

Webster was fond of this old yard, and chose it above all others for his last resting-place. I could not but be struck with the unique—almost weird—view presented from its summit.

To the eastward are marshes and the sea, the latter flecked with sails. On the south is a pleasant country of farms, with a hamlet of white cottages set in its midst. On the west one sees a stretch of bare, undulating down, bounded by a dense forest. Northwest across the fields is seen Marshfield village and spire, and on the north lies a wild country of pastures and downs. The spot seemed designed for meditation, and in fancy we pictured the bent figure of the great commoner among the tombs, communing with his dead, or drawing inspiration from the scene about him.

Leaving the Webster plot and going for a little ramble among the other graves, we made a discovery that ought to commend us to the Society of American Antiquaries,—that, namely, of the Winslow tomb. The grave is marked by a great table of brown-stone supported by four stone pillars. The Winslow arms, in slate, are set into the stone, and beneath are the inscriptions. Several of the famous persons of the name whose portraits one sees in Pilgrim Hall are here commemorated: Governor Josiah Winslow, the first native-born Governor of Plymouth Colony, who died in 1680; his wife Penelope; the Honorable John Winslow, a major-general in the British army, and the officer who removed the French Acadians from their country; the Honorable Isaac Winslow, Esq.; with later and less distinguished members of the family.

On our way back to the station we called on Porter Wright, formerly overseer of the Webster farm, and almost the only person still living who was on intimate terms with Mr. Webster. He managed the farm for some twelve or fifteen years preceding the latter's death, and readily consented to give us some details of his stewardship, as well as recollections of his employer. He first saw Mr. Webster on the occasion of the

latter's second visit to Marshfield, and was at once struck with his appearance. "He would have been a marked man, sir, in any company. He had a powerful look. I never saw a man who had such a look. He had an eye that would look through you. His first purchase here was the homestead, comprising some one hundred and fifty acres; but he had a passion for land, and kept adding farm to farm until he had an estate of nearly eighteen hundred acres. The farm extended north and south from the homestead, and to tide-water on the east. When I became his overseer I used to see him daily when he was home, which was as often as he could get away from public duties. He loved to walk about the farm in his plain clothes, with a great white wool hat on his head, and oversee the men. He usually gave me my directions for the day in the morning. We spent the latter part of the summer making plans for the next season's work; and when he was in Washington I had to write him nearly every day how things were at the farm; and I received instructions from him as often. He cared little for horses, but had a passion for a good ox-team. We had several on the farm, the finest in the county, and I have known

him on his return from Washington pay them a visit before entering the house. At home he was an early riser, generally completing his writing for the day before other members of the family were up. He breakfasted with the family at eight, unless going on a fishing-excursion, when he took breakfast alone at five. Fishing was his favorite amusement. He had quite a fleet of sail-boats and row-boats, and fished along the coast from the Gurnet to Scituate Light. He caught cod mostly, but took also haddock and perch. When company was present, he invited them to go with him; but if they were averse he generally fitted them out with some other amusement and went his way alone. He entertained much company,—governors, statesmen, and the like,—but was averse to giving balls or parties or making any display. He attended church at Marshfield regularly, sometimes going with the family in the carriage, and sometimes on horseback alone. He often spoke to me about retiring from public life and spending his days quietly on the farm; but that time, as you know, never came. He died in 1852, and the farm was divided to the heirs,—his son Fletcher, and the children of his daughter Julia."

C. B. T.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Under the Sun." By Phil. Robinson, Author of "In my Indian Garden," "Under the Punkah," "Noah's Ark," etc., etc. With a Preface by Edwin Arnold, Author of "The Light of Asia." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

It is not an easy matter to review a new humorist. To begin with, it is always dangerous to take exception to a joke: it lays one open to the imputation of being in need of a key. Then it is with humor as with poetry: we have drunk of the old vintage so long that the wine of the year looks thin and unpromising. A new volume of verse or a new book calling itself humorous never fails to rouse in the mind an instinctive an-

tagonism. We step into it over a threshold of prejudice,—a prejudice which appears ungenerous, but which is nevertheless the reader's safeguard, doing more than anything else perhaps to preserve intact a literary standard. Add to this that true humor is so delicate and intangible a thing that where it is at its best we may often be puzzled to give a reason for our enjoyment or to define exactly where the point lies. It is bound by no rules, and cannot be judged according to rules. The best way to get at it is to open the book without foreknowledge and let ourselves be surprised into smiles, to abandon the mind to its paces and be carried hither

and thither at the author's fancy, only to measure afterward by a backward glance the distance we have travelled.

The publishers of "Under the Sun" have not allowed us to pursue this course. They introduce the author in a number of notices in which he is heralded as "the new English humorist" and compared over and over to Charles Lamb, White of Selborne, and Izaak Walton. Without these notices we should have discovered for ourselves that the book was the work of a clever and very agreeable essayist with a good deal of humor; after reading them our discoveries partook just a little of the nature of disappointments. But we could very well have left Elia and Izaak Walton out of the question, for Mr. Robinson, much as he may have studied older humorists, is in all respects a writer of to-day, and is not unacquainted, we conjecture, with the works of Mark Twain. There is an alloy of facetiousness in his humor, and when that is uppermost he trespasses on the heath of the American jester, without, however, rivalling him. Mark Twain could be very funny in proving that the cub of a lion could not be a giraffe, or in suggesting that the river-horse would have looked better in a suit of pea-green, or in analyzing the motives of the burglar who excused his forcible entrance into an upper window on the plea that he was in search of a lost cat. But when Mr. Robinson devotes several pages to each of these subjects he does not do it in a sufficiently broad manner to raise a laugh, and his finer treatment seems hardly warranted by the subject. He repeats himself, and becomes a trifle wearisome.

There is plenty of humor, however, of a better and more genuine kind in "Under the Sun." The table of contents is in itself something more than a *menu*. There is a foretaste of the dishes to come in the quotations so happily applied as to acquire new meaning, and in absurd and suggestive headings, such as "The Physical Impossibility of Taxing Cats," "Man not Inferior to Dogs in Many Ways," "Delightful Possibilities in Cuttle-Fish," and a number of others. Mr. Edwin Arnold has written a preface in which he speaks as one having authority of the fidelity of Mr. Robinson's descriptions of the Indian fauna and flora; but just as we recognize truthfulness to life in a novel even when it deals with a society remote from our own, so we feel sure of the truth of these sketches by the mere vividness of the touch. There is, besides, a

general nature common to each species of animal, as human nature is to all classes of society, and we can recognize by such tests the excellence of Mr. Robinson's account of the Indian crow, the myna, and the dāk-bungalow fowl. Here is the latter bird painted with an intimacy to which a daily acquaintance would never have given us the clue: "*Suspicion* is the fungus that, taking root in the mind of the dāk-bungalow fowl, strangles all its finer feelings (though fostering self reliance) and makes the bird's daily life miserable. . . . His whole life is spent in strategy. Every advance in his direction is a wile, each corner an ambuscade, and each conclave of servants a cabal. With every sun comes a Rye-House plot for the wretched bird, and before evening he has had to run the gauntlet of a Vehmgericht. His brother, suspicious yet all too confiding, would trust no one but the wife of the grain-dealer who lived at the corner; and this single confidence cost him his life. So our bird trusts no one."

The natural history of Mr. Robinson's book consists chiefly in characterizations of this sort. He studies animals less as a naturalist than as a painter, or rather a thinker, seeking a word which will describe them, and speculating on the idea, the mood or motive which is behind their motions and expressions. His metaphysical study of a cage of monkeys is very ingenious, and so plausible as almost to make us look for a solution of the insoluble mystery.

It is on this border-land between the actual and the fanciful, in a region just within or just without the bounds of possibility, that Mr. Robinson's vein lies. Two stories in the volume before us—"The Hunting of the Sako" and "The Man-Eating Tree"—are the best of their kind we have come across. The minute description of forest-scenes helps to give charm and plausibility to the narrative, and Mr. Robinson's scientific knowledge combines with his ingenious fancy to produce a creature which, if it does not exist, might almost have lived at an earlier period or may come to life at a future one. The sako is a fascinating creature, a thing which seems to have been reconstructed from a bone, like Professor Owen's mammoth, and then endowed with life, like Galatea; while the man-eating tree is only a natural conclusion on premises furnished by Mr. Darwin.

If we have not had the penetration to see in Mr. Phil. Robinson a humorist

like Charles Lamb or a naturalist like Gilbert White, we have found him a very pleasant and diverting writer. He is always suggestive: even the period annexed to his Christian name suggests hints of emancipation from an uncounted burden of syllables.

There has sprung up within the last few years in England a group of young writers with out-door tastes, good spirits and a mirthful way of regarding things, a good deal of cleverness and a poetic delicacy of expression. The author of "Wild Life in a Southern Country" is one of these writers; another is Mr. Stevenson, who travelled so pleasantly with a donkey through the Cevennes. Mr. Robinson is not the least talented of the group.

"Look Before You Leap." By Mrs. Alexander. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

MRS. ALEXANDER'S latest novel lacks the reality of most of her other books, and, with a plot resembling some old-time play, carries its characters through the various scenes with a little of the swagger and tone of old-fashioned comedy. Nor has she compensated her readers for this lack of fidelity and truth by offering any types of character which we find especially prepossessing either as regards charm or high-mindedness.

Marie Delvigne, the heroine, is a young French girl, who fills the post of French teacher at a boarding-school, and is mistaken by a very magnificent but needy hussar for an heiress of the same name who is both her friend and her pupil. Mr. Neville, the hussar, is eminently simple and straightforward in carrying out his design to entrap a rich girl into marriage. He persuades Marie to meet him in the Park, wins her affections, and finally, without finding particular reluctance on her part, such as we should have anticipated from a young girl with French antecedents and traditions, marries her without the knowledge of her nearest friends and family, and carries her off as his bride. At Dover Neville suddenly becomes acquainted with the facts to which he has heretofore been wilfully blind. Instead of having gained a rich woman with ample means to pay his debts, he has encumbered himself with a wife both penniless and obscure, and whom besides he suspects of having made him her dupe. He taunts her with a course of systematic deceit, and, with-

out a sign of tenderness, takes the next train up to London, leaving her alone in the extremity of humiliation and despair. Marie's course from this point has the merit which we must deny it previous to her unfortunate marriage. Mrs. Alexander's heroines rarely fail in good sense and energy, and Marie wins strongly upon the reader's sympathy. The book may be said to end happily, and Neville, under the discipline of suffering, is made worthy of his wife's devotion. What we generally like in Mrs. Alexander is her wish to go straight at her subject and tell her story simply and honestly. We regret to see in a book like the present one, which her reputation will make currently regarded as readable, a sentence like this, where she describes Marie at work: "*The general public of the work-room little thought what weary metaphysics of feeling revolved behind that pale brow.*" That English writers should fail to possess the most rudimentary ideas concerning the geography of our continent we long ago conceded to be our misfortune and no fault of theirs; but Mrs. Alexander, not content with making a mistake, apparently piques herself upon it, and repeats it over and over. The rich Miss Delvigne is a "South American,"—that is, she is from New Orleans, Louisiana,—and her friends the Lacordeilles are "Southern States people,"—that is, they are from Illinois. But we could forgive these blunders in a writer of Mrs. Alexander's real excellence in certain directions, if she maintained a safe standard of good sense and good taste, eschewed trite quotations, and allowed her literary methods to rest upon her simple processes of insight and sympathy.

"Beauty in the Household." By Mrs. T. W. Dewing, Author of "Beauty in Dress." New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is generally conceded now that the chief object in life is to enshrine beauty in our homes at least, if not in our lives; and Mrs. Dewing's graceful arguments in its favor are almost unnecessary to her readers, who are sure to be on the civilized footing of appreciation of friezes and dadoes, panels and screens. It must be confessed that a great deal of the talk going on at the present day concerning household art and life sounds as if we were no longer to be ourselves, but to take up the part of some fictitious and

elegant personage, to be unfaithful to the common lot which gives men and women hard work to do, to try to get on with no share of the universal trouble and pain. "The household," writes Mrs. Dewing, "is too commonly the synonyme for all that is wearing and commonplace,—the altar upon which two people who have dreamed of happiness sacrifice their faith and hope to the sordid and realistic." But then, alas! the sordid and realistic is what confronts so many of us all the time,—a burden and a sadness not to be uplifted by the sweetest thing in panel or dado. Mrs. Dewing speaks, however, with good sense when she says, "We want a system in our households fitted to our individual needs, and whose laws are capable of fulfilment." The real needs of a household should be the tally for expenditure and the test of beauty.

Mrs. Dewing writes, apparently, for dwellers in the very heart of a city when she suggests that the cooking, besides the washing and ironing, should be done outside the house. Few domestic cooks, she argues, are capable of making a fine omelet, for instance, and it is better to have meals cooked at a first-class restaurant and served at your door than spoiled in your own kitchen. Thus dismissing laundry and culinary work to some beneficent outside system, she offers the emancipated woman an opportunity for the more graceful duties of life, declaring it an outworn prejudice that women "have special talent for the practical portion of the household." To attend to the ornament and beauty of the household, to give a charm to every-day existence, to serve meals gracefully, to educate her own children,—these are the true duties of woman. The book contains pretty suggestions for dinners,—one idea of which is a meal with courses and services in a single color: a white course with white china and crystal, red with Kaga ware and pink salmon, a salad course of green, etc., etc. Speaking of the dinner-table, the author remarks, "It adds much to the beauty of the scene if the chairs on which the ladies sit are high-backed, and have velvet, or plush, or satin, forming a background for each lady's head. . . . The hostess should gracefully choose for each of her guests the chair of that color most becoming to her." We could multiply extracts of equal suggestiveness; and we have no doubt that the little treatise will be widely read among those to whom prettiness

and elegance are things to be consistently aimed at. The elegance and prettiness of a house do not, however, depend upon these effects and details; and the evil to be guarded against by our clever and painstaking army of decorating women is a loss of simplicity or substantial good taste and good sense.

#### Books Received.

How to Keep a Store. By Samuel H. Terry. New York: Fowler & Wells.

Robin. By Mrs. Parr. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Elfinland. By Josephine Pollard. New York: George W. Harlan & Co.

Christmas Rhymes and New Year's Chimes. By Mary D. Brine. New York: Geo. W. Harlan & Co.

The Bodley Grandchildren and their Journey in Holland. By Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Easy Star Lessons. By Richard A. Proctor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Spoiling the Egyptians. By J. Seymour Keay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Erothanatos and Sonnets. By Leonard Wheeler. New York Melancholy Club, 52 Lexington Avenue.

Political History of Recent Times. By Wilhelm Müller. Translated by Rev. John P. Peters, Ph.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A Short History of the Kingdom of Ireland. By Charles George Walpole, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Wreck of the Red Bird. By George Cary Eggleston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Best Reading. (Second Series.) Edited by Lynds E. Jones. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

George Ripley. (American Men of Letters.) By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Great Epics of Mediæval Germany. By George Theodore Dippold. Boston: Robert Brothers.

Art of Oratory: System of Delsarte. By Frances A. Shaw. Albany, New York: Edgar S. Werner.